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1938

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ESSAY ANNUAL, 1938

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY NAMES
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

1938

Essay Annual

A YEARLY COLLECTION OF SIGNIFICANT ESSAYS
PERSONAL, CRITICAL, CONTROVERSIAL, AND
HUMOROUS

Erich A. Walter
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Scott, Foresman and Company
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Essay Annual, 1938

The sixth volume of the *Essay Annual* series appears in a new format. The context has been set in a more readable type, and the cover displays a new dress. The departments remain substantially the same as in former years, but the practice of including only American writers has been changed to admit foreign authors writing in English when they treat American problems or when they make a unique presentation of material which has a universal appeal. Harold J. Laski, Professor of Political Science in the University of London and frequently a visiting lecturer at American universities, gives us an illuminating and provocative view of American political life, while the young British zoölogist and geographer, Ivan Sanderson, reveals for Americans as well as for his own countrymen some of the "Animal Treasure" he discovered when he led the Percy Sladen Expedition to the British Cameroons, West Africa.

Socially and politically the past year will be remembered in the United States for its problems of unemployment, for its labor difficulties, and for its preparedness programs. *Fortune's* editorial staff offers a comprehensive exposition of unemployment and suggests some remedies; Governor Murphy, who concerned himself more than any other public official with the labor problem, reviews the history of the question and presents his attitude; Elmer Davis tells us how we may win our next war and still lose it.

The nature essay, included for the first time last year, met with general approval. Ivan Sanderson and Alan Devoe continue the department. The one brings to it strange and unfamiliar pictures; the other through his lucid and simple language makes us aware of natural beauty which should be more commonly seen by all.

Waldemar Kaempffert bluntly asks the question, "Will democracy survive the machine?" If it does, Professor Hooton wants to know what "the upstart of the animal kingdom" is going to do with himself.

Howard Mumford Jones, who has repeatedly written his views on education in *Essay Annual,* refers to Ralph Waldo Emerson's "The American Scholar" and insists upon "putting America into our colleges." Calvin Kinney, not a university man, shames many a college graduate in "I Never Went to College." Conrad H. Moehlman in his essay reflects the widespread American interest in religion.

Although the department *People and Places* has had to be somewhat shortened in order to give space to other divisions, its characters run the gamut from people famous in the world of science and the arts to farmers and cowhands whose claim to attention lies solely in having done their own special work well.

In "The Arts as Motive Power" Maxwell Anderson gives the young American artist ideals to cling to. Henry Seidel Canby wonders why our young writers deliberately avoid beauty in their writing. Mark Van Doren believes that our movies can be natural only when they tell their stories in their own way. Otis Ferguson understands and appreciates "swing."

As in former years, the section on *Laughter* is heavily indebted to *The New Yorker.* Burges Johnson, a frequent contributor to *Harper's Magazine,* especially to "The Lion's Mouth," knows why we never do a thorough job of cleaning out our desks.

Wilson Follett, Bernard DeVoto, and Albert Marckwardt are concerned with the ways in which our native language is used and misused, and F. P. A., who for many years has been zealously guarding the decencies of American prose, outlines the kind of newspaper he would publish if he owned one.

The department on *Sports* is revived this year by Arthur J. Daley and Robert F. Kelley. Their telling descriptions of basketball and hockey show us why these two games have won a remarkably large following in America.

The help of authors and publishers in building the 1938 volume has been thoughtfully and graciously given. The editor sincerely acknowledges this support and heartily thanks those readers who have sent him their suggestions and criticisms.

E. A. W.

April 1, 1938
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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SPORTS

Society and Politics

A Formula for Conservatives

HAROLD J. LASKI, 1893– . . . Professor of Political Science in the University of London, has lived in the United States as a visiting lecturer at Amherst, Harvard, and Yale. Professor Laski finds American politics lacking in "the kind of conservatism which is able to pursue what is significant in the past because it is willing to reform what is inadequate in the present."

PERHAPS the most grave weakness in American political life to-day is the absence of a conservative philosophy. The Republican Party represents the impulses of interests on the defense rather than principles which are seeking the expression of action. The Democrats follow a leader whose inspiration is largely at variance with the traditions for which they stand, and who wins their support less because of the ends he seeks than because of the victories he secures. There has hardly been a time in modern American history when the divisions of party organization have had less relation to the divisions of American ideas.

That is an unhealthy condition for a number of reasons. It means, in the first place, that at election time the American people has no effective choice between rational alternatives; it knows the man whom it may place in the White House; it does not know what it may place him there for. It means, second, that while there is grave distrust of many of the purposes President Roosevelt is seeking to fulfil there is no coherent alternative to those purposes. Mr. Hoover proposes incantations rather than principles; "rugged individualism" is a dead

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dream rather than a serious philosophy. Mr. Landon's supreme difficulty as a candidate was the fact that no one ever really was able to know what he stood for; he had to be realized rather in terms of his supporters than in terms of his principles. There is no obvious Republican candidate for 1940; and it is at least probable that when he does formally begin to emerge his main asset will be, not the purposes for which he stands, but the fact that the President is no longer his opponent. The politics of a people is never sound when the alternatives posed for choice have to be improvised. Congressional government means rational government; and rational government means the necessity of effective philosophies in conflict with one another.

The American Left is in no such dilemma. From progressives like Senator La Follette to communists like Mr. Earl Browder, they present an intelligible picture of the America they seek to fashion. They have more than a program of particular measures; they have a sense of the faith which lies behind those measures. The faith and the measures may be right or wrong; at least they give to the average citizen a pattern that is a basis for intelligent anticipation of social direction. There is no such philosophy of the Right; or, at least, there is no such philosophy that is seriously compatible with the continuance of democratic government. The Liberty League was nothing so much as a plea that, once the worst of the depression was over, the great vested interests should go on in the old way; but as the American people related the great vested interests causally to the depression, it is not unnatural that the response to the plea should have been limited. The Chambers of Commerce, the bankers, the National Association of Manufacturers, none of these has delineated the outlines of a philosophy which gives the American people the right to confidence in their outlook. For the sum total of all their pronouncements is simply the wish to be left alone. They are afraid of government intervention. They yearn to "conduct their own business in their own way." They think state-ownership wholly evil. They see nothing to be deprecated in the practices of the Harding-Coolidge epoch. They insist—with millions of unemployed still needing state-provision—that high taxation is a discouragement to private enterprise. They realize neither the mood of the farmer nor the new temper of organized labor. They announce that what they have they hold. But they proffer no philosophic justification for their possessions or their power of such a kind as to persuade the common citizen that they ought once again to be entrusted with the authority of the state.

Men who want power blindly without being able rationally to justify their claim to it rapidly drift into a Fascist temper. They grow afraid of their opponents; they cease to know how to answer them. And men who lack that knowledge soon grow into the mood where they deny its necessity. From that point it is easy to drift rapidly into the frame of mind which looks to coercion rather than to persuasion as the method by which power is attained. Something of this temper has already been apparent in the past four years in the habits of President Roosevelt's critics. Vituperative indignation, like that of Hitler, seeks for enemies to capitalize rather than for arguments to persuade. It is unable to utilize the normal machinery of constitutional government because the intellectual drive behind it is not strong enough to win a victory. In the normal way, the forces now behind President Roosevelt can only be beaten by two methods. They may be beaten because American conservatism develops a clear and intelligible alternative to his policies. They may be beaten because his policies result in a new economic catastrophe. The latter would obviously threaten gravely the whole fabric of American institutions; and it might easily lead to a condition not very dissimilar from that of civil war. The way of democratic salvation depends, clearly, upon the first; and it cannot come too quickly if it is to have effective results.

II

A conservative American philosophy can no longer depend upon the simple formulas of laissez-faire. They were intelligible in the expanding America of the frontier; they have ceased to have meaning since that time. The problem, therefore, for conservatives is not the principle of government intervention; the problem is rather the limits to its operation. Here, at least, certain things are obvious. Either the private operation of industry must offer certain basic standards to the workers or they will seek to use their political power to secure their imposition by law. Rates of wages, the length of the working-week, the quality of housing, security against unemployment and sickness, if these cannot in a democratic society be secured by private initiative then public control will be demanded; and again in a democratic society public control cannot in the long run be refused. For conservatism to resist their advent is either to place their advocates permanently in power or to look to the breakdown of democracy as the opportunity for their refusal. It is no use to argue that they are doubtfully in accord with the American Constitution, that they deny the sacred principle of liberty of contract. For, in the first place, the meaning of the American Constitution is a function of the mental climate of any given time; and liberty of contract, in the second, has been imported into the Constitution by judicial artifice rather than by natural construction. It was a good conservative and not a Marxian enthusiast, Mr. Justice Holmes, who warned the Supreme Court that freedom of contract begins only where equality of bargaining-power begins also.

That warning implies the second essential principle upon which an American conservatism should build. On the assumption that American democracy is to persist, there is no alternative to the recognition of collective bargaining in industry; and there is no meaning in collective bargaining save as it is built upon the acceptance of trade unions. From this angle an effort like that of Mr. Henry Ford does grave disservice to the very purposes he seeks to conserve. For either trade unionism must win universal recognition or it must disorganize industrial relations by conflict which raises the whole issue of the validity of private enterprise. The blind hostility to trade unionism which has been characteristic of American employers in general is the main cause of the profound unrest which disturbs industry to-day. Nothing is really gained when Conservatives, for example, make solemn pronouncements upon the illegality of sit-down strikes; still less when judges are persuaded to issue injunctions against the strikers. For these as a rule can be enforced only at the point of the bayonet; and a technic of law which depends upon coercion for its acceptance will rapidly destroy any prospect of rational relations between master and man. The part of wisdom in a wise conservative is not to denounce the sit-down strikes but as rapidly as possible to remove the cause which has produced them. Almost wholly, that cause is the refusal to recognize the unions; and it has the effect of making the chance of rational relations less available in other spheres of negotiation. The essence of a conservative philosophy is the ability to make concessions to necessary expediency. In this realm the conclusion is obvious. For trade unions are an inescapable accompaniment of capitalist democracy; and employers cannot hope to evade the recognition of the one save as they seek to destroy the marriage between capitalism and democracy.

So too in the realm of public utilities. If business men are content to leave uncorrected a system of which Samuel Insull and the van Sweringens are the expression they must not be surprised if there is a popular demand for state-control. Indeed, in this sphere, it cannot be too emphatically insisted that owners who refuse to put their house in order must not be surprised at attacks upon the exercise of their authority. In a democratic society the intervention of the state is the necessary consequence of the abuse of power; and the only effective alternative to that intervention is the abolition of a democratic society. It is not radicalism, but good conservative doctrine, to insist that power is a trust; and the obvious condition of its exercise is the erection of safeguards against men who, like the van Sweringens, are incapable of understanding that their private welfare is not identical with the public good. Whether the field be power or banking, the railroads or oil, the degree of public dependence upon its exploitation is the measure of the degree in which a wise conservatism will call for those safeguards itself. For otherwise men will obtain control of them who act not like public servants but like Renaissance bravos. Their habits will lead to general indignation, and what many feel to be an exceptional instance will be taken by the public to be the system itself. There is a need for "noblesse oblige" in public utilities not less than in public political office. Discretion is too dangerous, and the time has come for rule to replace it. Those who resist the coming of rule are as foolish as the aristocrats of the ancient regime who resisted all concession to the bourgeoisie. For by refusing themselves to make a system work well they invite its drastic correction from without.

This is true also in other fields of public policy. In taxation, for instance, where the habit of evasion, the use by the rich of every artifice the legal profession can invent, operates above all to persuade the masses that the rich lack an adequate sense of civic obligation. It is true in the resistance of business men to such legislation as the child labor amendment, for example, which has become an accepted principle of civilized adequacy. If business men approve when university presidents and eminent cardinals confuse freedom with the compulsion of children to work in factories they must not be surprised if the working classes doubt their fitness to exercise power. At some time also the commercial interests of the United States must make up their mind that a high-tariff policy is incompatible with agricultural prosperity. Or, alternatively, its consequence must be such a subsidization of agricultural products, such a monopoly also of the American home market as no finance-capitalism in the United States has been prepared to contemplate. Business America clearly contemplates such a part in world investment as Great Britain played in the generation after 1850. There are conditions to the playing of that game, and a high tariff is certainly not one of them. Its continuance simply means that the farmer is the victim of the cities; and, like most victims, he will not be prepared for self-sacrifice without the prospect of some adequate return.

In the economic realm, in a word, the necessary rule of an efficient conservatism is to recognize that there is no such thing as unconditional power. The Romanovs of this world are followed by the Lenins as unavoidably as the Coolidges are followed by the Roosevelts. An era of temporary prosperity may, as in the twenties, obscure the size of the bills to come; it is still certain that they will be presented in the long run. And in a national economy even as contingently wealthy as that of America, the obscurity may be so misleading that to meet the bill when it does come is a shock too great for the body politic to bear. That is why the economics of business men in the Coolidge era was so disastrous. All its assumptions were built upon the hypothesis that business prosperity is coincident with national prosperity. It paid no serious attention to the conditions upon which business prosperity was being achieved. When the crash came its beneficiaries wrung their hands and went in tearful hope to the White House for assistance. Why should they have been surprised when other classes in the community, the farmers, the workers, thought that they were not less entitled than business to aid from the governmental power? The inability of business men, once the period of recovery had begun, to learn the obvious lesson of their own ineptitude is the measure of the degree to which they had habit without philosophy. They were prepared for salvation from Washington when their own interests were in jeopardy. Once these were safe, they returned to a way of thought in which Washington and salvation were antithetic terms. When others failed to see the antithesis their alarm and indignation were unlimited. Is it wonderful that in these circumstances the average man should have concluded that, whoever should control the government of the United States, the case against its control by banker and business man was an unanswerable one?

III

The characteristic of American business in the economic realm has been its irresponsibility and its habits here have colored its whole relationship to political institutions. It has held aloof from Congress and the State legislatures; the political career was not one in which it found either sufficient reward or sufficient interest to deem it significant. But it was necessary to prevent the legislative machine from operating to its disadvantage. There thus grew up that immense invisible government in the United States against the operations of which Mr. Elihu Root made so magistral a protest. The direct corruption of legislators and judges; the purchase of influence by subscription in the local and national machines of political parties; the financing of propaganda lobbies; the control of newspaper opinion through the medium of advertisement—these were only the more obvious of the ways in which business maintained its empire without exercising a responsible share in the process of government. It had its presidents, senators, judges, cabinet officers; but it had them in such a way that the public did not perceive the reality of its lien. The contrast between the formal and the real government of America grew ever more stark. Popular will was never fully effective because it was always stayed before it reached the center of authority. It was bewildered by its inability to realize itself through the institutions appointed for that purpose.

From a political angle this mattered little to Americans so long as it had not yet passed the frontier. It produced, indeed, movements of popular protest, the Grange among farmers, the Knights of Labor among workmen, the significance of which is to show that the ultimate pattern of American development is not necessarily and inherently different from that of Europe. Careers even like those of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson are important evidence that even before the Great War the political assumptions of frontier America were already obsolete. But after 1920 the conduct of American affairs required a positive theory of the state; and American conservatism did not adjust itself to this necessity. It rather sought, on the contrary, to transform to its own image the habits of the institutions which were struggling to obtain a new content. It applauded with vigor a Supreme Court which seemed to constitute itself a reactionary vestibule to Wall Street. It merely shrugged its shoulders at corruption like that which surrounded Teapot Dome. It showed no appreciation of the need for an efficient civil service. It placed every possible obstacle, legal and political, in the way of regulatory legislation. It used the Courts as a weapon to deny to Labor the powers it did not itself hesitate to exercise. Its irresponsibility was that of an acquisitive society which seeks from the forms of state nothing so much as an ever-greater ease of acquisition.

One has only to examine the utterances of the high priests of American conservatism in these years to see how utterly fantastic was their understanding of the position. Coolidge and Mellon in politics expressed a philosophy like nothing so much as that by which Hannah More, nearly a century and a half ago, sought to persuade the laborers of the Mendip Hills to reconcile themselves to their poverty: "scarcity," she wrote, "has been permitted by an all-wise and gracious Providence to unite all ranks of people together, to show the poor how immediately they are dependent upon the rich." The fact of dependence was indubitable, but it was bound to be tolerated only so long as conditions of well-being prevailed. When these broke down, with the coming of the depression in 1929, American conservatism was alike bankrupt of either diagnosis or remedy. And it was so bankrupt because it had never sought to adjust itself to a new world. It had been predatory where it should have been social; it had been reckless and wasteful, incapable, as it showed in its treatment of Mooney in California and of Sacco and Vanzetti in Massachusetts, of even an elementary respect for the decencies of civil liberty. Instead of using its Indian summer as a period of renovation, it assumed that there could no longer be the advent of winter. When the tempests came, its complete bankruptcy of ideas was obvious to all its critics, and for their first fury suspected even by its own votaries.

A wise conservatism in politics is, as Edmund Burke said, "an ability to improve" not less than a "disposition to preserve." Its essence is that prudence which knows when concessions have to be made. It is no use striking an attitude and declaring that change in itself is a violation of principle. A temper which can regard the very moderate experiments of Mr. Roosevelt as communism quite clearly invites disaster. It gives birth to a reckless hatred of necessary adaptation, which threatens the very basis of constitutional government. Conservatism in politics cannot mean a policy of no surrender; it means such a policy of compromise as will maintain the necessary unity in society upon which the process of government by consent can be founded. There has been singularly little of this conservatism in the United States since 1933. It has, rather, passed through the whole gamut of Bentham's *Book of Fallacies* in its endeavor to prevent the onset of change. This measure was wrong because it represented the thin end of the wedge; that must be resisted because the time was not ripe for its enactment; something else was unwise because the Founding Fathers could not conceive of it; or there was what Bentham called the fallacy of vague generality in which the dogma of the "matchless constitution" played its accustomed part. There were not the men to carry out the measures. What was proposed was good in theory but bad in practice. Or it was utopian because it failed to realize the weakness of human nature. From whatever angle the criticism proceeded, its underlying assumption was the insistence that nothing must be done to disturb the confidence of business men. It did not inquire whether they ought not to revise the limits of their timidity. It built upon the belief that despite all that had happened it was the part of political wisdom to continue to take them at their own valuation.

It is time for American conservatism to re-examine its foundations. Ever since the close of the Civil War it has, with too brief intervals, taken business men at their own valuation; the present difficulties of the United States are largely the outcome of that error of judgment. They have had their own way in political life without being held to responsibility for that way. Congress, the State legislatures, the Federal and State benches, have all, subject only to brief lapses from the faith, assumed that the voice of prosperity was the voice of social truth; and only two Presidents since Lincoln have spoken in accents from which business men dissented. The sole condition in any society upon which power of this magnitude can be maintained is its ability to produce the conviction that its success is proportioned to its reward. The great depression ended the prospect of that conviction's satisfying anyone save its direct beneficiaries.

What Adam Smith called the "obvious and simple system of natural liberty"—still the faith of American conservatism—is now seen to be neither obvious nor simple. It depends, in part, upon certain doubtful assumptions of the nature of the universe; in part also upon the belief that the legal postulates of capitalist society are part of the eternal order of nature. The first were the outcome of the immense expansion which followed the erosion of feudalism with the coming of the Industrial Revolution; the second can be entertained by no intelligent man in the light of our experience of Soviet Russia. "The maxim of *laissez-faire*," wrote Cairnes, "has no scientific basis whatever, but is at best a mere handy rule of practice." That is what American conservatism has to learn to understand. There is no final evidence to show that enlightened self-interest always operates for the public good. There is no adequate reason to believe that ability and reward are proportionate. There is no permanent justification either for the present distribution of property or the manner in which it is owned. A wise conservatism, in a word, is confronted anew by what Burke called "one of the finest problems in legislation, namely, to determine what the State ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual exertion." And the problem has no longer to be solved upon the basis that the government which governs least is best. It has to be solved upon the basis that the care of those services which are essentially urgent in society can no longer be safely left to the unfettered play of the acquisitive impulse in man.

This means a new orientation for conservatives to the problems of economic and political constitution. It means a new conception of the purposes of the state-power, and, since means are always involved in ends, it means also the possibility of drastic alterations in the American Constitution. To take instances only, such an attitude might require a plea by conservatives for the public ownership of railroads and electric power. It would certainly involve new powers over labor and commerce to the Federal government. It would not, at least easily, be compatible with the present cumbrous method of constitutional amendment since it would obviously require a much greater flexibility in political processes. It is only dubiously compatible with the recent tendency of the Supreme Court to veto Congressional and State legislation in terms of its own conception of what is wise social experiment. It might even become necessary to consider, from this basis, whether the areas of State government are, for certain purposes, the most efficient areas of governmental administration. Certainly it would be essential to inquire whether the nature of the great society does not require uniformities of social principle far wider than seem possible of access under the present Federal scheme.

For if, as is here argued, the principle of a wise conservatism is to build upon the assumption that the ability to improve is the condition upon which what is best in the tradition may be preserved, the recognition that adaptation is the first law of life is elementary prudence. A true conservatism is never dogmatic; its inherent life is its response to major expediencies. But to be able to offer that response, its temper and its sense of the necessary rate of change need to be utterly different from what they have been in the past. A nation does not live solely on the memory of its past achievement; it is able to consolidate its past achievements only by using them as the basis for contemporary success. Once it loses this art it loses the power to maintain that unity of purpose which is the cement of social action. For no past achievements can maintain unity in the presence of continued difficulty. Six million unemployed to-day are a much stronger argument for the revision of a faith than the memory of what Cleveland did in the Pullman strike or what Coolidge did not do in the Boston police strike of 1919. Conservatism makes concessions to the time-spirit; and it learns by the effort of thought what concessions it is not merely necessary but also desirable to make. For it seeks to learn that greatest of all political lessons which is the recognition that reforms only too often are so long postponed that when they are granted they cease to evoke the good will they are intended to secure. In the life of a nation the great art is to maintain peace without victory. For if victory has to be won it means that battles have to be fought. Once that is the case, no one can prophesy that the victory will go to the right side, still less that it will have been worth the winning.

IV

Let us admit the difficulty of a conservatism of this kind. It requires from men who have had almost seventy-five years of unchallengeable supremacy in American life something like new habits of thought. They must learn to persuade where they have been content to impose. They must be tolerant where they have been dogmatic. They must recognize that the sovereign power of the American people is not a function of their private will. Above all, perhaps they must learn the great political art of magnanimity; a great commonwealth cannot be successfully governed by men with closed minds. They must recognize that the will of the people has the right to be obeyed even if they think its substance harmful or mistaken or unwise. They must surrender weapons that have become their commonplace technic—the use of undercover men, the journalistic methods of Mr. Hearst, the vicious red-baiting of Mrs. Dilling and her scores of imitators, the call to the police to act as strike-breakers, the use of the courts in injunction cases as the half-official departments of business enterprise. Above all, they must learn to understand the implications of a dynamic society. Principles and practices cannot be justified merely because they are old. A wise conservatism is a strategy of adaptation, not a philosophy of resistance to change.

Such a conservatism is difficult, because it means the potential surrender of power by men who—let us admit it frankly—have enjoyed and profited by its possession. There are two reasons why the contemplation of potential surrender is yet a necessary social obligation. The first is an ethical reason. "Power," said Lord Acton, "always corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." No sphere of life better illustrates the truth of this dictum than does business enterprise in the United States. Whether one takes the railroads or oil, steel or the power companies, the habits of higher finance or of the coal barons, the tale of the abuse of an almost unlimited power has been a sorry one. To introduce a public context into its habits is a reform long overdue. It can be done by co-operation from within, at least while America remains democratic; the alternative is compulsion from without. To effect the change by compulsion would deprive it of the major part of its efficacy.

For it would mean a vast intensification of the class-divisions—at present growing divisions—in American society. Those divisions have not been made by agitators; they have merely gathered a harvest from a soil fertilized by the habits of unlimited power. What has made for class-antagonism in the United States has been Colorado and Lowell, Paterson and Gastonia, the investigations of bodies like the Pujo Committee before the War, or of Judge Pecora after it. The case for wise conservatism was not made by foreign socialists like Marx, or even by American communists like Earl Browder. It has been made by the price ordinary citizens have had to pay for the exercise of uncontrolled authority by business men. That price has been set by the contrast between the promise of American life and that inadequate fulfilment revealed by every survey of family budgets or of housing conditions; not least by any social document as poignant as the pattern traced by Mr. and Mrs. Lynd in their superb pictures of Middletown. That was not the America of which the pioneers dreamed; it is certainly not the America the next generation will fight to preserve.

And the second reason is historical in character. Men who refuse to contemplate, above all in an era of crisis like our own, the necessity for wholesale adaptation are sooner or later driven to attack upon democracy. The kind of resistance to change which has been evident in the past four years of American politics has been that which drove the Bourbons and the Romanovs to the scaffold. Even if it is successful its result is the ugly one of a Mussolini or a Hitler. For what it implies is a refusal rationally to examine the claim to concessions. It is unwilling to give way somewhere for fear lest it be driven to surrender on all fronts. But democracy is nothing so much as a society in the atmosphere of which concessions claimed can be rationally examined. Once that atmosphere is denied as valid, the erosion of constitutional government is at hand. And the alternative to constitutional government is, frankly, dictatorship. It may win, and, at least for a time, it may endure. But if we know anything of history, we know above all that the habit of a dictatorship is to make a desert and to call it peace. There can be few Americans willing to see in a Fascized America the fulfilment of the American dream. It could only in any case be established after bloody conflict, and the very conditions of its origin would inevitably destine it to instability. When it came to perish there would die with it all the privileges to protect which it was brought into being.

The kind of conservatism for which I have been pleading here, with all its difficulties, opens no such prospect of danger. It is able to pursue what is significant in the past because it is willing to reform what is inadequate in the present. Its temper offers to the ordinary man that essential condition of social unity—the right to hope. He has the sense that he is the master of his destiny. He is willing to be patient because he sees great experiments in adaptation conducted before his eyes. He is ready to believe that the state-power is continuously used for ends in which his good is involved. No patriotism is so real as that which grows unconsciously from this realization. It is the temper which, from the seventeenth century onward, made America the Utopia of the old world. It puts the vital factor of time on the side of peace; for men who see great reforms in operation never lend a ready ear to revolution. No people has ever lent itself to violent change save when it has felt itself betrayed by the operation of the state-power. A wise American conservatism will seek, above all, assurance against the sense of such a betrayal. There is, let it be added, on the evidence of history, no method of such assurance save the willingness to make appropriate changes at a time when they seem to be born of generosity and not exacted by compulsion.

For what, in sober fact, is the alternative? It is a refusal to recognize that upon which Adam Smith never failed to insist. "Whenever the legislative attempts to regulate the difference between masters and their workmen," he wrote, "its counsellors are always the masters. When the regulation, therefore, is in favor of the workmen, it is always just and equitable." What Adam Smith put with such emphasis, Lord Acton underwrote from a wider angle of experience. "If there is a free contract, in open market, between capital and labor," he said, "it cannot be right that one of the two contracting parties should have the making of the laws, the management of the conditions, the keeping of the peace, the administration of justice, the distribution of taxes, the control of expenditure, in its own hands exclusively. It is unjust that all these securities, all these advantages, should be on the same side. It is monstrous that they should be all on the side that has least urgent need of them."

It is upon this, in essence, that American conservatism must make up its mind. Either it must surrender the dogma that property is to be the master of political power or it must destroy democratic government; for no people can affirm its own essence—the true purpose of democracy—unless it is the master of the forms of property and the rights, themselves but legal forms, which inhere in them. An American conservatism which built upon the assumption that the surrender must be made would revitalize the democracies of the world. It would stay, as perhaps no other force can stay, the advance of those dark forces which in Europe threaten to engulf us in a new age of barbarism. That is why I say that a new philosophy for American conservatives is the most urgent need of the time. It has to be done quickly if it is to be done at all; everywhere reaction develops that mood in which Reason is deprived of its right to empire. America has an opportunity to renew the springtime of the world. Its traditional leaders ought ceaselessly to remember that History exacts from us on pain of death the obligation to use our opportunities.

Unemployment in 1937

THE EDITORS OF FORTUNE . . . together undertake to answer the question, "What did the United States Government do last year for the unemployed business-cycle victim?"

U.S. UNEMPLOYMENT, to statisticians, is a nightmare of varying estimates. To Harry Hopkins it is starving people who have to be fed. To some industrialists it is the reserve labor pool that keeps wages from mounting to the skies. To confirmed anti-New Dealers it is a bunch of bums who have a soft snap at the taxpayer's expense. But what *is* unemployment?

There is no telling how many people are out of work at the moment; no one knows the exact figures, and no one can find out short of a new census. But if no one knows the figures, it is still possible to arrive at answers to the typical questions about unemployment that one hears debated on all sides. It is still possible to know something about the *nature* of unemployment.

To reach its own conclusions on the controversial issues involved, *Fortune* undertook a three-month study of the problem in eleven representative U.S. communities. The study began by rejecting the semiofficial figures of 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 as useless for a point of departure. The reasons for the rejection are complicated, and are explained in detail in an appendix on page 33. But the main reason for such a rejection is simple: if the 7,000,000 to 9,000,000 figure that you read about daily in the newspapers is correct, it includes 3,000,000 to 4,500,000 unemployed who, like the camel, live off their fat. These, while unemployed, are not an immediate charge for the taxpayer. It is the half that is an active problem that we wish to discuss here. *Fortune* wanted to learn the nature of what might be called the social burden, not merely a numerical figure that is meaningless in terms of immediate cost.

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Accordingly, the 5,000,000 cases who were on the relief rolls in January, 1935, when relief was at its peak, were chosen as the proper point of departure. That figure of 5,000,000 and their 15,000,000 dependents was a known figure; it also included people who were too old or sick to be counted as "unemployed gainful workers." What had happened to these people? What were they like? How many of them had been absorbed by private industry? The answers to these questions, in so far as they could be determined, are presented in the following article.

The depression is over. No event marked its ending as the stock-market crash of 1929 marked its beginning; hence how long it has been over no one can ever say. But everyone is willing to admit that it has been over for some time.

Everyone, that is, but a few people who are in charge of our unemployment relief. The reason why a relief administrator will hem and haw and refuse to agree with you that the depression is over is a good one from his point of view. He will point out that we still have millions of people unemployed. And he will point to the nation's 1937 bill of $1,500,000,000 for "relief" agencies. But "relief" from what?

A cynic might well say: relief from industry's lack of interest in the unemployed. Now if the prosperity indexes in most lines of business are nearing the 1929 levels, and if there is still a great deal more unemployment than there was in 1929, there is something distinctly new in our current definition of prosperity. Part of the answer is the natural growth of the population, which accounts for much of the 1937 unemployment: industry will have to push some distance beyond 1929 levels if it is to use all available workers. But is industry to blame for present unemployment? Well, industry's business is to create goods, not jobs. Assuming that its present price policies guarantee a maximum market for goods and hence maximum employment in producing those goods, then industry is not at fault for existing unemployment.

But if industry is not at fault, what is? Is the trouble with unemployment the unemployed? Many people think so. And by and large these people are almost completely wrong. Such at any rate is the finding of the study conducted by *Fortune* to form the basis of this article, whose purpose is described on page 16 and whose methods and statistical results are set forth in appendixes on pages 31-40.

Since the villain of the piece is neither industry nor the unemployed themselves, it must be sought in the impersonal mazes of the depression, which slowly sapped the effectiveness of older men and never gave the young a chance to develop the skills that are needed today. The most dramatic news written by the recovery from the workers' standpoint is that a labor shortage exists concurrently with an unemployment problem. The shortage is in skilled labor: if skilled workers could be discovered, they would each in his turn provide jobs for one, two, or five unskilled workmen.

Such is a major conclusion to be drawn from the survey. Besides this, there are many others, all of them important. In rapid-fire order, here are the answers to eleven basic questions that are being hotly debated everywhere by citizen and politician alike:

1. Are the reliefers bums? No.
2. Have they had much education? No.
3. Did industry fire them because they could not do their jobs? No.
4. Do they ask for too much help? No.
5. Has industry taken many of them back since 1935? Yes, almost half.
6. Is there a shortage of skilled labor? Yes.
7. Is there an abundance of unskilled labor available to industry that is not being "bid away" by WPA? Yes.
8. Are those remaining on relief "marginal men" in that they are unfit for employment by lack of skill, age, or disability? Yes.
9. Are these "marginal men" unemployable? The unskilled, no; the aged and disabled, probably yes.
10. Is the WPA "spoiling" them and wasting the taxpayers' money? No.
11. Are the local communities doing as good a job of giving direct relief to these unemployables as the federal government did two years ago? No.

Most of these answers fly in the face of many popular attitudes and superstitions regarding the unemployment problem. The confirmed anti-New Dealer might logically infer from them that *Fortune* is beating the tom-tom for Harry Hopkins and the Works Progress Administration. But *Fortune* is doing no such thing. Most of the answers to the questions do, of course, depend ultimately on human beings. But they are based on the sample method that is used by *Fortune* four times a year for its Quarterly Survey, so the element of human judgment is reduced to a minimum.

To the end of knowing where we stand at the moment so far as the social burden goes, the survey first tackled the question of what kind of people constituted the 5,000,000 cases and their families who were costing the taxpayer money in January, 1935. Then, having determined the nature of the material, all further efforts were directed toward finding out what had happened in almost three years of cyclical upswing to the various groups comprising the 1935 social burden. It seems obvious that accurate pointer readings for 1935 and 1937 would go far toward providing the groundwork necessary for straight thinking about unemployment relief in 1938.

Here a word of warning may be necessary. The residue of the 1935 social burden that remains on relief in 1937 is not an exact sample of the total relief burden of 1937. For since 1935 there have been new accretions to the relief rolls, although people have gone off the rolls faster than they have come on. As a result of fluctuation and turnover the average age of those remaining on relief in 1937 is lower than that of the residue of our original sample. This would naturally modify certain of our conclusions. But not materially; comparison of our tables with those of the government shows us to be pretty close to the mark.*

The field of reference chosen for the survey included three boom communities, two chronically depressed regions, and six communities lying somewhere between bounding prosperity and continuing economic gloom.

The boom communities were:

1. Flint, Michigan. Home of Buick and Chevrolet. Population: 157,000.
2. Beaumont, Texas. Oil-refining center of Gulf coast field. Population: 58,000.
3. Scott County, Minnesota. Thriving agricultural region. Population: 14,000.

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* It is considered legitimate to apply the sample percentages to the whole of which the sample is a part. But only within certain limits of allowable error and only after careful "weighting" to account for what is untypical or unrepresentative in the sample. The reader is cautioned against applying our sample before reading the appendix on pages 35-39.

The depressed areas:
1. Shamokin, Pennsylvania. Hard-coal town. Population: 20,000.
2. Adams County, Mississippi. Cotton. Population: 24,000.
Those in between:
1. Thomaston, Connecticut. Brass goods, clocks. Population: 4,000.
2. San Francisco, California. Port, commercial center. Population: 634,000.
3. Baltimore, Maryland. General manufacturing, port, railroad center. Population: 805,000.
4. Kewanee, Illinois. General manufacturing. Population: 17,000.
5. Greenville, South Carolina. Textiles. Population: 29,000.
6. Thayer County, Nebraska. Middling good agricultural region. Population: 14,000.

Now for the documented answers to our categorical questions:

1. *Are the reliefers bums?* A good many U.S. citizens are absolutely certain they are. If you travel around the country you will hear people say that "by 1935 there was nothing left on relief but a bunch of worthless loafers that wouldn't take a job if you sent the sheriff to give it to them." These same people have ideas about the proper handling of the loafers. "Anybody who is on relief," they say, "should not be allowed to vote." Or, "Anybody now on relief ought to be sterilized and colonized."

The cold percentage tables (see page 39) absolutely controvert the people who deliver themselves of such sweeping obiter dicta. More than two-thirds of our sample of the 1935 reliefers held their longest jobs for more than five years. A fifth of the total sample had held the same job for twenty years and more before hard times caused employers to let them go. A quarter of the total worked at one job for from ten to twenty years. And a fifth were good enough workmen to keep the same job for from five to ten years. This is an employment record that argues a good deal for the steady-going habits of those who were thrown out of work by depression. Moreover, of the entire sample, less than a tenth had lost their jobs through personal failure in their own business or through being fired for their own clearly apparent fault.

Sometimes the criticism of relief as caring for a bunch of loafers takes the form of yelling about the high percentage of "foreigners" on the rolls. The implication is that aliens are no-account people who don't deserve a helping hand. Even some of the reliefers themselves repeat this argument. A U.S. citizen in Thomaston, with an Irish name, complains that WPA is not fairly run because he, "a real American" with five children to put through school, was drawing the same salary as the Poles on the job. The Poles, he says, are drunks. As a matter of fact (see table on page 39) the people in the sample are not predominantly "foreigners"; the aliens among them are represented in practically the same proportion that they bear to the total population of the country. Negroes did constitute 22 per cent of the sample, as compared to 15 per cent of U.S. gainful workers and 10 per cent of the total U.S. population. But here is a place where the present survey may easily prove fallible because of the heavy representation of southern or border communities among the eleven places chosen for study.

2. *Have the reliefers had much education?* Not by any formal standards. The majority of the sample left school either before or at graduation from grammar school. Ten per cent had no education whatsoever. A fifth left school before finishing the fifth grade; another fifth before finishing eighth grade. Still a third fifth quit with a grade-school diploma. Fifteen per cent had "some high school," while only a handful had finished high school or college.

This education record is slightly lower than the government figures for education among reliefers in the U.S. as a whole. Again allowance must be made for heavy representation of southern communities in the sample: Negroes and so-called poor white trash have had less of a chance at schooling than "the submerged tenth" or the "underprivileged third" in the whole nation. But the generalization remains the same: the great majority of the people who constituted the relief burden in 1935 had not had much education. The statistical tables show that the age categories in our sample run much higher than comparable ages for the entire U.S. population. This has a bearing on the question of education among reliefers: old people, who were at school age when there weren't so many schools in the U.S., would quite naturally tend to have less schooling than those who have come of age since the twentieth century began.

As a natural reflex of their own meager education the majority of the sample want their sons to be self-supporting at seventeen to eighteen years of age—which would indicate by indirection that they want their sons to finish high school. But the age thought desirable for self-support to begin differs with regions. In Shamokin, where book learning hasn't got much to do with anthracite mining, a high proportion of reliefers want their sons self-supporting at thirteen to sixteen. In New England Thomaston, most parents think seventeen to eighteen is a good age. In San Francisco a larger proportion of reliefers show a preference for the age of nineteen to twenty-one—proving, as one might logically expect, that a commercial metropolis tends to think in terms of more schooling or more training.

3. *Did industry fire the reliefers because they could not do their jobs?* No. This question is partially answered by the "duration of longest job" statistics cited to show that the reliefers aren't bums. But more completely relevant to it are the 1937 ratings for employability of the 1935 social burden. In each community that *Fortune* studied a rating board of two to four people was set up. Industry was represented on the rating boards in all the general-manufacturing communities. The proper balance sought, and obtained in a majority of cases, was one factory superintendent or foreman, one social-service worker (preferably a disillusioned one who doesn't mistake her geese for swans), and one responsible old inhabitant. The rating classifications were "employable," "borderline," "unemployable."

Of the entire sample, 45 per cent were judged to be definitely employable, 30 per cent were rated as borderline, and 25 per cent were listed as unemployable. This was in large measure industry's own decision. In other words, the men who do the employing agreed that only 25 per cent of the sample were entirely useless. Of this unemployable classification, one half were more than sixty-five years old, a total of four-fifths were over fifty-five, while 93 per cent were judged unemployable because of age or bad health or physical disability of some kind. That leaves a mere 7 per cent in the "bad attitude" class.

But the old, the ones now in bad health, the disabled, were not necessarily fired because they could not do their predepression jobs. They were fired because they couldn't make a profit for industry by doing their jobs at a particular point in time. In other words, they were fired for a relative, not an absolute, reason. It is significant to note here that 13 per cent of those judged unemployable by rating boards that included industry have actually been rehired since 1935. As a practical matter, then, not even the "unusable" are always useless. Many of the employed "unemployables," as a matter of fact, were never officially fired. Being extremely low-income people, of the type that businessmen sometimes feel sorry for even when in a mood to slash costs to the bone, they were kept on at part time during the depression. They earned almost nothing, however, and, like others who could get work for only a few hours a week, they found themselves on the relief rolls when they sought supplementary aid.

Shamokin, Pennsylvania, shows the futility of making generalizations about the inability of the unemployed to do their predepression jobs. In 1928 eleven collieries were operating within seven miles of Shamokin; today there are only four. The market for anthracite was shot to pieces in the middle twenties; it got worse in the depression. Today it is improving, but the competition from coke, fuel oil, and bituminous coal has kept employment in the anthracite regions down to two-thirds of what it was in the mid-twenties.

This means that many perfectly employable, able-bodied, skilled miners can't get work. But we have tangible proof that they can still do their work. That proof is to be found in the bootleg mining of coal: in Shamokin and the adjoining Coal Township there are about 2,500 men and boys out of a potential working population of 16,000 who are engaged in bootleg mining.

4. *Do the reliefers ask for too much help?* No. This question is extremely controversial, and the answer a person gives is bound to be influenced by his social philosophy. In conducting its survey *Fortune* ran across a Farmer-Labor liberal in Minnesota who thought all bankers should be shot and all the unemployed liquidated by starvation; his idea was that the world belonged solely to the gainfully employed worker. But such tooth-and-claw liberalism is not common; nor is the same attitude common on the Tory side. Most people would give the unemployed something, if only a pittance from private charity. For our purposes we may adopt for a norm the government weekly-budget

figure of $24.24 for a city family of four (food $8.63, rent $4.27, clothing $3.05, fuel and light $1.48, and sundries $6.81). A man on relief might naturally be expected to want at least what the government thinks is adequate for him and his family.

Actually, such is not the fact. One half of the sample cases that consist of four to a family say they could live comfortably on $22.50 weekly or less. In the South the chosen comfort standards of the reliefers run appallingly low by comparison with the government averaged budgets even for rural areas. Fifteen per cent of those in the Adams County sample think $5 to $7.50 a week would be a fine income for a family of two. Ten per cent of those in Beaumont are of the same opinion. The desires of the sample for the country as a whole run only slightly ahead of what they are getting now. For instance, a majority of those that are now getting a weekly income of from $10 to $15 either from private employment or through relief consider that $22.50 or less is a comfortable living wage. And half of that majority would be satisfied to have an income of $12.50 to $17.50 a week. Only two-thirds of the 1935 reliefers have electricity, less than a half have a radio, under a fifth have automobiles (mostly of a pre-1930 model), and less than a tenth have telephones. Two-fifths have vegetable gardens, but oddly enough the number of reliefers in the rural South that have vegetable gardens is proportionately very low. Only one-third of the reliefers have bathrooms.

5. *Has industry taken back as many as half of the reliefers?* The actual figure is 45 per cent. Almost a half of those that have been rehired are in the skilled and semiskilled categories.

6. *Is there a shortage of skilled labor?* Yes. Except in the depressed industries, practically all skilled labor has been reëmployed. In most of the industrial regions of the sample, industry would take more skilled men from the relief rolls if it could find them. If you argue that some workers left on WPA are skilled workers, you will meet with the counterargument that they are too old. The old, according to industry, cease to be skilled when they slow down to a certain point.

To dramatize the acute hunger for skilled labor that exists in the U.S. today, let us take a brief, highly syncopated swing around the circuit of the eleven communities studied in the survey. Since the brass-goods industry in Connecticut's Naugatuck valley demands a high percentage of skills, the logical place for our trip to begin is Thomaston. In Thomaston there are two industries: the Plume & Atwood Manufacturing Co. which makes brass goods, and the Seth Thomas Clock Co., now a division of General Time Instruments Corp. During the depression Plume & Atwood, although it dropped wages to a low of forty cents an hour for a twenty-four-hour week, laid no one off; it thus held on to its skilled-labor supply, paying wages (as well as dividends to stockholders) out of the surplus rolled up in good times. ("That's what we conceived cash surpluses to be for," says Vice President S. K. Plume.)

The Seth Thomas Co., however, had a different idea. No longer owned by the founding family, and considered by its new owners as part of a system that must show a profit "or else—," it laid people off whenever it didn't have work for them to do. Moreover, it discontinued its pension system, allowing employees who had worked for it as long as forty years to go on relief.

When the depression lifted, Plume & Atwood, needing some new men, skimmed the cream of WPA. Seth Thomas, which pays lower wages, took the remaining good men. But there were some they couldn't take: the less desirable young who knew nothing about factory work (neither company had trained any *new* skilled men for a number of years) and the old. Although Seth Thomas is at the moment concentrating on hiring men in the upper age brackets to "sort of season up the group as a whole," it does not feel that it can afford to hire too many slow elderly people or inefficient young people. "No employer," says the Seth Thomas personnel head, "can be expected to take on a contingent pension liability which is going to mature five years after he takes it on." And no employer, so the personnel head also feels, can be expected to take on the inefficient among the young if he doesn't feel free to fire them when economy makes it necessary.

The Seth Thomas and Plume & Atwood attitudes explain why the old, the disabled, and the inexperienced young remain on the Thomaston relief rolls in 1937. Seth Thomas doesn't want them; Plume & Atwood, which hung on to its skilled-labor supply by supporting it in the lean years, doesn't need them. And the situation in Thomaston is more or less representative of the national situation as a whole. It accords with the situation in Baltimore, where the Steiner-Liberty Co. finds it profitable to hire only those needle-trade workers who can earn more than $10 a week on piecework. Those who lack the skill or efficiency to make $10 and more, simply clutter up the plant and prevent the management from getting all it feels it should get out of the machinery. As a result of this premium on efficiency the unskilled young and the lethargic old remain on the Baltimore relief rolls. They might like to get off but they can't. Baltimore has 5,000 families receiving direct relief; of these, only 229 are classed as employables. Certainly among the men now on WPA and relief in Baltimore there are few who could stand up under the work if taken on by the Jarka Corp., which employs longshoremen. Stevedore labor is too tough; if you're strong enough to stand it, you very probably managed to get off relief some time ago.

In Greenville, South Carolina, it is the same story over again. Skilled textile labor is scarce; but it is not to be found on WPA. Far from being able to supply skilled operatives to local industry, the Greenville WPA has actually had to sublet all its bricklaying and plastering contracts. It couldn't find these skills among the reliefers. In Beaumont, Texas, the paucity of skilled labor actually keeps common labor from getting work. The complaint of the local Pennsylvania Shipyards is that it has lots of work to do and plenty of available common labor, but the trained men required to direct this labor or complete its work are lacking.

The exception to the rule about the paucity of skilled labor occurs in towns that have stranded industries, such as Shamokin. The Shamokin anthracite miners are obviously skilled at what they can do, yet the legitimate anthracite industry cannot use them. However, the unemployed miners in Shamokin have been bold enough to force an outlet for their skills. Intransigent, they steal dynamite, timber, and other supplies needed in mining. Because they pay no royalties to coal-land owners nor taxes to the township, they can afford to put coal into Baltimore or Philadelphia for $7.50 a ton, whereas the market price for legitimate coal is $10 a ton. By forcing their skills into the market place, these miners, although still listed as unemployed employables, are removing themselves from what we have defined as the social burden. They *are,* however, a burden to the owners of coal land. Perhaps they should be jailed as thieves. On the other hand, by dramatizing the relationship between prices and employment, they may point a way out for the town of Shamokin as a whole. If the anthracite mining companies can find a way to lower prices and capture the bootleg market for themselves, they may discover they have solved their problems and the problem of unemployment in Shamokin as well.

7. *Is there an abundance of unskilled labor available to industry that is not being "bid away" by WPA?* Yes. The testimony of industry after industry, in all of the urban communities visited by *Fortune,* is that it doesn't have to go to WPA or relief for men; unskilled labor is to be had merely by wagging a come-hither finger at the factory gates. In Beaumont, Kewanee, Flint, Thomaston, and elsewhere there is plenty of available common labor that is not on the relief rolls or on WPA; it is simply a floating supply from the section of the unemployed that does not apply for relief. This floating supply naturally competes with the supply that is still available on the relief rolls or on WPA.

8. *Are those remaining on relief "marginal men" in that they are unfit for employment by lack of skill, age, or disability?* Yes. At least industry is under the impression that people left on relief and WPA are either old, sick, broken in morale, or otherwise unfit for steady work. The statement made by the head of the Flint Community Chest might be taken as a type statement: "Industry doesn't want these people left on relief. They are unemployable for one reason or another—old age, health, incompetence, laziness, or something. Except in a boom, society has to find some way of keeping these people now on the rolls. Industry doesn't want them, and I don't blame industry." In Kewanee, those in charge of employment at the Kewanee Boiler Co., the Walworth Co. (which makes valves and fittings), and the Boss Glove Co., all say more or less the same thing. "There's no one on relief or WPA we can use. Their biggest drawback is their old age."

These are not scientific facts; they are industry's impressions. As hunches they are pretty good; the sample tables tell why. Of the reliefers who have found jobs as semiskilled laborers in private industry since 1935, the largest number are between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. Of the reliefers who are now doing skilled labor in private industry, the largest group is between thirty-five and forty-five. The biggest WPA category in the sample, however, consists of men between forty-five and fifty-five. More than half of those on WPA in the sample are over forty-five. Yet there are good men still left on relief and on WPA that industry, whether it knows it or not, can use when it is in need of more unskilled labor.

9. *Are these marginal men actually unemployable?* Of the unskilled we can say definitely that many are employable because the rehiring figures do not correspond with the ratings of the sample for employability, borderline, and unemployability. As we have seen, 45 per cent of the sample were judged employable. And 45 per cent of the sample have gone back to work in private industry since 1935. Yet only 65 per cent of those "judged" employable are among those who have got jobs. That means that 35 per cent of the employables are in the wrong place; the jobs they should logically be holding have been filled by borderliners and the unemployable. In fact 40 per cent of those judged as borderliners now have jobs. And, as we have already seen, 13 per cent of the "unemployables" are working.

Many of the aged and disabled, on the other hand, are probably unemployable. They will be still older when the business cycle hits its peak in 1939 or 1942. Some employers feel that new and impending government regulations will make it increasingly difficult for industry to absorb those defined as unemployables. They feel that old-age pensions, premiums for a minimum of labor turnover, and minimum-wage laws, make inevitably for more efficiency in selecting men. And so the inefficient just won't get hired. In Baltimore and Greenville textile manufacturers have testified that minimum wage laws would compel them to fire the more inefficient workers. If you have to pay $8 or $10 a week to an operative, they say, you have to get a proportionate amount of work out of the machine that he is using.

10. *Is the WPA "spoiling them" and wasting the taxpayers' money?* People who are rabidly against the New Deal are certain that it has spoiled them. You will hear it said frequently that "employers can't get labor because they have too easy a time on the WPA and won't leave to take an honest job." You will hear housewives complain that "Since this foolish relief business commenced I have to pay $4 a week for a

maid." You will hear farmers grumbling about the lack of good men to do their cherry picking. And heads of families yelling about the disappearance of the handy man who used to cut the lawn once a week.

The popular sentiment about WPA may be measured by the gags now passing from mouth to mouth. "I hear Harry Hopkins is planning to equip all of his WPA workers with rubber-handled shovels." Or: "Don't shoot our still life; it may be a WPA worker at work." Or: "There's a new cure for cancer, but they can't get any of it. It's sweat from a WPA worker."

But the people who criticize WPA fail to take into consideration certain fundamental facts. The cream of the crop who were on WPA in 1935 have been absorbed by private employment; and the very fact of their absorption is sufficient proof that WPA has not spoiled them for industry. Naturally, the men who are left on WPA tend to be older and slower workers. Where they have skills, these skills are negatived by age or physical disability. But they are not necessarily bad workers or lazy workers. To take a typical instance, in Connecticut the WPA recently completed the building of a high school in thirteen months. A private contractor would have done the job in ten. But the private contractor would have had the benefit of younger, faster laborers. Considering their age, WPA workers did a good job.

The final answer about WPA, then, would seem to be that it hasn't ruined the men who have already left its rolls, and that age and disability are what are "ruining"—i.e., slowing down—the ones that remain. Which is what one might logically expect. As for the criticism that WPA keeps farmers from getting cherry pickers and housewives from getting cheap servants, there is something to it. Men don't like to quit WPA or relief to do seasonal work that is over almost before it has begun and women on relief don't see the point of taking private jobs at what they consider less than a living wage. The classical economist thinks the government is doing something reprehensible in thus interfering with the law of supply and demand as it affects the labor market. Harry Hopkins thinks not. The issue between them will not, however, be decided on a basis of economics; it will be decided at the polls.

Sensitive to the charges of inefficiency that have been flung at them, the WPA authorities have recently ordered a "purge" of the WPA rolls.

The purge has resulted in the dropping of the more inefficient of those who were left on WPA at the beginning of last summer. The ousted cases tend to fall back into the ranks of the old, the disabled, and the untrained young who are seeking straight relief. But the purge doesn't change the nature of the combined WPA-relief reserve labor pool. Industry still doesn't want many who are left on WPA—not yet, at any rate. When and if the present industrial boom goes higher, then it will absorb some of the remaining WPA workers. In a boom agricultural county, such as Scott in Minnesota, private employment has already soaked up people of a type that remains on WPA elsewhere in the country. Almost anyone is useful to agriculture if economic conditions are right. As one Scott County citizen says: "Out here in the farming country if an eighty-year-old man drops dead during harvest, they put it down to sunstroke, not old age." The real problem in boom agricultural regions is a seasonal one; in winter the lack of work hits efficient and inefficient with relative impartiality.

11. *Are the local communities doing as good a job of giving direct relief to unemployables as the federal government did two years ago?* In most cases, the answer is an unqualified negative. In some places the local community does do a good job. Baltimore is one of these places. But the Baltimore local relief agencies get credit for a better job largely because the same people who ran the government relief in 1935 are still in command. They bring added experience to the problem today.

Communities like Baltimore, however, are exceptions. And in certain places, especially in the South, effective local relief is conspicuous by its absence. In Greenville, since the federal government pulled out of local direct relief, there is nothing but a Community Chest—Salvation Army appropriation of $4,000 a year, which is doled out in almost microscopic fragments to the needy. The WPA in Greenville has taken care of some of those who ought to be on direct relief but who are too proud to beg. As a result, one project of the Greenville WPA has been wholly carried out by men over sixty or certified by a doctor as unfit for work.

Adams County, Mississippi, shows local relief at its worst. Official Mississippi relief is limited to the old, the blind, dependent children, and "others." In 1936 the legislature appropriated $1,000,000 for old-age relief, and specified that it was to last twenty-seven months. This isn't enough to care for those who are over sixty-five and in need of relief; in Adams County alone there are 500 applications for help under the old-age relief law that are still waiting—and starving. Those direct reliefers in Adams County who are under sixty-five have to be satisfied with the commodity relief from the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation—clothes made by the WPA sewing project, cracked rice, dried skimmed milk. The June allowance for this year was two sacks of dried skimmed milk and six grapefruit per relief case.

When President Roosevelt laid it down that government had a social responsibility to care for the victims of the business cycle, he set in motion an irreversible process. Every depression creates new precedents that become bench marks for the guidance of statesmen and politicians in the next. But as we have frequently implied in this article, the victims of depression divide naturally into two categories that require differing social treatment. There are those who are not permanently destroyed by time and change as potential gainful workers. And there are those who are so destroyed.

These latter make up what might be called the permanent social burden. From now on government in the U.S. will have to take care of anyone who falls into this classification. Whether it is to be the federal government or the governments of the separate forty-eight states is a question that will be bitterly fought over at the polls. And it does not matter much who does the job as long as it is done. But the point to remember is that the past depression has set up certain *national* standards for the care of the permanent social burden. States that do not at least comply with federal standards will always be the objects of invidious comparison by the less privileged—and therefore more numerous—voters. And as a matter of fact the federal government will henceforward actively help to maintain state standards at a certain level. Witness Social Security; here Washington directly helps to foster a high sense of state obligation to the permanent social burden by underwriting a part of the cost of caring for it. By 1942 Social Security will begin to take care of the percentage of the social burden that is disabled by age. Since our population is gradually growing older, this will tend to be an increasingly larger category as the years go by. Men and women who have never worked, who have disabling physical and psychical characteristics, will have to be cared for by asylums, hospitals, and as part of the Public Assistance Plan of Social Security, as is the case now.

All this has nothing to do with the unemployed who still remain potential gainful workers. Since they are the victims of the business cycle, the ultimate good medicine for their plight is not unemployment relief; it is general economic policy designed to increase production to a point that will give all of them jobs in private industry. You cannot eradicate cyclical unemployment by tackling it as an unemployment problem for the simple reason that WPA is not an answer, for example, to the lack of foreign markets for cotton or any other purely economic dilemma.

But the government can directly help the cyclically unemployed in three or four ways if the taxpayer is willing to meet the bill. For one thing, it is possible to set up a series of nationally coördinated labor exchanges on the British model to bring the man to the job. (Steps toward this have already been taken with the setting up of the U.S. Employment Service under the Department of Labor.) Whether this would succeed in getting an unemployed Shamokin miner a job in Beaumont, Texas, as a worker in an oil refinery is, of course, a question. The unemployed miner would probably balk at leaving his native surroundings. But this is stating the problem at its thorniest; most people who are out of work would be glad to move to a place where work was available.

Secondly, government can do what it has already done in Wisconsin: set up a vocational training system for the unskilled young. The Wisconsin method is to handle this by a mixed government private industry system of schooling. If the taxpayer answers that it is not his business to train people for skilled jobs, the duty may be pushed off on industry or on a combination of industry and the trade unions.

Finally, the government can intercede to help the cyclically unemployed in two emergency ways. It has already enabled the states to legislate unemployment compensation under Social Security for part of the working population. (Whether it should do more or not is a question that we are not called upon to answer; the final arbiter of such questions is the U.S. voter.) And if it be granted that U.S. citizens won't stand for a mere dole, it can continue to do the emergency job of caring for business-cycle victims by such agencies as the despised WPA. As a matter of cold prediction, it is our guess that such agencies have come to stay. Americans are pragmatists; they put their trust in what has worked. And since WPA has worked, even if expensively, it will almost certainly be a light to guide statesman and politician alike in the future. Whether you like it or not, the past depression has set up bench marks that will still be followed long after Harry Hopkins and President Roosevelt have gone to their reward.

Appendix I: Unemployment

Unemployment Statistics

Estimates of unemployment are usually reeled off with some glibness. Journalists quote the American Federation of Labor statistics of 8,780,000 (May, 1937) or the National Industrial Conference Board figure of 6,980,000 (April, 1937) without any particular effort to understand why these totals differ by nearly 2,000,000. They differ partly because there are no good month-to-month figures for non-federal government employees, domestics, water transportation, trucking, banking, real estate, insurance, agriculture, and so on. Then, again, the National Industrial Conference Board has adjusted its figures to various industrial censuses of 1935; the American Federation of Labor has not yet finished the job of doing this. The adjustment, when completed, will probably decrease its total unemployment estimate.

Roughly, current unemployment statistics are determined by taking the April, 1930, census of the unemployed and adding to it (or subtracting from it) those who have been deleted from (or added to) payrolls since then. Net new-worker increase is also accounted for. But the resulting figures can be askew for more reasons than have to do with faulty month-to-month figures. To begin with, the April, 1930, census of unemployment was arrived at by taking the total of "gainful workers" (i.e., people who either had jobs or were seeking them) and subtracting the number who were actively engaged in looking for work. But the 1930 census of "gainful workers" was more or less a boomtime census; the 1929 crash had only superficially affected employment by April, 1930. Now a good many people who manage to get along without working in boom times, and who signify to the census authorities that they are not looking for work, are often forced to enter the labor market in time of depression. These "forced" entries include: children who quit school to look for jobs when the old man's salary is cut, housewives who decide they have to supplement a declining family income by taking outside work, and retired people whose income is chiseled away by the skipping of dividends, the failure of companies to continue paying pensions, and so on. The American Federation of Labor and the National Industrial Conference Board figures do not give a reliable picture of the number of forced entries that have come on the labor market since the census figures were taken. For example, to help account for net worker increase, the American Federation of Labor and the National Industrial Conference Board add to their yearly figures a certain percentage of children who come of working age in that year. This percentage is worked out by taking the total increase in the number of new people of working age and subtracting from it the number of children who might logically be expected to stay in school or at home. But empirical logic can go astray here: the question of the sudden forced entry into the labor market of a child who might otherwise normally be expected to stay in school is sometimes statistically begged.

Again, the old who pass out of the labor market are subtracted from unemployment totals. So are women who quit work to marry. So are forced exits of other types and descriptions. But the old who have changed their minds about working since the 1930 census was taken do not necessarily get included in the figures. For instance, an older person who had means in 1930 and did not want to work may now be willing to work to supplement his diminished income. Since he would not be an integer in the base-line figures he would not get included in the present figures.

Still another frequently stated objection to the unemployment estimates is the way the figures for annual industrial payrolls are collected. Many industries report their figures voluntarily to Washington. But not all of them do. To get a complete outside check on total payroll figures the statistician must rely on the government's sample inquiries. These may be conducted in such a way that only a minimum of error would result. But the stickler for the sort of accuracy that only a compulsory census would reveal is still able to cavil at the methods of computation. The stickler for nose counting will be able to object that the laws of probability that underlie the sample method are not the same as the laws of certainty that lie behind simple addition (see Appendix II below).

All of this, however, is by the way so far as *Fortune's* purposes in conducting its own survey are concerned. *Fortune* could not make use of the semiofficial estimates for one major reason. That reason has to do with "unemployment relief" as compared with rounded figures for unemployment. The unemployment figures and what is popularly known as "unemployment relief"—the name is a partial misnomer—are neither coequal nor coextensive. As we have noted in the story's introduction on page 16, half of the unemployed tend to get no relief whatsoever. They have relatives, or some insurance, or some savings, or some property. For all practical purposes they constitute no immediate problem for the government. If cyclic dips do not exhaust their resources before the trade indexes turn up, they frequently get jobs without ever even applying for relief. And, as we have implied in the foregoing discussion, some people who do not get included in the unemployment statistics are a definite relief problem. These include all of those who are now getting old-age assistance and cannot work. They also include the lame, the halt, and the blind who were not listed as "gainful workers" in the 1930 census.

Appendix II: Unemployment

Note on Method

In choosing the localities for the survey every effort was made to combine several fairly typical towns with three or four places that represent extremes of either boom or depression. They were not selected with the idea of being a true cross section of U.S. unemployment and poverty. Rather were they chosen to illustrate the various types, causes, and results of unemployment and poverty.

In each of these eleven communities, in coöperation with local relief and WPA administrators, 300 names were picked at random from January, 1935, relief rolls. This date was selected because relief was at its height at that time. Of the total panel of 3,300 names 1,137 were interviewed—upwards of a hundred in each locality. Each person was subjected to a lengthy questioning designed to bring out a rounded picture of individual family dependents, home, income, wants, job history, and occupational qualifications. To complete the picture a rating system was devised. Plant foremen or superintendents, WPA administrators, local relief workers, and old inhabitants, were persuaded to serve on rating boards of from two to four members in each community. Each of the members was asked to rate each case as "employable," "borderline" or "unemployable."

The first group is self-explanatory. The second group is supposed to include those workers who are working now but who will be the first to lose their jobs if industry slackens and also those who are not working now but who will be hired if industrial output increases. The third group is supposed to include those who are not working and who will very likely never work unless we have a feverish wartime boom. But here the rating proved a little contradictory. A small percentage of those judged "unemployable" manage in actual practice to hold jobs. Special circumstances—such as kindness of heart on the part of the employer or usefulness for some particular work on the part of the "unemployable"—explain the anomaly.

The places—big cities, small cities, towns, and rural counties—in which *Fortune* met and talked with the people in its sample have already been ticked off. In the following reminder table the population figures (given among the notes on each place) are rounded out for easy comparison. These, then, were the backgrounds for *Fortune's* inquiry:

Baltimore, Maryland	805,000
San Francisco, California	634,000
Flint, Michigan	157,000
Beaumont, Texas	58,000
Greenville, South Carolina	29,000
Adams County, Mississippi	24,000
Shamokin, Pennsylvania	20,000
Kewanee, Illinois	17,000
Thayer County, Nebraska	14,000
Scott County, Minnesota	14,000
Thomaston, Connecticut	4,000

The biggest place chosen has a population of 805,000. But there are seven cities bigger than that in the country, and the biggest has nearly ten times as many people within its limits. The reason for omitting the largest metropolitan groups was the difficulty of taking a satisfactory sample. In big places people do not always know their neighbors so well as in smaller places. In Baltimore, and again in San Francisco, many difficulties were overcome in getting full information on individual cases. It proved hard to find responsible people who knew the subjects well enough to venture positive statements. Even after extra effort put forth in these cities, the rating results, while judged adequate, were not considered to be on a par with those obtained in other localities.

Of the eleven places chosen four are in the South, in areas that the census classifies as South Atlantic, East South Central, and West South Central. One is in the Middle Atlantic area, one in New England; four are in the groups known as East North Central and West North Central; and one is on the Pacific Coast. This allocation does not parallel the distribution of the population as closely as that of the thirty places used for the sample on which the *Fortune* Quarterly Survey is founded. Nor does it parallel the population as closely as do many of the samples used by the federal government in studies on the problem of poverty. Government officials ventured the opinion that the omission of some of the poorer sections of the U.S.—the Ozarks and the Tennessee hills, for example—might increase any inherent distortion in the totals. And the group of places, considered as a whole, looks more than a touch heavy in the South.

Although there were discrepancies between figures found by the government and comparable figures found by *Fortune,* on the whole the closeness with which the two sets of figures checked was surprising to those who had planned the study. There had been no intention or attempt to establish a parallel, but the nature of the group chosen for study made some parallel inevitable. The comparable figures resulting were so close to each other that the *Fortune* group of eleven places might be called a national sample, but only in the broadest admissible sense of that term.

The other and less hotly debated question that underlies many of the discrepancies you see between reputably sponsored figures that appear in the newspapers is the question of classification. The debate here has not been so lively. Passion has been concentrated upon the argument as to whose resulting figures were right. The recurrent furor about the difference between one unemployment figure and another, treated in Appendix I, has this matter of classification as one of its hidden and often unseen springs. A man, say, has a wife and two grown children not yet finished with school. The company that paid him $2,500 a year has folded. Soon there are four people looking for jobs. The wife gets one first by taking advantage of her early training. The boy gets part time and a scholarship, and the girl finally lands a secretarial job. Now there are three people working and one unemployed. The man gets another job at $1,200, the wife is forced to stop working because of illness, the boy keeps his part-time job, and the girl quits to get married. Problem: who are the unemployed in this family? And who are the unemployables? The census of 1940 is being so planned that those who find delight in cutting up and then combining into delicate and digestible portions the large, raw figures drawn from the indigestible mass of the country's 130,000,000 people will have the best fun they have ever had. The census of 1940, it is estimated, will cost between $40,000,000 and $50,000,000.

The tables that follow are the end result of spending a much smaller amount of money. They show what the research firm that conducts the regular *Fortune* Quarterly Survey reported after interviewing the 1,137 people. An officer of the research firm visited all of the places except San Francisco and, in addition to his supervisory task, interviewed a number of the leading local employers of labor in each community.

You will find that the figures in most of the tables following add up to 100 per cent. In the first group of tables 100 per cent represents the 1,137 people now living in the eleven localities examined. (In the second column of figures in this group 100 per cent stands for the comparable number in the population of the U.S. over twenty years old.) The next series of tables gives only one column of figures, based on the 1,137 reliefers of 1935 considered as a group. Following tables are arranged so that you may more easily compare certain of the figures in them. It is in some of these last tables that the group of 1,137 people is divided into a few relatively large sub-groups. In every table the title should indicate the nature of the total group or sub-group that is being taken as equal to 100 per cent. Slight distortions may arise from carrying the underlying figures to the nearest five (e.g., 31.3 per cent are over fifty-five years old; this is shown as 30 per cent in the first table). But in a significant table such as the one dealing with citizenship, the decimal point was carried through.

Appendix III: Unemployment

1935 Reliefers in 11 Places

Most percentages in these tables represent arbitrary combinations of the original data, smoothed to the nearest 5 per cent. Readers are referred to Appendix II above for an account of the data and of the method employed in arriving at these tables.

AGE	Reliefers	U.S. Pop.*
20 to 34	20%	40%
35 to 54	50	40
55 and over	30	20

* *20 years and over.*

COLOR		
Negro	20%	10%
White	80	90

SEX		
Male	80%	80%*
Female	20	20*

**Gainfully employed.*

CITIZENSHIP		
Native	86.5%	
Naturalized	10.0	
Alien	3.5	

PLACE OF BIRTH		
State now in		60%
Neighboring state		15
Distant state		10
Foreign country		15

TIME IN PRESENT COMMUNITY		
Whole life		40%
Half life		25
Less		35

MARITAL STATUS		
Married		65%
Single		10
Widowed		20
Separated		5

NUMBER IN HOUSEHOLD		
One	10%	10%
2 to 4	50	60
5 or more	40	30

CONVENIENCES		
Electricity		60%
Radio		45
Vegetable garden		40
Bathroom		35
Flower garden		25
Automobile		15
Telephone		10
None of these		10

YEARS ON LONGEST STEADY JOB		
1 to 4		25%
5 to 19		50
20 or more		20
Off and on		5

AGE BEGAN LONGEST STEADY JOB		
Under 20		30%
20 to 34		40
35 on		30

PRESENT SOURCE OF SUPPORT

Private employment	45%
Federal government	30
Local agencies	15
None	10

OCCUPATIONS IN PRIVATE EMPLOYMENT

Skilled	20%
Semiskilled	25
Unskilled	40
Domestic	15

EDUCATION

No education	10%
Less than 5th grade	20
5th to 7th grade	20
Finished 8th grade	20
Had some high school	15
More than high school	5
Don't know	10

CASE HISTORY

	Job lost	Went on relief	Went off relief
1926	2.6%		
1927	2.9		
1928	4.4		
1929	7.7	.8%	
1930	8.3	3.0	
1931	10.2	3.8	
1932	13.8	7.4	
1933	9.0	21.4	
1934	5.1	28.6	*
1935	1.0	5.0	19.6%
1936			17.1
1937			17.9
Index	34.1†	30.0‡	45.4§
Don't know	.9		

**Our sample started with people who were on relief in January of 1935.*

†*Job never shut down entirely.*

‡*Uncertain as to exact date.*

§*Still on, including WPA.*

APPROXIMATE FAMILY INCOME

	Wanted	Now received
Nothing		3.8%
Under $5		10.5
$5	4.6%	15.9
10	15.5	19.5
15	16.3	14.4
20	17.7	10.8
25	17.8	5.3
30	10.4	4.1
35	7.0	2.3
40 and over	7.7	4.4
No answer	3.0	9.0

The Shaping of a Labor Policy

FRANK MURPHY, 1893– . . . former United States High Commissioner to the Philippines, and now Governor of the State of Michigan, writes: "In disputes between individuals we take our problems to a court of law and abide by the findings of a judge and jury. Why not do likewise in industrial relations?"

THE present situation in industrial relations presents an incomparable opportunity for enlightened government to show its worth. But, in doing its part, government cannot afford to forget the lessons of history. The peaceful way is the right way. Violence on one side of an industrial dispute begets violence on the other. The public is easily infected by the ill will which is generated. In such a situation government is often urged to undertake oppressive measures. In my own state of Michigan, had the government chosen to "shoot it out" with the sit-down strikers in the automobile plants early in the year, there is no doubt that force would have emptied the plants. But bloodshed and violence would have meant that government in Michigan today would be thought of by many people as a horrible, oppressive thing which coldly ignored human values and demanded human life as the price of its own ruthless supremacy. This did not happen in Michigan because the concept of government on the basis of which the situation was ironed out has no room for violence and bloodshed. Rather, it holds that force is an archaic, outmoded and, above all, utterly futile method which, in the end, settles nothing for anybody.

In the great General Motors strike involving 250,000 workers, the Chrysler strike involving 100,000, and indeed in the whole course of the Michigan disputes, there was no suppression of civil liberties, no factories were closed by the government, and there were no deaths in the few spirited encounters between opposing forces. They were settled in friendly conferences conducted in a spirit of reason and justice. No

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From *Survey Graphic,* August, 1937. Reprinted by permission of the author and *Survey Graphic.*

bitterness exists between employer and employe in these great industries today and they are doing their own peak business of all time. There were situations, however, in which the new and zealous unions failed to reckon with the value of public opinion. After the auto strikes were settled three instances, in particular, antagonized many citizens: the demonstration at Monroe, where armed men blockaded an important public highway; the mass demonstration which the press mistakenly referred to as the "seizure" of Lansing; and the Consumers Power shut-off which, though it occurred in the daytime, interfered with a service essential to health and comfort in a thickly settled section of the state. Discounting the exaggerations in the press, these occurrences were nevertheless serious, in reality and in implication.

Although these conflicts were fortunately ended by government intervention and by emergency conciliation, up to the end of June there was no real formula on the Michigan statute books for dealing with modern industrial relations. Picketing in any form did not have the sanction of legality, and it was obvious that many labor demonstrations were a protest against the lag of law behind modern industrial developments. Vigilantes, so-called law-and-order organizations, began to blossom. However reports of their numbers are greatly exaggerated. Although some of them were perfectly sincere, all of them were far from being the non-partisan influence that law and order through government must represent. Public opinion has reacted against the sit-down. Labor leaders, I am convinced, are developing a greater sense of responsibility to the public and exercising more reasoned judgment in their decisions. Public opinion will react likewise against anti-union organizations that seek to take the law into their own hands. Labor excesses, when they have occurred, have been in large measure incident to the new found power and while excesses must be curbed it must be done intelligently. I have reason to believe that the fact that as governor I constantly strove for conciliation, and firmly avoided needless violence, has strengthened the respect for government in Michigan.

Throughout the trying times of the strikes the state legislature, not unaware of the ominous effect of tensions and cleavages upon public opinion, was working upon a bill that, when perfected in the mid-summer session, should go a long way to heal the wounds of industrial controversies in Michigan. It is based upon the rule of reason.

The law guarantees fundamental rights to labor, industry and public. But like every law dealing with an emergent situation, it is bound to be criticized by extremists. It guarantees to labor the fundamental right of collective bargaining through representatives of their own choosing, and the right to strike. For the first time in Michigan it clearly legalizes picketing; but at the same time it forbids blocking a public highway or the entrance of a place of business or a residence. It empowers a state industrial relations board to set up subordinate boards by areas, plants or industries, to mediate disputes. The board, voluntarily, or by request of either side, may encourage submission to voluntary arbitration. The act places the emphasis upon conciliation. In no sense does it regulate by compulsion. It guarantees all the rights of labor. It restricts the use of injunctions in labor disputes. But going beyond the Wagner Act, which applies to industries of interstate significance, and beyond similar local acts passed by various states, it protects both employers and employes from unfair practices. It authorizes the board to investigate espionage and racketeering. Its provisions dealing with picketing and mass patrolling have latitude enough to apply to vigilante groups who may attempt to intimidate labor organization. The provisions of the entire act are too lengthy to quote. But the Sections of its Chapter IX, quoted on the next page, are new and distinctive in American legislation. They must, however, be understood as part of a document which outlaws company unions and guarantees exclusive collective bargaining to the representatives designated by a majority. The board has the authority to decide whether the unit shall be employer, craft, plant or some other body.

Another provision of the act requires each union in the state to file the name and address of its secretary and its affiliation with other organizations.

It has been urged from many quarters that, since labor organizations are coming to wield great power over the lives of workmen and over the operations of industries, they ought to be held legally responsible for their acts. There has been great pressure for compulsory incorporation of trade unions, for public supervision of union elections, for requiring that their books and membership lists be a matter of public record.

It is axiomatic, of course, that responsible leaders of responsible labor organizations should be accountable for the acts of such organizations.

Irresponsible leadership has done labor more harm in the public mind than all the attacks of employers' associations. Labor must learn to discipline its forces, to hold in check impractical or untimely demands. It must keep its agreements inviolate. Only by scrupulous adherence to such a program can labor become an active and constructive force in industry. If labor's leaders fail in those respects, the public demand for drastic restrictive legislation will surely be irresistible.

Labor organizations have, generally, opposed proposals which aim to restrict their activities. The recent disclosures before the Senate committee investigating industrial espionage reveal the basis of their fears. In considering the merit of proposals for controlling labor organizations, even their proponents must concede that the analogy between the incorporation of trade unions and of a business producing goods is not perfect. A union's assets consist of the good will of its members and such funds as it may have with which to pay strike benefits or to maintain its staff. The property of a corporation, on the other hand, consists of buildings, machines, materials and other highly tangible assets. An injunction tying up the corporation's liquid funds does not close its production operations. But a court order which ties up the union's funds absolutely disables it, preventing the performance of its functions during the period of the injunction. In Michigan, the legality of a trade union's activities hitherto depended largely upon the viewpoint of the judges involved in a particular case. The new Michigan law clearly defines labor's legal responsibilities as well as its legal rights.

The government takes its place as an active participant with labor and employers in finding a solution to disputes. Its view is the public view. Public interest is paramount. The government insists on peace and orderliness. It also insists on the building up of mutual self-respect. To these ends, the public is represented by continuing agencies specializing in the problems of industrial relations, covering the entire field from fact-finding to mediation, conciliation, and, if necessary, aid in creating the machinery for voluntary arbitration. The government makes available at all times the most effective possible kind of mediation agencies. These are set up on the basis of each industry if necessary, as well as on a geographical basis. Every measure and method of conciliation and mediation is at hand, always in the name of impartial government.

Collective bargaining represents a power delegated by the workers because as individuals they have been ineffective in protecting their rights. Before passing judgment on the principle of collective bargaining, industry should realize that a worker will not delegate a power to someone else if he can do it better himself.

Despite ominous predictions to the contrary, I am convinced that the present wave of industrial disputes represents merely a normal reaction of working people to economic insecurity. They are giving vent to the frustrating effects of five years of depression and the fear of insecurity. They are asking a share in the control and determination of working conditions. The sit-down strikes and mass picketing are indications of their desire to employ more effective techniques. With those they are reaching out into new industries. But the recent strikes signify nothing new in terms of what labor has been striving for since corporate industry first spread in the United States following the Civil War. The clamor for genuinely drastic control of labor organizations, and of employers on the other hand, is undoubtedly due in large part to the unusual turmoil and strife of recent months, rather than to any extraordinary change in the attitude of labor.

Unfortunately, recent strikes becloud the fact that in a considerable number of American industries, stability has actually been achieved through orderly processes of collective relations between labor and capital. Working conditions have been set forth in trade agreements in the railway, coal, clothing, and printing industries, to cite but a few. Those agreements have set up orderly procedures for the conduct of relations between several million workers and their employers. Strikes take place only after long established machinery has failed to arrive at settlements. Disputes and grievances, which are inevitable wherever human beings are involved, are aired in discussions around conference tables rather than in struggles along picket lines. They are then enforced by customary precedent and mutual self-respect. In this way great corporations have gone about their business of producing goods and services without a major stoppage in a quarter of a century. As a democratic process for controlling working conditions this peaceful technique has built up a common and statute law in wide branches of industry, with its own bill of rights and "constitutional" guarantees.

From Chapter IX of the New Michigan Law

Sec. 15. Nothing contained in this act shall prevent an employer from entering into an all-union agreement (an agreement that all eligible employes shall be required to join a union) with one or more labor organizations.

Sec. 16. Nothing in this act shall be construed to require any person to perform any work or continue in the service of any employer without his free will and consent, or to make it unlawful for any employe to discontinue work or employment without notice to or permission of his employer, or to prevent an employer of his own free will from discharging an employe except as specifically prohibited in this act.

Sec. 17. Except as expressly provided herein, this act shall not be so construed as to interfere with, impede or diminish in any way the right of employes to strike or engage in other concerted activities.

Sec. 18. Except as otherwise provided for in this act, no court of this State shall issue any restraining order or temporary or permanent injunction in any case growing out of any labor dispute to prohibit any person or persons interested in such dispute from doing, whether singly or in concert, any of the following acts:

(a) Ceasing or refusing to perform any work or to remain in any relation of employment.

(b) Becoming or remaining a member of any labor organization or of any employer organization.

(c) Paying or giving any strike benefits to or withholding them from any person participating or interested in any labor dispute.

(d) Giving publicity to the existence of any labor dispute or to the facts involved, whether by advertising, speaking, picketing or by any other method not involving fraud or violence, coercion or intimidation.

(e) Assembling peaceably to act or organize to act in promotion of their interests in a labor dispute.

Sec. 19. For the purposes of this act, picketing is hereby declared to be lawful in this State, except under the following conditions and circumstances:

(a) Patrolling or attendance by any persons, whether on behalf of a labor organization or otherwise, at or near a place of business or employment affected by a labor dispute, or the residence of any person employed therein or other place where such person may be, in such manner or numbers as to (1) obstruct or otherwise interfere with approach thereto or egress therefrom, or (2) to interfere with the free and unimpeded use of a public highway.

(b) Patrolling or picketing in or about any premises or place of business involved in a labor dispute by a person who is neither employed therein nor a party to the dispute nor an official of a labor organization that is a party to the dispute.

Editor's Note: It is understood that Governor Murphy is asking reconsideration of the law at the midsummer session beginning July 29 in order to perfect it in various particulars. For example Section 19 (b) prohibiting patrolling or picketing by those not party to an industrial dispute: As this now stands it would constrict the right of members of the same union to picket. [No changes were approved at the special midsummer session.—E. A. W.]

The American public, through legislation, has tended to recognize this development and the social desirability of collective bargaining. By implication it has said that the individual worker is not able to protect himself against the vagaries of industrial competition, and that wages, hours, promotion and lay-offs can best be determined with workers acting in concert. Such legislation as the Railway Mediation Act, the Norris-LaGuardia Anti-Injunction Act, and the National Labor Relations Act, is evidence that the public believes industrial peace and social order can best be attained by encouraging workers to organize.

These laws, therefore, seek to remove from the statute books restrictions which hamper the free organization of labor and to eliminate interference by employers or by courts. They seek in effect to write into public policy the theory that industrial peace can be achieved most readily if there is a balance of power between labor and capital. A great preponderance of industrial power on one side or the other has never made for long time stability except on the basis of exploitation and coercion. The history of industrial disputes in this country and abroad indicates that collective arrangements are most successful in industries where both labor and capital have been effectively organized. If, therefore, the present drive to organize labor results in equalizing the status of workers and their employers, we shall unquestionably be far along the road to industrial peace.

I am little disturbed by the effect collective bargaining agreements may have upon competitive processes. We long ago ceased to rely exclusively upon competition as a regulator of our economic life. The free operation of competitive forces has for years been restrained by trade associations, by monopolistic practices, by so-called "gentlemen's agreements," by government regulations, and by the operation of collective bargaining itself. These forces are not new. They have been in the making for a generation. In fact, we have tried to curb them through our anti-trust laws, but in this attempt we have not been too successful. We have incorporated into our complex economic system a large number of institutional checks on the operation of free competition. It is my belief that the future trend of government will be in the direction of keeping these institutions under control rather than of outlawing them or of removing the restrictions which inhere in them.

Certainly a hands-off policy is indefensible. Modern economic living is highly interdependent. Industrial processes and relations are sympathetic and sensitive. A dislocation or shutdown in a major industry affects almost at once the jobs of thousands of workers in supplementary industries hundreds of miles away. Government cannot view such a situation in the role of a mere observer. Sooner or later circumstances compel it to take an active part, for modern life is industrial life, and when that stops the very existence of social institutions is threatened.

It is sometimes proposed that industrial disputes which lead to strikes, lock-outs, picketing, and similar types of conflict, are simply manifestations of the law of the jungle—in modern society. We long ago ceased to endorse that method in disputes between individuals. The duel as a means of settling grievances of a personal or economic character is proscribed in all civilized jurisdictions. We take our problems to a court of law and abide by the findings of a judge and jury. Why not do likewise in industrial relations?

Many serious-minded persons are urging us to prohibit strikes and lockouts. In a word, they declare that where agreement is impossible, the contestants should be required to take their case to court and abide by the findings of that tribunal. Any method short of this, we are told, exposes the public and the consumer to unnecessary and unjust deprivation of peace and comfort and introduces a potent threat to the safety of the social system.

While the justifications given for this proposal are persuasive, it has limitations so grave that I am unable to endorse it. Other nations which have tried compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes have not found it successful. In our own country, the experiment in the State of Kansas between 1920 and 1925 ought to convince us of the futility of reliance upon the police or the edict of a court to enforce industrial peace. My objection to compulsory arbitration is that it is neither feasible nor practical to enforce a court order which runs counter to the opinions or sense of fairness of great masses of people. Court orders do not produce goods. They do not mine coal nor run trains. When they are unenforceable because of the physical impossibility of imposing penalties on all who participate in violating a court order, the flames of conflict are fanned and respect for authority is broken down.

In addition, the very nature of the process of compulsory arbitration may actually retard the development of voluntary procedures. Either side, failing to gain its end through negotiation or conciliation, would be tempted to delay agreement in the hope that a court of law would issue an order in accordance with its point of view. When logically pursued, compulsory arbitration of labor disputes would seriously restrict many basic constitutional guarantees. The right to quit work for any reason at all, the right of free speech and the right of assembly might easily be curtailed, since the exercise of those rights might conflict with a court order holding strikes illegal.

Finally, it is extremely probable that this method of dealing with industrial disputes would place our political institutions under an intolerable strain. Labor and capital, having placed their fate in the hands of courts and judges, would become active contestants for the control of government in order to appoint the members of the judiciary.

The problem of industrial relations is primarily the problem of wages, speed, hours of labor, opportunity to express creative craftsmanship, fear of job insecurity, industrial ill health, a fair chance of promotion based on merit, protection against petty and unreasoning tyranny, mutual self-respect, and defense against the detestable institution of industrial espionage. It is the problem of allowing men to live with the dignity they, as human beings, deserve.

We cannot permit ourselves to be deluded into thinking this problem consists simply of strikes. Strikes are only an index of the status of industrial relations. Essentially, it is a problem of the daily adjustment of a person to his occupational environment, for when such adjustment takes place imperfectly unrest is sure to follow. It is the accumulation of hundreds of unventilated grievances, each one of little moment in itself, but all together sufficient to create a pool of pent-up emotions.

It is evident that industry must learn to know men as intimately as it knows materials. But the fear of social explosion is not the chief reason why employers should know men as well as materials. Democracy—the sacredness of human life and liberty—will not long flourish aided only by the blissful self-satisfaction of us who enjoy its benefits. Democracy will not stand alone. It will not stand merely with the passive support of our self-content. On the contrary, it must be constantly safeguarded, carefully reinforced, and stoutly implemented against those forces which, unchecked, would in time accomplish its dissolution.

Wherever enlightened men and women ponder the problems of the nation, the forces which threaten our democratic system are frequently the subjects of discussion. Some fear the influence of foreign doctrines and dogmas; others "view with alarm" our deviations, real or fancied, from the true system of democratic government. But none, I am convinced, will deny the constant menace—the threat of internal decay —which inheres in discontent born of economic injustices and gross inequality. For where there is deprivation of the necessities of life, where there is exploitation of the downtrodden, there unmistakably lie the seeds of disruption and rebellion.

Thus it becomes the duty of government to set minimum standards for workers. Happily, we are through, by and large, with the degradation in which industrial workers labored during the bleak years before the turn of the century. We no longer have shop girls slaving behind counters from 7:45 in the morning until 11 o'clock at night, snatching a moment during the wearying day to eat a frugal meal, for the pathetic remuneration of three dollars a week. We are done with the era when men sweated from five in the morning until seven in the evening under physical conditions that today would be looked upon with revulsion. Briefly, we have left behind us the day when the lives of workers, their wages and housing, the degree of risk in their work, the menace to their health, the pace of production, the length of the working day, and discipline in the factory, were virtually subject to the arbitrary and autocratic control of the employer. By degrees we have been able to exterminate the most glaring of these abuses. The force of public opinion, the protest of the workers themselves, the intervention of government through the medium of legislation, and improvements within industry, have combined in this process of amelioration.

We cannot stop at this point. Of course, we would rejoice one and all in the realization that every working man was permanently insured against the squalor of the sweatshop, the fear of insecurity in his old age, and the menace of occupational disease; that working women were accorded every protection which humanity dictates they be given—and that children were guaranteed the right to live the happy, normal lives children should lead. But surely we cannot be so naïve, if not so blind, as to believe that these goals have now been attained to the limit of our ability to achieve them. We cannot, singly or as a people, coast along on what has been done.

In my home State of Michigan, according to a report of the Women's Bureau of the federal Department of Labor, during a representative week in the fall of 1934, half of the women employed in eighteen out of twenty-two types of manufacturing industries earned less than $14; half of those employed in limited-price stores earned less than $12.35; and half of the women laundry employes earned less than $9.90. The prevailing hours for these three industries were from thirty-five to forty a week in the manufacturing group, from forty to forty-eight in the limited-price stores, and from forty to over forty-eight in the laundries.

It is not my intention, in presenting these few facts, to be sensational or to mislead by making no mention of the higher and eminently more satisfactory wage and hour conditions which exist in numerous other branches of American industry. In passing, however, I should like to point out that a raise in pay is not automatically a net advantage to the worker. If it is accompanied by a speeding up of production, the monetary gain may be to a large extent nullified, for additional funds will avail the laborer little or nothing if his health is impaired to the extent of shortening the span of his life.

Government's stake in this large job of implementing democracy is most significant because government can speak not only for labor, but for industry, and for the public.

Until very recently, the efforts of the Consumers League and other organizations which have sought to bolster the principles of democracy with positive support, have met with repeated rebuffs from the courts of the land. But the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in the Washington minimum wage case has given rise to new hope. The door seems open to state wage and hour laws for men, as well as for women. The extreme necessity for laws protecting the latter needs no elaboration, but we must not overlook the almost equal necessity of protection for men. Certainly we cannot fall back on the rhetorical absurdity that to give men the protection of minimum wage and maximum hour guarantees is to deprive them of their right of contract. As Justice Stone remarked so pointedly in dissenting from the decision outlawing the New York wage law, there is, indeed, "grim irony in speaking of the freedom of contract of those who, because of their economic necessity, give their services for less than is needful to keep body and soul together."

Of scarcely less significance is the intelligent regulation of child labor. Our youth must be assured of the right to grow up as children should and not as prematurely aged slaves of modern industry.

Government must further assure the working man and woman of their rights as human beings by obtaining for them the protection of occupational disease laws. At the same time, industry must recognize that it cannot in justice discard a workman as an empty shell once he has given his strength and obtained in its stead a destructive malady.

A major phase of a legislative program in behalf of the working man and his family must be the acquisition of the untold benefit of security against unemployment and old age. Government must do this not as a measure of paternalistic charity, but as an investment in human contentment as well as insurance for the preservation of democracy.

A legislative program, the goal of which is the full consolidation of the rights of the working people, would be sadly incomplete without a guarantee to labor of the right to act for itself in the event that the protections devised by government prove inadequate. Collective bargaining must be a fundamental of such a guarantee. The right to strike must be kept intact, but reason dictates that some provision be made for the investigation of situations likely to lead to strikes, with a view to the negotiation of differences. And since the property rights of employers are carefully delineated by law, it might be just and fair to make some effort toward incorporating into law the worker's property right in his job. Admittedly, the legality of such rights is by no means clearly defined. At present they rest upon our human sense of justice and necessity rather than upon law.

In other words, when government exercises its prerogative of legislation in these ways, it accomplishes a manifold result. It enhances the beauty of human life, it solidifies the foundations of our democratic system, and it erects strong barriers against the dangers of extremism. It emphasizes the success of the common man in his business of living; and upon that success, in the long run, depends the prosperity of industry.

Government, after all, is a fragile and tenuous thing which is easily damaged. In its ideal form, it is never haughty and arrogant, for when it assumes those characteristics, it becomes a hateful thing without real value and without a worthwhile cause. Human beings writhe under the restraint and repression which it imposes upon them. They feel intellectually and spiritually stifled. Slowly but surely they give voice to the most intense kind of protest. In the pages of history one may read the tragedies of the many governments which have been crushed in the storm of hatred conceived by their own arrogance.

Yet such things need never happen. When government exercises its rightful function, it has no traffic with arrogance and oppression and has nothing to fear from those to whom it ministers. Ideally, it emphasizes the beauty and splendor of human life in that it exists, in actuality, for the sole purpose of helping men attain the highest possible state of well-being. It is strongest when it is kindly, helpful, and fundamentally concerned with stimulating and protecting human values. Men created government for their own good and protection, and so long as it functions according to man's need for it, just so long will it function efficiently.

Now, as never before, the happiness of our future depends upon the efficient functioning of democratic government. If peace is to rule our industrial relationships it must be sought for and accomplished with concerted purpose and protected with concerted allegiance. Employers and employes alike—and the public and government as well—must realize that industrial peace is not only possible but practicable. From my own experience, especially in these recent months in Michigan, I am convinced that we can make the appropriate adjustments in our human and institutional relationships.

We Lose the Next War

ELMER DAVIS, 1890– . . . essayist, short story writer, and author of the *History of the New York Times.* American views on the next war are succinctly put by Mr. Davis. "We may go in, we may stay out; or, an expert in such matters has suggested, we may do neither." Each view is examined and criticized.

WE HAVE lately been getting a good deal of education in international politics, but we need still more. The proposal for a popular referendum on the declaration of war implies a growing conviction that the people themselves should make the ultimate decision of international politics; but to make it intelligently we need to know more about the cost of war—and about the cost of trying to remain at peace in a world at war. Alone of the great powers, we have some freedom of decision, thanks to geography. The referendum plan discriminates between two kinds of war—attacks on our territory or that of our neighbors, which would have to be met without delay; and wars which we can go into or stay out of as we may choose. The latter is the only kind of war this generation is likely to have to worry about.

It is not seriously disputed that until the size and range of aircraft have greatly increased, no foreign power can do us much damage if we stay within what General Rivers calls "our normal sea frontier"—Alaska, Hawaii, Panama, and so on around to Newfoundland. No dictator, however ambitious, would attempt an attack doomed to certain failure. If we go to war in the next few years it will be either in an effort to salvage our interests and prestige in the Far East (mostly prestige, for trade with Japan is by far our largest interest); or in an attempt to help the European democracies (and Russia) check the continuing aggression of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Nobody wants to fight if we can help it; but as Mr. Roosevelt said in his reply to Mr. Landon,

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"whether we like it or not we are a part of a large world of other nations and peoples. As such we owe some measure of co-operation and even leadership in maintaining standards of conduct helpful to the ultimate goal of general peace." And effective co-operation to restore general peace involves the risk of being drawn into a general war.

But isolation has its risks too. The present attempt to explore the risks and balance the drawbacks of both policies, unlike most researches into this subject, was not begun as an argument for either; nor is it inspired by the lofty idealism that animates so much of the America-must-choose literature, on both sides. Both co-operation and isolation have been advocated as means to the salvation of the world, or to the realization of some transcendental ideal of what humanity ought to be; the present study is merely an attempt to figure out, from the standpoint of national interest, which is the more expensive and dangerous. On both sides idealists have underestimated the practical difficulties. Too many co-operationists talk as if we can buy world peace at a bargain sale; too many isolationists seem to think that if we only say we are going to stay out of war everybody will live happily ever after. Unfortunately it will not be so easy as that.

II

The mere mechanics of isolation in a world at war are more complex than most people realize. One of many reasons why we went to war in 1917 was that our prosperity built on war trade had given us a common economic interest with England and France. Many isolationists, believing that was the only or at least the principal reason, have accordingly a simple formula for keeping out of the next war: abolish all trade with warring nations.

This would require amendment of the present Neutrality Act, which, besides forbidding the export of arms and munitions to belligerents, gives the President discretion to forbid the export of almost anything else, in American ships or under American ownership. Belligerents may still buy anything except munitions, but they must take it away in their own ships; and they cannot borrow money here to pay for it; they must bring their own. It is this last provision, rather than the cash-and-carry clause, that would virtually confine our foreign trade in a world war to England and her allies. The British navy would control the Atlantic, the Japanese navy would control the Pacific—subject in each case to interference from enemy airplanes and submarines; but Japan, Germany, and Italy have not enough money, here or at home, to buy much. Transpacific trade would be limited to barter for as much silk as Japan could produce for export in wartime.

Repeal of the cash-and-carry clause, an embargo on all trade with belligerents, would accordingly please not only the bitter-end isolationists but the people who want to see England beaten. Conversely, it would be unpopular with those who, though believing we should remain neutral, would rather see the democracies win than the Fascist powers. Here is an emotional conflict that would bring constant pressure on Congress, keep the war and the embargo an issue in domestic politics. There would be other pressures which have been underestimated by many isolationists.

"Neutrality is not easy," admits Alfred M. Bingham in *Beware of Europe's Wars,* but he does not specify the difficulties. Quincy Howe, in *England Expects Every American to Do His Duty,* concludes that complete isolation would entail governmental control of business which might amount to state socialism; but he skips lightly over the details, and the costs. In bracketing these two I do Bingham an injustice; his pamphlet is a very able analysis of the present crisis, whereas Howe's book is described on its jacket, with perhaps unintended candor, as "assuming no special knowledge on the part of the reader." With very little knowledge, one can see that Howe's Anglophobia throws his whole world picture out of focus. Others—Kirby Page and Mauritz A. Hallgren, for instance—have been more candid. An embargo, says Hallgren, would mean "an economic depression far more devastating than that which began in 1929," particularly ruinous to agriculture. To keep the national economy going at all would require some sort of dictatorship —perhaps quasi-socialist, more likely a native brand of Fascism. Emotional opposition to the embargo would be reinforced by the population of the areas ruined by the embargo; repeal would be demanded not by bankers and munition makers—not out in front anyway—but by farmers of the corn and cotton States to whom Congress seldom says No.

These considerations were apparent to the committee of economists who made for the Economic and Social Planning Association (ESPA for short) the most careful study yet attempted of the mechanics and the domestic consequences of isolation. They dismiss the idea of an embargo except on munitions very curtly. Nearly two million people are dependent on export to Europe alone; some of our crops, many of our industries, count on the foreign market for their margin of profit; an embargo would be so costly that "numerous and powerful groups would prefer war."

A trade policy designed to keep us at peace, says the committee, must have three objectives—to prevent such a shrinkage of trade as would cause a domestic crisis; to escape dependence on war trade for prosperity, as in 1916; and to forestall an expansion that would intensify the inevitable post-war slump. So it recommends continuance of trade with everybody; but on the cash-and-carry basis, and with exports to any belligerent limited to its normal peacetime quota. Except for farm products; they could be exported in much greater quantity—otherwise a Congress respectful of the farm vote might not long continue any export restrictions at all. This could go on as long as belligerents could pay for it. Several billion dollars' worth of American securities owned abroad (mostly by the British and their probable allies) could be liquidated, but gradually, so as to prevent a break in market values and too rapid a growth of war trade. Thus while a war boom could not be wholly eliminated, it could be spread out thin, taken a little at a time instead of in one indigestible lump.

But it would mean control over exports and stock markets such as we have never known in peacetime, with endless possibilities of evasion and graft. Other neutrals, mostly in the Americas, would turn to us for goods they used to buy from belligerents; the surplus sent to them might be re-exported to belligerents. Each warring coalition would be suspicious of our increased Latin-American trade; submarines in both seas might interfere with it. (Also, as Senator Borah has suggested, submarines lying outside our ports to sink belligerent merchantmen might sometimes make a mistake and sink ours.) Thus at great expense and inconvenience we could escape some of the risks of involvement, but not all.

Trade means import as well as export; even we are not quite self-sufficient, but luckily our biggest imports, coffee and sugar, come from the Americas. The breakfast table could carry on as usual; Japanese silk would gradually become scarcer and more expensive, but the girls would not have to take to cotton stockings at once unless they chose. Rubber and some of the minor metals would be the worst problem; the committee recommends that we start laying in a reserve of these before war begins. In a few years Brazilian rubber will again amount to something; if the war breaks out before then Japanese cruisers could shut off imports from Malaysia and the Dutch East Indies; pleasure cars might gradually disappear from our roads.

There would be immense internal strains and dislocations; Latin-American trade could not take care of all our merchant marine; many seamen would be unemployed—and plenty of other people too. New industries would rise, old ones would dry up; prices and raw materials would soon have to be controlled. The whole scheme implies a government control of business which, the committee concedes, might mean "a permanent change in our economic system." But it would be far less rigorous than the centralization needed to enforce an embargo; still less than the regimentation that would almost certainly be imposed on us if we went into the war.

It seems to me that some such plan is our best chance of staying out of a world war and at the same time keeping the United States a going concern. But it would not be enough for the root-and-branch isolationists or for the people who hate England; it would be too much for many others. Those who would lose money or the hope of making money through such measures would contrast them (says the committee) not with the only alternative—the much more stringent regulations that war would bring—but with happy memories of peace and normalcy. Unless public opinion were overwhelmingly behind the policy, its restrictions might be evaded as widely and as profitably as was the Volstead Act.

If it were effectively enforced there would be a festering resentment among all the people whom it inconvenienced; which would ally itself with more disinterested resentments. It was not merely economic reasons that got us into the last war; most Americans hoped that England, France, and their allies would win. Most Americans would hope so next time; we could not be neutral in thought any more than we could after the invasion of Belgium in 1914. Bingham, with the logic of his convictions, suggests that "perhaps the floods of foreign propaganda should be curbed." But a new Alien Act to silence foreign propagandists would have to be supplemented by a new Sedition Act to shut up their American sympathizers; the "co-operative commonwealth established in democracy" of which Bingham dreams would be built on the grave of the Bill of Rights.

The ESPA committee drily remarks that such suppression would be neither constitutional, desirable, nor feasible; the best we can do is to counter war propaganda with peace propaganda. This whole plan certainly looks as if it would have a better chance of success than any other. But life in the United States under such regulations would be uncomfortable and uncertain, both materially and psychologically; we might look back to the winter of 1937-8 as a vanished Golden Age of prosperity and happiness.

III

The effect of American isolation on the rest of the world may seem irrelevant to this inquiry; but it backfires on our national interests, as the more intelligent isolationists realize. So they try to show that by remaining neutral we serve others as well as ourselves. "The only effective discouragement we can offer to powerful belligerents," says Bingham, "is the assurance that under no circumstances will we trade with any belligerent." But this would not discourage Germany, Italy, and Japan; they take only one-sixth of our exports, and could get very little of that in wartime even if we had no restrictions on trade. It would unquestionably discourage England and France, but they do not want to fight anyway if they can help it. Here is the weakest point of the isolationist case. By refusing to co-operate now with the peaceful powers we make a world war more probable; if that war comes, American isolation will make a Fascist victory more probable. Almost all our isolationists prefer democracy to Fascism; but the isolationist arguments of the liberal Howe, the radical Bingham, are echoed (rather more forcefully) by the Fascist Lawrence Dennis.

So even Quincy Howe's conscience is a little uneasy. At one moment he rejoices in the prospective removal of "England's dead hand" from the earth, at the chance for other nations to find their places in the sun. But when he sees what they do with sunshine when they get it, he argues that Italy and Germany could not win a major war, must collapse in revolution if they even try it, etc. Bingham is not so sure; but he reasons from the French failure to keep Germany down that Hitler could not permanently enslave England and France, and he does not care much who owns the colonies. Communists believe the next war will lead to Communist revolutions everywhere, no matter who wins. But (aside from the fact that Russia might again be the first to cave in) history offers few instances of successful revolutions against victorious governments; and even in the beaten countries there is no evident reason why Communism must come to the top. More probably, if the Fascists won, the eventual governments of the defeated democracies would be cliques of Fascist stooges, as in the occupied provinces of China to-day. Men who would serve the conqueror would be harder to find in France and England than in China, but they could be found; the French found such men in the Rhineland in 1919.

All this is guesswork, but some guesses are more plausible than others. Economically, everybody would be worse off after a world war no matter who won it, neutrals as well as belligerents; but politically, a victory for the democracies would suit us well enough. No doubt they would hate us for not helping them win more cheaply. "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." But we came to the help of the Lord against the mighty in 1917, and got cursed out just the same after it was over. In any case, British and French bitterness would go no farther than talk.

But suppose the Fascists won—reduced England and France to impotence, divided up the British, French, and Dutch colonial empires, dominated Scandinavia and the Balkans. They might have as much as they could manage for the moment but not as much as they want; it is in the logic of Fascist doctrine (convincingly analyzed by E. B. Ashton in *The Fascist: His State and His Mind*) that the more the State has the more it must demand, so "its growth knows no saturation point." After Europe, the next field for Fascist expansion is Latin America; so if we do not help to stop it in Europe and Asia we may presently have to face it singlehanded nearer home.

I believe this fear is exaggerated. No single Fascist power is strong enough now to attack the Americas; none of them will be any stronger for years after the next war, even if it wins it. Nor could they easily combine against us; the essence of the Fascist creed is national egoism. The present Fascist quasi-alliance works well enough toward immediate and limited objectives; but once European influence was excluded from eastern Asia, Japan would play a lone hand. And the overthrow of England and France would only clear the way for a German-Italian war as soon as Germany and Italy had recovered enough to fight again. Their clashing interests on the Danube and in the Alps are far more vital than either's interest in Latin America.

The greater danger would be indirect. Fascist victory would immensely enhance the prestige of Fascism as a creed—already popular with some Latin-American dictators as a new name for an old practice. But the biggest and most nearly Fascist of the lot, President Vargas of Brazil, dislikes the name and prefers his country's traditional friendship to us to any leaning toward Fascists overseas. And we are well insulated; the Panama Canal is flanked by democratic countries, and the collectivism of Mexico is a collectivism of the Left, not of the Right.

Here at home victorious Fascism would win the admiration of more and more American business men; but they might begin to realize by that time that in Germany and Italy the rich, no less than the poor, are slaves of the state—house servants rather than field hands, but slaves none the less. Another danger—there is already a sort of clerical Fascism in Quebec; and American Catholics have supported Spanish Fascism so zealously that a good many liberals are afraid they might support Fascism here. The Knights of Columbus' crusade against "Communism" certainly interprets Communism very liberally; but authoritative American Catholic voices—Cardinal Mundelein's, for instance—have denounced Fascism, and in Europe the Church has been selective in its support. In Spain and Austria, where it has always upheld authority, it does so still; but it is chiefly concerned with its own authority. Somebody else has the authority in Germany, somebody else would have it here. For any American Fascism would probably depend for its popular appeal on something like the Ku Klux movement; if it had a religious color, that color would be Protestant—as farseeing Catholics must realize.

All in all, it does not look as if a Fascist victory would necessarily mean a Fascist America; if this country ever goes Fascist it will be on account of what happens here, not overseas. We may be only postponing the danger till our grandchildren's time; no one can say what they may have to face if Japan dominates and organizes Asia, if Germany and Italy can keep from eating each other up. But the danger is neither so great nor so immediate as is usually represented.

Other consequences of a world war would be costly to us as well as disastrous to the belligerents; but here too there has been exaggeration.

It is commonly said that the next world war will destroy civilization; but mankind does not seem to have quite enough power, yet, to wipe out all its achievements. Air fleets are far larger and more powerful than twenty years ago; but their failure to destroy—however badly they have damaged—the flimsily built cities of China suggests that the pictures of London, Paris, and Berlin wiped off the map are premature. They could be badly battered, but not yet obliterated. Urban life in Europe is more dependent on technology than in China; the worst results of air attack would not be the material destruction but panic, hunger, epidemic. But every European government is training its people in "passive defense," working out emergency plans for evacuation and food supply; preparing for a return to cave life till the bombers have stopped coming. Irreplaceable treasures will be destroyed in the next war, Europe will be left frightfully weakened and impoverished; but the total material collapse of civilization is not to be expected this time.

Spiritually and morally, civilization collapsed on August 1, 1914—the civilization in which people now middle-aged grew up, a culture which with all its shortcomings did give more satisfaction to more people than any other yet evolved. Young people cannot realize how the world has been coarsened and barbarized since 1914; they may feel the loss of the security into which their parents were born but they cannot appreciate how much else has been lost; even we who once had it cannot recall it now without an effort. But the collapse of a great culture is a long process; it took the Roman world four or five centuries to hit bottom. Since 1914 we have slipped back as far perhaps as the Romans slipped between the Antonine age and the days of Alexander Severus. It is a long way; but the Rome of Alexander would have looked like paradise to the Romans who lived under Constantine—and still they kept on slipping. So may we. The next war might shock the human race back into sanity; it is more likely to leave all nations coarsened and barbarized still further, with more wars to come. The Greeks once fought a war to end war and liberate oppressed nationalities; it only led to a new war, the defeated powers combining with those of the victorious coalition who had been shortchanged at the peace conference; and that led to another war, and another, until the qualities that had made the Greeks great completely disappeared.

What has all that to do with us? Well, some of our isolationists talk as if by mere staying out of war we can make this country an Island of the Blest. Quincy Howe sings a pæan to self-sufficient America, which will "promote western civilization in the one country where it has not actually gone into a decline." Europe will be no loss; "the civilization of Europe in general and of Britain in particular proclaims itself doomed" (by the mouths of Bertrand Russell, André Gide, Aldous Huxley) and anyway "if England sank into the sea America would still have the Bible and Shakespeare, the world would still be indebted to Newton and Darwin."

So the eastern Roman Empire round Constantinople still had the Bible and Homer when the Western world had relapsed into barbarism; but those who talk of America as "the new Byzantium," keeping the torch of civilization alight through the next Dark Age, forget that the Byzantine culture was intellectually very arid. It imitated the classics, badly; it preserved and annotated them, in ever-narrowing selection; it was the best there was at the time, and we owe it an enormous debt; but it is nothing for us to emulate if we can help it. An impoverished and barbarized Europe means an America impoverished, though in less degree, by the loss of the European market; an America barbarized, though in less degree, by the loss of contact and interaction with a still vital European culture.

We have already a dangerous tendency to self-admiration. So has every great nation, but at present they are a check on one another's complacency; without a rival, we should admire ourselves more and more, perhaps with less and less reason. There is something in the English character, something else in the French character, without which humanity would be the poorer. There was once something like that in the German character; it has been destroyed in Germany by forces whose conquest of Europe would be made easier by American isolation. Civilization to-day is probably at its best in Scandinavia, Holland, Switzerland; there is not much doubt what will become of those countries if Hitler goes on unchecked. Quincy Howe might be pleased if Oxford and Cambridge were brought low, but even he would hardly like to see "Nazi science" taught at Leyden and Upsala.

Some of these evils would follow any world war, but not all. People who say our isolation would do Europe any good are only poulticing their consciences. It may make sense for us, but there is no altruism about it.

IV

Co-operation to restore general peace would prevent all that. But a good many co-operationists seem to think we can scare off the enemy with a shout, as Achilles once did, or at most by economic pressure. "Economic and financial sanctions cannot fail," says the *Nation,* "if they are honestly applied." Cannot is a large word; so is if, in that context. Against Italy, sanctions failed; they were not honestly applied, but the reasons why they were not would operate next time too.

That failure discredited the word "sanctions," but not the idea. What Mr. Roosevelt meant by "quarantine" has not, at this writing, been authoritatively declared; but *New York Times* editorials on November 30th and December 24th last advocated a policy which could be described by that term, though it carefully was not. The *Times* insisted that this was not a formal policy of sanctions, but that concurrent independent action on parallel lines by the United States, the British Empire, and perhaps France and the Netherlands, would achieve the same result as co-operation. "Great sums of money are required for armies invading foreign soil. . . . Certain raw materials are essential to the conduct of wars, and they are to be found chiefly in democratic territories. The governments whose citizens possess these credits and these materials, acting independently but in parallel, can properly withhold them." Thus would fall "the sure shadow of economic starvation on spendthrift governments which cannot wage war unless we supply them."

If by this plan we could restore general peace nobody would care much what we called it. But resort to such measures after the failure of diplomacy to check the aggressors would be a continuation of politics by other means: which is the classic definition of war. This is war—a limited inexpensive method of war, in which our side has the advantage. If it proves effective, aggressor governments have a choice between abandoning the objectives which they have persuaded their people are vitally necessary, and resorting to other methods of war in which they would have a better chance of success. In 1935 Mussolini said he would fight if sanctions inconvenienced him, and sanctions were not permitted to inconvenience him. This has not been forgotten in Berlin and Tokyo.

Economic starvation is not a substitute for war; it is the first campaign in a war which would have other and bloodier campaigns. If it were applied to Japan, the reply might be a Japanese attack on Hong Kong or the Philippines, or French Indo-China, or the Dutch East Indies. Stern realists face this prospect undismayed. "The Western powers," says Raymond Leslie Buell, "could refrain from taking any military action to defend their possessions in the Orient, realizing that if they applied the embargo long enough Japan would have to withdraw." How long is long enough? Longer, I suspect, than Occidental patience would endure. The real estate listed above does not belong to Mr. Buell. Its actual owners, notably the French, have shown no enthusiasm for this policy of "temporary" abandonment when it has been brought into unofficial conversation.

If we have learned anything in these past few months it ought to be that co-operation entails the risk of war, even if you call it concurrent parallelism. Some attempt should be made, then, to estimate the cost of war, compare it with the cost of isolation.

Everything costs more than it did twenty years ago and war would be no exception. Our strength again might tip the balance; but this time Germany has stronger allies, so that the war might be longer if the peoples of the world could endure it; the cost might be heavier—in lives, in money, in social and spiritual dislocations. And the profit of victory? A lasting peace, a sane international organization, a world made safe for democracy? Just what we hoped to get when we went to war in 1917; it is doubtful if we have a much better chance of getting it next time.

Possibly of course the whole world will have learned a lesson—if the war is short and victory cheap. The longer it lasts the worse will be every human being who survives it—with judgment warped, emotions inflamed. Wilson said, at the end of the last war, that we must be just even to those to whom we did not want to be just; but his motion was lost for want of a second. The war had been too long and costly, the danger of defeat too recently imminent. The same conditions repeated would probably produce the same state of mind. Wilson laid down his Fourteen Points when we were already deep in the War; he might have laid down conditions before we went in. But in 1915 the Italians laid down conditions before they went in, and got them written into a solemn contract; yet they did not get what had been promised when the plunder was divided. Europe would be even worse off to-day if they had got it, but the precedent is not encouraging.

If we fight for British and French democracy we also defend the British and French empires; co-operation with the peoples means co-operation with their governments. The present British government is an excellent argument for American isolation. Its foreign policy for the past seven years has been an almost unbroken series of blunders. It proved its unscrupulousness by the way it got rid of King Edward (he had to be got rid of, but the methods employed were pretty dirty); proved its stupidity in the Manchurian affair; and proved both when rebellion broke out in Spain. A government that hazards its own imperial interests to protect class interests, and fails to protect either, would be no safe partner in war or in the making of peace.

Somebody else might be in power at the end of the war? Nobody much better. British Labor would make a better peace than the present ruling group, but popular parties displace conservative governments in wartime only after some such disaster as Sedan. Wilson in 1914 thought England was sated with territory and would want no more if she won; he learned otherwise in 1919. We hear much from London about the "weary Titan" sagging under the burden of empire, but no doubt the wheezy old gentleman could add Libya and Ethiopia to his load if the chance were offered. So with the French. A government headed by such a man as Léon Blum would probably make a decent peace; but men like Léon Blum are not in power at the end of a war. To win, you need somebody like Clemenceau.

V

So it does not seem much more likely that victory would bring us what we were fighting for than it did last time—a little perhaps, but not much. And to the familiar costs of war one more would be added; we should have to sign away our liberties while the war lasted, and we might never get them back. To win a great war requires a concentration of national effort, and that means a concentration of power which may approximate a dictatorship. We had a taste of such concentration in 1918; but in that year, when this country came nearer to hitting on all cylinders than at any other time in its history, the co-operation was mostly voluntary. Most Americans believed in the objectives of the war and were willing to work their hardest to attain them. After the disillusionment that followed, there might be less enthusiasm next time; but there will be far more concentration if the Industrial Mobilization Plan worked out by the War and Navy Departments is put into force. The bills embodying it have not been passed but they might be jammed through Congress in the excitement of the beginning of war. This plan is the strongest of all arguments for isolation.

It gives the President control of business, industry, finance, labor—control far more drastic than we have ever known. He may fix wages and prices, regulate production, take over private property; censor the press (indirectly but effectively), suspend enumerated laws if he chooses. He can further draft as many men as he sees fit—leaving them at work in factories if they are more useful there, but sending them to the trenches if they strike or even complain, however justifiably. The national Administrator of Labor is to be "an outstanding industrial leader"; labor leaders are only permitted to give advice which need not be taken. And conscription continues till six months after the President has decided that the emergency is over. Times will be unsettled after the next war; a President who thought he could get away with it could find one excuse after another for postponing his proclamation indefinitely.

With this plan in effect it would be ridiculous to pretend that we were fighting for democracy; for this is Fascism in spirit, if not in form and structure—with the difference that the rich in America would be far better off than they are in Germany and Italy to-day. One of the purposes of the studies that produced this plan was to take the profit out of war, but the Army soon discovered that without profit, and satisfactory profit, there would be no deliveries. Some army contracts fix the profit at six per cent; but ambiguities in cost accounting would make it actually much higher. As counsel for the Pittsburgh Ordnance

District candidly put it, "profit at the rate of six per cent would not tempt successful industrial companies" to help their country win the war; but at ten per cent, he thought, their patriotism might begin to function. There has been talk of drafting capital as you draft men; but if you commandeered factories whose owners held out for too high a price you must also commandeer men who could run them efficiently. In most cases these would be the very men who had gone on strike against serving their country for a beggarly six per cent. An Administration which had the courage to shoot a few corporation presidents might get some action; but we are hardly likely to see that.

The Army officers who drew up the plan reasoned from the experience of 1917-18 that you can draft men to fight, you can probably draft them to work at fixed wages; but you cannot draft the management of industry to work for less than it considers a satisfactory profit. As individuals, the members of this class average as high in patriotism as anybody else. If they are of military age they go to war, usually as volunteers; if over age they send their sons, and experience the same emotions as other men if those sons are killed; they serve the government as dollar-a-year men, and by no means all of them use their official positions to advance their private interests. But when they start thinking and feeling institutionally, as members of a class, they hold out for all they can get.

The Industrial Mobilization Plan makes them preferred stockholders in the nation at war; what else they might become depends on who might be President at the time. Under some Presidents we have had, and under some presidential possibilities, this war dictatorship would be turned into a plutocratic class dictatorship which could hardly be thrown off by peaceful means. This is such a probable effect of the plan that one cannot help wondering if it were the intention, if wartime efficiency is only a pretext; but so far as I can find out in Washington, this is not so at all. The capitalists of the Army Ordnance Association may have given the scheme their approval, but it seems to have sprung from the brains of Army officers dazzled by Clausewitz's concept of "absolute war." Begun as a means to an end, such a war becomes an end in itself, to which the life of the nation is only a means.

If we were defending our shores against a Fascist world this might be necessary; we could afford to sacrifice even democracy if we were fighting for national existence. But it seems out of all proportion to any war in which we are likely to be engaged. The General Staff plans for an army of four million men next time; some enthusiasts talk of even more. But what could we do with four million men in a war with Japan? A few divisions could hold the disputed islands, and the decision would have to be won by the fleet and the air force. Whether mass armies will be of much use hereafter even in Europe has been seriously questioned; and if they will, it is far from certain that we could again ship two million men overseas, with airplanes and submarines so much more effective than in 1918.

Perhaps then we could win without such drastic measures. That is a technical question but it involves the technics of politics and mass psychology as well as of military organization. It badly needs to be explored while there is yet time—dispassionately explored by men who are not trying to prove anything but only to find out what is what; for a war fought under the present plan would cost more than it was worth, even if our generals and admirals won victories as brilliant as Napoleon's and Nelson's.

War will mean regimentation whether we go in or stay out; it might not amount to dictatorship but it will look like dictatorship by contrast with peacetime, especially to those whom it restrains. Control to preserve neutrality would restrain rugged individualists who wanted to make money out of war trade regardless of the consequences; no conservative Administration could bring itself to such interference with business. Norman Thomas's program (and Bingham's, and Kirby Page's) is "neutrality plus Socialism." It probably would not go that far, and certainly would not be called Socialism; but it seems pretty clear that only a moderately radical Administration could preserve neutrality against the combined attack of conservatives and Communists. As between embargo and the program of the ESPA committee, the latter (besides being much more likely to work) would need less stringent controls, would be less dictatorial. The regimentation planned for wartime, however innocently intended, would drift toward a dictatorship by big business. The trend could be resisted only by a radical President strong enough and popular enough to make the wartime dictatorship something like a personal autocracy.

None of these prospects is pleasant, yet one of them is likely to become a reality in the next world war. Everybody will lose the next war—victors as well as vanquished, neutrals as well as belligerents; we are going to lose it whether we go in or stay out. I believe we shall lose it less disastrously if we stay out. By going in (and winning) we could make the outcome somewhat less calamitous for the world; but for our own interests, isolation is likely to be less costly than victory. Call this crass selfishness if you like; but would any other nation, situated as we are, even dream of sticking out its chin in an attempt to save the world? The European democracies co-operate after a fashion, because they must; they want us to co-operate because we might save them; but everywhere people will tell you, "You Americans are lucky. If we too were three thousand miles away—"

This conclusion may derive some value from the fact that I did not reach it before I started and then set out to prove it; my emotional inclinations are all the other way. My grandfather had to leave Germany after 1848, and he would not like Hitler any better than he liked the King of Prussia. I have many friends in Europe; I have lived long enough in England to have an affection for the English people, despite their present government; I am particularly fond of the Dutch and the Czechs, who will be right out in front when trouble comes. But as a choice between evils—which is all we have—it seems to me that the lesser evil for us is to keep out if we can. Twenty years ago we went on a crusade which would have made sense if we had got what we wanted; but we failed to find the Holy Grail, and the experience ought to have cured us of our inclination to go grailing.

VI

But is the war inevitable? Can't we do something to prevent it? God knows; to less inclusive intelligences the answer is not apparent. Norman Thomas finds the only hope of lasting peace in "a new social and international order," Mrs. Roosevelt in "a fundamental change in human nature." Different words for the same thing; it would save us no doubt if it happened, but don't expect it to happen this week.

Secretary Hull's policy of trying to improve international trade, and international good will with it, seems the most hopeful (or least hopeless) of practical programs. Gradually, with the hearty support of the Dutch and Scandinavians, and now at last with the co-operation of the British, he is trying to build up a group of likeminded nations respecting one another, getting along together, reciprocally improving their standard of living, setting a good example of peace and prosperity that might attract others. For this group of nations is no exclusive lodge, but a union that anybody can join who is willing to behave himself and pay the dues. There is no reason why Germany or Italy or Japan cannot join it—except that they show no inclination to behave themselves and pay the dues; their leaders have taught them to believe they need more than peaceful co-operation would give them.

If their complaints are genuine, if lack of colonies, of raw materials, of markets in a tariff-ridden world is the impulse behind their aggressions, cannot we satisfy them peaceably? Many who are isolationists so far as war is concerned would be willing to co-operate in an endeavor to remove the causes of war. There are Englishmen who would like to buy off Hitler at the expense of small nations and there are Americans who would like to buy him off at the expense of England. But there are plenty of others—you can find them even on Capitol Hill—who would be willing for America to make a contribution too.

We have no colonies to give back to Germany; but if there were a world conference for economic appeasement we could make a contribution by lowering our tariffs, opening our markets to foreign goods, enabling Germany, Italy, and Japan to make an honest living instead of racketeering. This would injure some of our own industries; but their owners could be compensated by the government, their workers could be given government work (something better than most WPA projects) till other industry reabsorbed them. It would cost a good deal, but far less than war; far less even than isolation in a world at war.

This makes sense on the hypothesis that the problem of the so-called "have-not nations" is basically economic. Perhaps it was once; fifteen years ago this plan might have worked. But Fascism, Nazism, even if they became popular as pain-killers in hard times, have now become religions, ends in themselves. With ordinary governments, more or less responsive to the needs of their constituents, you can come to terms. But no Fascist state can limit its action by international agreement, except temporarily as a matter of tactics; its paramount needs to which it has forced the individual to submit cannot be subordinated in turn to foreign interests. So says Ashton anyway; and with plentiful corroboration. "In Germany," says the Reich Press Chief, "the individual does not exist; he is only an aspect of the State." And a Japanese statesman tells the Germans that they and the Japanese alike are "animated by the ideal of the Moral State." No concessions that might make individuals more comfortable could satisfy governments that think like that.

The drive behind German, Italian, Japanese expansion is more than an empty stomach; it is a religion, and religions are not open to debate. The famous "Tanaka memorial" purporting to set forth the Japanese program for the mastery of Asia and eventual hegemony of the world has been denounced as a Chinese forgery. Literally, it probably is; but recent Japanese policy has followed the general line of that document; if the interpretation is Chinese, the evidence on which it is based is Japanese. Hitler makes tactical retreats and concessions, but there is no evidence that he has abandoned the ambitions set forth in *Mein Kampf,* ambitions motivated less by economic needs than by faith in the manifest destiny of the German people. And besides these reasons for doubting the efficacy of "economic appeasement," much of Europe's present industrial activity depends on armament programs. When the last division is equipped, the last arsenal full, will they shut down the factories and turn the workers out into the street?

This is a discussion of probabilities, for no one can speak of certainties; an attempt at reasoned analysis which necessarily omits the irrational and the incalculable. In such matters emotion, not reason, usually decides. For instance, it has been remarked that the unpaid war debts, though far from the best argument for isolation, are the argument that is politically the most effective. If war breaks out some emotional issue, as yet unforeseen, may throw logic out of the window. The Panay incident showed that we are not so easily stampeded as forty years ago; but war does queer things to the emotions, especially mass emotions, and everything may look different when the bombs start dropping.

We may go in, we may stay out; or, an expert in such matters has suggested, we may do neither. The world to-day is full of war that is not called war, of so-called peace that is only partial peace. So it may be with us when everybody is fighting. Trying to defend, no longer "neutral rights" but our territorial waters, our Latin-American trade, we may find ourselves fighting an undeclared, unofficial, localized war against either coalition or both. We fought such a war against France in 1798, and our warships had fought English warships long before we declared war in 1812. All that is in the field of the incalculable.

What does seem fairly plain is that we ought to prepare while there is time for all eventualities. We ought to draw up a Neutrality Mobilization Plan (something like that outlined by the ESPA committee) to be ready if we want to use it; and in case we should decide to go in, we ought to find out beforehand if the Army's plan for war centralization is really needed for any war we are likely to have to fight. It would do us little good to win victories overseas if we lost everything we were fighting for here at home.

The Outdoors

The Great Forests

IVAN SANDERSON, 1910– . . . at seventeen joined an expedition to the Dutch East Indies. In 1932 led the Percy Sladen Expedition to the British Cameroons, West Africa, where he discovered "Animal Treasure."

I

THE world of the great forests is a veritable paradise on earth for those who will take the trouble to read its mysteries. Enveloped by towering walls of greenery, like a microbe in a pile carpet, I found never-ending restfulness and comfort in this safe retreat from the glare of the outside world. Perhaps these unconventional reactions to an environment hated and feared by the majority who penetrate there were in some respects connected with my upbringing as a town dweller. Life in great cities is not unlike that in the primeval forests. One passes from one burrow to another along canyons that are only a little lighter, and breadth of vision is everywhere excluded by towering battlements palpitating with the lives hidden behind them. Always there is life around one, but it is hardly visible, so that the imagination must work overtime to formulate its progress, lest one pass forever through the dense crowds utterly alone.

When the sun shines upon the roof of the forest, vistas of indescribable beauty spring into existence below. Golden lights fall upon shady tunnels of riotous greenery. We used to sit by little crystal-clear streams, where pools of sunlight fell upon the moss-covered rocks like spotlights

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From *Animal Treasure*, by Ivan Sanderson. Published by The Viking Press, 1937. Reprinted by permission of the author and The Viking Press.

on a stage, and bask in the silent stillness of the day. Here would rise a feathery palm, its roots in the dim recesses of the forest, its fronds extended motionless into the shimmering sunlight with countless slender fingers of delicate jade; there would pass a dancing sapphire insect, while beyond and below and above rose billowing waves of foliage, chartreuse-green and delicate, bottle-green and shimmering or blending hither and thither in colors and textures indefinable.

To dwell amidst this endless foliage is akin to life amongst the gods of old. Past, present, and future have no meaning; the eternity of nature becomes something real. To sit alone in the midday silence of the jungle and try to visualize the machinations of civilized life is an impossibility. All the acts and histories of men become so futile and ephemeral before the grandiose stature of nature that it seems somehow unaccountable and altogether crazy to imagine little humans believing that their comic and futile efforts count for anything at all.

Gradually one learns the sociology of the forest; slowly, day by day, one becomes more attuned to the organization of the life around; piece by piece the camouflage beneath which everything is concealed is lifted. There is revealed a world of endless variety, of never-ending beauty and interest.

One of the first laws revealed to us was the unsuspected fact that the life of the jungle is like that of the ocean floor. This has never been observed or remarked upon before. Everything drifts slowly hither and thither as if wafted forward by currents and crosscurrents. To stand still is to arouse suspicion—just as a diver, who can actually handle fish and other sea creatures provided he drifts with them across the bed of the sea, becomes an object to be feared and shunned as soon as he remains immobile and anchored.

When hunting, my colleague George Russell and I adopted two entirely different methods. George concealed himself at some vantage point and waited for the waves of forest life to drift by him; I drifted and eddied with the animals themselves. Doing this, I learned many things, and so did he. The speed at which I drifted, I learned, must vary with the weather. Bright, fine days brought life almost to a standstill. In a hurricane I had to run to keep pace with things. Sometimes terrestrial animals would be drifting one way while all arboreal creatures above me would be passing in quite another direction.

Then we perceived that certain animals and types of animals followed quite definite roads through the trees and upon the ground, and, further, that they had times at which they passed to and fro as regularly as machines. Some animals betrayed the presence of others, certain fruits drove others away when they should have attracted them, and so on; the laws and rules were never-ending in their variety.

Drifting thus across the floor of the forest, I once approached a little dell into which flowed a small stream. The ground was boggy and covered with lush vegetation so that the waters spread far and wide, forming a small marsh. As I slid noiselessly along following the tracks of a small squirrel, a murmuring and rumbling came to my ears, dim and faint at first, a mere ghost of a sound. Gradually it gained in volume until it seemed to be all around me. I moved slowly forward, as I had learned I must do if I were to gain a glimpse of the animals that were causing all this "talk."

Abruptly I came upon them, a veritable herd of the weirdest animals I have ever seen. Rich orange in color, with monstrous heads, they formed a vivid contrast to the sombre greens of the water weeds. It seemed, in fact, as if they were more than half head, since their short legs were sunk deep in the morass that they were busily creating in the soft earth. On their heads they bore tall crests of spotless white which passed backward into a long white mane falling this way or that over their shoulders. Their ears were long and pointed, terminated by a long white plume, which they constantly flicked and twitched as they ploughed up the ground in long, even furrows. All the while they grunted and grumbled contentedly.

A herd of river hogs (*Potamochoerus porcus*) is an unusual sight; they seem as contented and lazy as ordinary farmyard pigs, and yet their vivid coloration and their grotesque form make one pause and consider whether one's sight is playing a trick. In the wilds they don't look like pigs at all. They are, in fact, unlike any other animal, with their great heads, long, tapering, plumed ears, and tall, narrow bodies.

Having drifted right in among them and been scrutinized by a large, dangerous-looking hog and apparently found quite welcome, I allowed myself to move gently forward. I had read of people in East Africa approaching to within a few feet of perfectly wild lions at the midday siesta,—in fact, my own father was one of the first to show that this was possible provided one moved slowly enough,—but I never suspected that these tactics were applicable to such wily and arrogant animals as the red river hog of the forests. Nevertheless, I soon found myself right in the centre of the herd, noticed but unfeared by them. Perhaps the fact that I carried nothing smelling strange, like a gun or camera or other oily metal instrument, reassured them. Gently they moved around me, as we were all drifting in the same direction; sometimes four would be in view at once, sometimes all would vanish amid the foliage so that I knew of their presence only by their ceaseless, moaning grunts.

For ages, its seemed, this unique contact went on undisturbed, during which time I was favored with the priceless opportunity of watching these rare and obscure animals carrying on their everyday existence in perfect harmony with their surroundings. They are indeed peculiar hunters. I had always supposed them to be herbivorous, and yet I saw one large sow unearth a cluster of huge snails and set to work cracking the shells and munching up the juicy contents. In this she was assisted by three small hogs who tussled and bit each other in an effort to get at the morsels. The tactics consisted of flying tackles in which they threw their whole weight into their shoulders and banged their opponents, one of whom was sent sprawling into the muddy bog. The sight of a wild animal floundering on its back was really most remarkable and gave me the impression of watching a group of school children at play.

One old hog, who kept looking at me as if realizing that I might be potentially dangerous, made a most comical misjudgment. He was rooting along the edge of the marsh, stopping now and then with his long snout several inches in the mud to crunch up some hidden root, when he inadvertently pushed under a particularly tough root extending from a large tree on the solid ground near by. It appeared that he had small tushes (as I saw later), and these must have got locked under the root, for he suddenly set up the most terrific racket, dancing about with his back legs and giving little hops like a ballet dancer, heaving, pulling, and squealing as if caught by the nose. At first I thought he was fighting something on the ground, since his nose was out of view behind a small plant, and I stupidly moved to see what it was all about.

This worried the others, who began to move off hurriedly, but I got a good view of the hog as he writhed in fury, tugging at the root. Then my attention was drawn to one of the loveliest sights I have ever seen. As the herd moved past me with ever-increasing speed, out trotted some individuals I had not seen before. Among them was a positive swarm of tiny piglets, each immaculately striped with gold on its little, otherwise naked body. They trotted along in line, uttering high-pitched grunts and herded from behind by an agitated mother, who kept prodding their delicate little hind legs as if to say, "Go on! Hurry up or the bogeyman will get you." The whole scene was so perfect that I stood spellbound at the sight of it.

Just then a young animal, whether male or female I know not, trotted by and I instantly determined to try to capture it. It came so close that I had a vision of this amazingly colorful creature in the zoo, the centre of surprised and wondering crowds of holiday makers, and I made a dive for it. Although I moved with lightning speed, and actually touched its hard, bristly haunches, it leaped aside and plunged off into the undergrowth, yelling like a human. The old hog must have made a super-porcine effort at that moment and got free, for I heard him crash off at high speed into the distance.

Dusk was falling as I waded back across the swamp, now churned up like a ploughed field by the sharp snouts of the hogs. The way in which they can overturn a plot of ground is really unbelievable.

II

Besides the squirrels that inhabit the trees of the forest, there are others that live exclusively on the ground. These are quite different in appearance, and, being more difficult to obtain, are of more importance for study. We managed to collect a few in traps set for rats, but when a live example was brought to the camp by a small African boy I felt that our chance had come. These animals (*Funisciurus leucostygma*) make a peculiar ticking-clocking sound as if the tongue were being flicked down between the lower teeth, and from this fact I inferred that they could call each other together to partake of the food they unearthed or for other reasons.

We therefore took this little squirrel and placed him in a cage that had previously been sterilized of all human smell by being buried in the leaf mould of the forest floor. This was transported to a remote part of the forest without being touched, and suspended on a crooked stick. We concealed ourselves near the decoy and awaited developments.

The sun was shining brightly when we "went to earth," but after half an hour or so, during which the little animal kept up an excited "clocking," it clouded over. A stiflingly hot wind like a blast from a furnace flue blew up, and the sky got darker and darker. The few tiny patches of sky that could be seen through the leafy roof turned to a foreboding purplish gray like the night sky above a great city, and the trees began to sigh and murmur. It got darker and darker every minute, and all the sounds of the jungle ceased except the plaintive call of the little squirrel.

All at once a noise like an express train started far away to the east. The effect was most peculiar and eerie, because down below in the gloom of the jungle only its echo could be heard, the main volume of the sound passing by overhead, above the foliage. The trees began to sway with ever-increasing violence until even the giants were bending towards the east, a tearing, roaring hurricane searing through their summits. We remained in a terrible, ominous calm, the daylight faded to a portentous pinkish half-light, while above us the whole world seemed filled with a host of screaming, demented devils, so that the jungle, usually so solid and stable, was bent at a frightening angle. The roaring came rushing onwards, mounting in volume every second until we had to shout with all our might to hear each other.

Then suddenly it came. The hot wind came to a halt, the trees quivered at the shock of it, and without warning the whole floor of the forest rose up with one accord and was blasted upwards into the upper branches of the trees. Leaves, branches, clods of mould, and even logs swirled past us, ripping away our camouflage and hurrying across the turbulent forest floor like live things, then suddenly and unaccountably leaving the solid earth and soaring into the air with ever-increasing speed, only to be whisked out of sight above. Blinding flares of lightning shot and flickered through the crazy bedlam, and huge branches and a cascade of heavy things crashed all about us, only to be caught up in the general headlong flight as soon as they reached the ground and again be projected into the upper air.

Even buried as we were at the bottom of the dense jungle, we had to cling to roots and gasp for breath in the swirling tornado of dust and leaves. Choking and buffeted, we saw an awe-inspiring change. The flying rubbish of this primeval world suddenly paused, quivering in the electric air, and then, as if at a given word, reversed screaming in the direction from which it had so recently bolted. Things tore past us again, colliding with tree trunks and exploding with reports like pistol shots. A new wind, icy-cold and cruel, dived into the forest, the giant trees bowed groaningly away from the terror, and amid vivid electrical discharges solid water came spewing down to earth with the force of miniature bombs.

In two seconds we were drenched to the skin, and water poured off us as if we were in a shower bath. I struggled to my feet and staggered forward through the blinding cascade towards the cage that housed our precious squirrel. The water was falling so compactly that I could see very little, but I soon discovered that the cage had gone. We then began a search and eventually stumbled across the string that had held it. Ben and I advanced again towards an immense tree base formed of towering flanges.

As we entered one of the cubicles formed by these flanges, a curious sight met our eyes. Right in the angle at the junction of the flanges with the base of the tree and the ground, a silvery-white animal with a long bushy tail and tall slim black legs was worrying the cage containing a now terrified and screaming squirrel, just as a terrier would worry a rat. At our approach, this amazing animal jumped round, dropped the cage, and barked at us.

We took up our stand at the mouth of this natural pen and began a cautious advance. The animal growled menacingly, just like a dog, and then made a rush at Ben's naked legs. Being thoroughly surprised, he countered the attack, but the agile animal leaped back again. We continued to advance upon our quarry, but instead of attempting flight, it crouched menacingly behind the cage and bared its fangs at us. I told Ben to take off his singlet and try to put this over its head so that he could effect a capture. I meanwhile stood back ready to dive at it should Ben miss.

This he did completely, because at that moment a large rotten log that must have been lodged up among the branches far above for many months was released by the tornado and crashed down between us. It landed with a sickening thud not two feet away from us and burst into a thousand small pieces. The nimble mongoose leapt aside, circumnavigated the startled Ben, and bounded past my equally unnerved self. I raised my gun to fire and a stream of water poured out of the barrels, but I let go both charges in quick succession at the fleeing animal. It fell dead after a few paces.

This was the first white mongoose (*Galeriscus nigripes*) we obtained, but later on we managed to film one of these obscure animals in the act of stalking its evening meal.

III

One evening we were busily occupied completing catalogues and other written work. The camp was very still and Ben and Bassi had long since departed into the blackness of the night with the shotguns and the torch.

A shot rang out some distance away and was followed almost immediately by a quick left and right. After a short pause there came further firing. Suddenly I developed a keen desire to see the spoils and decided to slip out of camp and join the hunt.

Taking the spare torch, I crept away unobserved and was soon weaving my way among the trees and creepers in the direction from which the occasional shots still rang out.

When I was some distance from the position of the last shot fired, I entered an area where a considerable number of animals were noisily moving through the trees above me, apparently shifting from the centre of danger. I shone the beams of the torch upwards in the hope of catching a glimpse of them.

When I did so my whole inside gave a clutch with excitement and delight as I gazed upward, for suspended from a branch almost directly above me was an animal of the most curious though unaccountably lovable appearance. This statement may sound mad, but to those whose childhood was spent among Teddy bears it may perhaps be intelligible. It was upside down, with an eager little round face peering down over its back at me. So low down was it, indeed, that I could only watch fascinated while it licked its pink nose with a tiny pink tongue to match. The rest of the body was compact, brown and woolly. It blinked at me in the glaring light and then began laboriously clambering forward in the direction of the tree trunk, still suspended upside down like a sloth. A presumably natural urge prompted me to attempt a climb so that I could come to closer quarters with this adorable little toy of the forest and perhaps even capture it.

The climb was not an easy one, though it was a miracle that there were any branches at all to allow of an ascent. This was difficult, as I had to keep the torch beam on the animal all the time so that it would not disappear among the tangled foliage, and the whole procedure evolved into a race between myself and the potto (for that was what it was) to reach the angle between the branch and the trunk. Most unfortunately I got there first.

As I arrived astride the branch the little animal realized the folly of its manœuvre and appeared on the upper side, where it stood on all fours just like any ordinary animal. Here it looked more awkward and not nearly so lovable. Its large feet and hands were turned outward like those of a very old, rheumatic human, and its head hung down in exactly the attitude adopted by a ferocious bear. Being only a few feet distant, I could see plainly the parting in the hairs on its back and the row of spines projecting from its neck. These I knew to be the bony processes of its neck vertebræ, which protrude right through the flesh and appear as a row of naked bony spines. What I did not know, however, until that moment was that the animal could control the fur around them, opening or shutting it so that the spines could be revealed or hidden at will. Nor had I ever suspected the animal capable of what I subsequently witnessed.

The potto stood up on its hind legs with its forepaws clenched as if in prayer, and then all at once doubled up so that its head disappeared between its crouching hind legs. If an attacker had been advancing to seize its throat at that instant he would have been rent and pinned to the branch by the formidable row of spines.

After this remarkable performance had been repeated two or three times, during which I had been cautiously advancing, the wise little animal turned about, swung on to the underside of the branch, and retreated towards outer space with a rapidity of which I had not suspected him capable. Although only about the size of a small cat, he was able to cling to a branch thicker than a man's torso from underneath and hasten along without any apparent difficulty.

Holding the torch in my mouth, I went after him.

Before I got near my goal, however, I found that I was suspended precariously among a number of branches that seemed by their feel to be far too slender. The time for succor seemed to be at hand, and I let out a piercing and as nearly falsetto yell as I could muster without projecting myself into the outer darkness.

In reply a prodigious cackling, chirruping, and crashing arose all about me. Hooking my arms over some branches, I fumbled for the torch and presently illuminated my surroundings. My predicament was worse than I had suspected, for I soon saw shapes moving around me and discovered that I was in the midst of a very sleepy troop of monkeys. Nearly every day we had seen these animals passing by like ghosts, scampering along their elevated roads, forever out of reach and completely immune from the attacks of all landlubbers. Yet here they were quite dumb and hopeless, blinking in the torchlight and apparently less susceptible to being awakened than a livery clubman.

These animals were quite helpless in the dark. They fell about, whimpered and whined; mothers clutched babies and the larger males crashed around as if they knew the troop should move but were completely devoid of any sense of direction. Many of them bounced about on the branches, suddenly lowering their heads to their forepaws, chattering at me and pulling their scalp and ears backward so that their whole face took on a most frightening though ridiculous countenance. They were putty-nosed guenons (*Cercopithecus nictitans*), and, although I was deeply interested in their habits, our association was not of long duration because things began to give way beneath me. I had to put the torch back into my mouth and look to myself.

One whole branch gave way with both my hands upon it, but by some freak I arrived upside down suspended by my legs with a strong creeper wrapped round my chest. This creeper was my salvation, because I was so long getting unraveled from it that my eyes became accustomed to the dim light (the torch had fallen to the ground) and I eventually swarmed along it until I reached other woody ropes that descended directly to the ground.

I arrived below covered with irritating scratches, with my clothes torn, and quite devoid of any sense of balance, so that I staggered about in the hope of finding the torch. By some miracle again, and with the help of matches, I did so and set out for the camp, which I completely missed. Eventually I struck the narrow forest path and followed it back to our front door.

IV

"Ago'i a-go'i ago-oma
Eanagbo,
A-go'i a-go'i etinko
Eanagbo
Agoi, agoi—MBU!"

The interior of the jungle echoed as if it were a cave and the trees carven in stone. Anongo's yelling voice rang out far ahead, *"A-go'i"* again and again, and a long thin trail of falsetto and bass *"Eanagbos'* answered from above our heads and below our feet. We all roared *"Agoi, agoi MBU!"* together. Then the world became quiet for a few moments, and only the incessant drip of great blobs of water spattering on broad leaves and an occasional cough from a sweating carrier broke the deathly silence.

Slowly but surely all our possessions, the whole of our little cosmos, crept skyward as tiny insects must do when they fight their way up to the air and the light of day from the depths of the soil. The path was a giant's stairway of huge boulders piled one upon another, moss-covered, cold and quiet in the perpetual gloom—the turbulent floor of an ageless, changeless canopy of steaming greenery. A few paces forward and a man's naked heels appeared on a level with one's eyes. Then came a long pause while some heavy load was hoisted over an obstacle farther up the line, and at last one moved forward again. Would the top never come, like the mountain to Mohammed? Should we, like the insects, never reach the summit and the fresh air?

Then all at once we came to it. The rocky stairway gave place to sticky red clay; the trees rolled back, festooned with waxy, crimson blooms, and we slid blinking out into the blazing sun.

There before us lay a tremendous valley stretching as far as the eye could see. To the right and left rose tier upon tier of softly moulded mountains basking placidly in the still, clear air, bathed in sunlight and clad in tall waving grass, with the wind eddying silently across their face in endless parallel billows. Far up near the powdered sky, little ravines upholstered in dark green forest clung to the face of the grassy mountains or filled in the interstices between the monstrous natural pyramids. The forest ended like a wall to left and right of us, and from our feet the ground dropped right away down to an immense amphitheatre. The air was crystal clear, and the tiniest sounds—a tinkling, bell-like drum, the bark of a dog, the call of some strange bird—came clear and undiluted from the utmost limits of vision.

Stupefied by the startling beauty into which we had stepped, we began to descend towards the village of Tinta, which we saw lying far below us.

When we were still some distance from the cluster of circular houses, we met a deputation headed by Chief Ekumaw, surrounded by the other notables of this wonderful little tribe of unknown mountain people. With them we entered the compound which was to be our future home, and after a great deal of palaver, exchange of greetings, and our respective renderings of jazz music, they departed, leaving us to set up house.

When all was straight we sat down to a hard-earned dinner. Just as the "palm-oil chop" was being reverently placed before us, we heard a loud report somewhere far up among the mountains in the direction from which we had come that afternoon from the world beyond. We remarked upon its loudness and its lonesomeness, but soon forgot all about it amid the fragrant aroma of well-peppered palm oil. We sat in silence until neither the food nor our tummies could hold out any longer, and then we fell to smoking in silence.

Then out of the night and the cries of animals came a burble that grew louder and louder. Through a hole in the mud wall of the house I could see tiny lanterns approaching. The chimpanzees—Mary and "The Oaf"—began whimpering and complaining from the darkness of their cage on the mud platform behind the house, and people stirred around the cook's domains, but the burble passed by to the village below, where a still greater commotion began. Soon a small army was advancing towards the house from that direction.

I was surprised to see among them the princely Chief Ekumaw, surrounded by many tall wiry men clad only in leather loincloths and bearing immense long Dane guns. Ety'i, the preposterous official court messenger who had been kindly lent to us by the political officer as interpreter for this particular trip, was also with the company. There were others too, in strange masks.

"Do they bring medicine?" I asked—which means music, a dance, or magic, as all these three, together with medicine proper, are part of one and the same thing in the mind of the African.

"No, masters," replied Ety'i with a positively pyrotechnic display of gestures. Then everybody began to talk at once, until we became equally excited.

"Ben, what the devil is it all about?"

"'Tick—ehn, I no savvy how they talk, master."

"Well, ask Ety'i, then."

"He say they bring story of a great beef."

"Well, which man fit tell story, make you find out one time."

"Master, this old man he speak English better than Ety'i."

"Let this man talk, then," I commanded, and he talked thus.

"This man," the old fellow began, pointing to a tall muscular African with a savage, insolent face, "do walker-walker for bush high for up," pointing to the hills behind the house. "He hear much animal talk. He be great hunter for these parts [loud grunts of assent from all quarters], so he walker softly-softly-softly for side of small banana farm and, *whough!*—there for him very eye he see huge beef."

At this juncture the old gentleman, whom we subsequently learned was a great-great-grandfather, became so enthusiastic that he leaped off the floor in an endeavor to reach the top of the animal's stature in his mind's eye. As he continued he leaped about, groaned, burbled, grimaced, and acted every detail and endless extemporizations on the whole story.

"Which kind of beef this be?" I asked by way of encouragement, but there was no need. After staring at me wild-eyed for a second, the old chap was off again.

"He no be beef, he be so-so man; but he no be man, he be big too much," and he flung out his arms. "He black all, he 'trong like plenty-plenty man." Then he fell to a literal demonstration of the appearance and behavior of this fantastic beast.

"Yes, but what the hunter make?" I urged.

"Ah-haaaa!" everybody agreed.

"Arrrr!" shouted the centenarian, rushing to the far corner of the compound. "The beef he holler, he holler too much—*bluooer-bluooer*—he COME so!" and he rushed bellowing towards us, sweeping everything within his reach into his arms. "The hunter he shoot, *bang!*—then he run, he run, he run come for tell chief!" And our reconteur fell, exhausted.

We held a hurried conference. Could it be a gorilla? We looked at each other and then commenced questioning the local inhabitants. Yes, they knew the "man-beef"; there were many of them about. This animal was indeed one. I sent for a picture of a gorilla and showed it to the chief. The place was filled with "ah-hurrs" of assent.

Was the beef dead, we inquired. The hunter didn't know. He had not waited to find out! If it was not dead, would it still be there? Were there others? Could we go and see? How far away did it happen? And a hundred other questions we asked. Eventually it was decided that it was probably wounded, and, as it was the father, the family would doubtless hang about; therefore it would be best to start before dawn in search of it. After some further talk they all went away.

By the time we had breakfasted and got out the guns, a little knot of hunters had collected outside the house. We were far up the side of the mountain before dawn began to light up the sky.

From then on the world began to take on a very grim appearance, at least to us. I had imagined that we were going up a mountain to look for a gorilla, but apparently the hunter who was leading us, and whose face I had always suspected, had other ideas. He seemed bent on showing us how many mountains there were in Assumbo, and how straight and tall and fine they were. First we marched up the road by which we had descended into this country, and when we got to the very summit, where the tall forest ended, he suddenly dived to the left among the dense undergrowth. We followed, only to be confronted by his heels. Then began a perpendicular ascent, which he and the other Assumbos tackled at a steady four miles an hour—in fact at the same speed that they would a stretch of perfectly level ground. We scrambled up behind them as best we could, clawing hold of anything we could lay our hands, our feet, or even our teeth and chins on to gain a hold.

Soon we were buried deep in a more or less solid mass of intimately woven and interwoven creepers covered with long moss and branches festooned with lichens like old men's beards.

But we went on up forever into the cold mists at the same hectic rate. Perspiration burst out all over me, saturating my clothes from within as the dripping vegetation was doing from without. This was no ordinary sweat—it was icy cold.

Then matters got even worse. The plexus of wiry creepers descended in one great mass to the very ground and even the hunters were brought up sharp. We fell on our stomachs and began squirming forward. Progress was naturally rather slow because all these creepers in this part of the forest were armed with long thorns. At last the hunter in front of me beckoned and pointed out some small plants about six inches tall. These looked like tiny saplings having a woody stem and only about half a dozen large leaves. Some of these leaves he showed me had semicircular pieces bitten neatly out of them.

"Gorilla!" he said, pointing to his mouth and making his jaws work as if eating. Then we were all brought to a halt.

The ground fell away before us. We were at the top at last. The chief hunter informed us that it was at this spot that he first saw the gorilla. He pointed forward with his finger and we wriggled cautiously onward. Before us lay a solid wall of undergrowth into which we cautiously thrust our way.

Suddenly there was a crash almost at my elbow, the foliage parted, and a great expanse of silvery hair flashed by in the same direction that we were moving. All my nerves gave one great lurch and I fumbled hysterically for the camera. Then I glanced round, but Ben was well out of reach, firmly caught up in a mass of creepers with the gun so tied up that I could not possibly get hold of it for action. At that instant there was a shout from the hunter farther to the right, and, stepping forward, I fell headlong.

The ground dropped almost perpendicularly and so did I. Right before me I just caught a glimpse of a colossal black and white object, then it disappeared behind some leaves and emitted the most fearsome gurgling grunts. I sprawled amongst the undergrowth.

When I scrambled out I found myself on the edge of a small banana plantation choked with other low growth. Beside me stood all the hunters, and lying in their midst was an enormous swollen corpse. It was a huge male gorilla, dead as a doornail, and belching up the gases formed by the decomposition of the food in its dead belly.

Apparently the hunter's chance shot of the night before had found its mark, and the animal had died where it stood feeding on the top of the bank. As we advanced, one of us must have released a creeper that held it up, and it had fallen down under its own weight, flattening the undergrowth and emitting those bloodthirsty gurgling sounds as it rolled over and over, the gases pouring out of its mouth.

Men left at once for the village and we settled ourselves down to await their return. During this time we had ample opportunity of examining our prize. A really large male gorilla in the flesh is a thing that very few have the good fortune to encounter, and still fewer the chance to handle in perfect comfort. Such sights come only once in a lifetime, a thing that we fully realized and appreciated as we stood there gazing at this sad old man of the mountains.

I shall never quite live down the emotions that this sight conjured up inside me. I had always been taught to think of the gorilla as the very essence of savagery and terror, and now there lay this hoary old vegetarian, his immense arms folded over his great potbelly, all the fire gone from his wrinkled black face, his soft brown eyes wide open beneath their long straight lashes and filled with an infinite sorrow. Into his whole demeanor I could not help reading the tragedy of his race, driven from the plains up into the mountains countless centuries ago by more active ape-like creatures—perhaps even our own forbears; chivied hither and thither by the ever-encroaching hordes of hairless, shouting little men, his young ones snatched by leopards, his feeding grounds restricted by farms and paths and native huntsmen. All around him was a changing world against which he bellowed his defiance to the end, rushing forward to meet the bits of lead and gravel blasted at him by his puny rival.

At last the Munchis came and the sad old man was lashed to two young trees and borne away by thirty staggering, chanting humans; away from the silence of the mists, away from his last tangled stronghold; and yet not quite the last of the giants and not quite unmourned.

Two Essays from "Phudd Hill"

ALAN DEVOE, 1909– . . . from 1925 to 1928 conducted a nature-column, "Field and Forest," for *The Montclair* (N. J.) *Times* . . . ran a similar feature for *The Brooklyn Daily Eagle* 1927–1930. He now lives in upstate New York, in an old farm-house on Phudd Hill, five miles from the nearest town.

A Shack on the Hillside

HALF way up the rounded green slope of that ancient earth-pile which rises behind my cottage and is known as Phudd Hill, there exists a small three-sided shack. It resembles a dilapidated chicken-house, and this is not surprising, for it *was* a chicken-house until that day when, by such labors as those that attended the construction of the Pyramids, it was pushed, dragged, hauled and heaved to its present resting-place among the trees and undergrowth high on the hillside. There, almost invisible in its green retreat, it spends its days in slow decline, succumbing to the encroach of nature. Birch saplings have grown up through its floor and the pale green tentacles of countless voracious vines have made their way into its every interstice. Legions of ants gradually and invincibly reduce its props to sawdust, and the ancient roof rots slowly beneath the damp green lichen. To those sharp-eyed visitors who descry this shack high on the wooded slope of Phudd Hill, and who ask me about its origin and use, I explain that it is the place in which I do my writing.

This is rather less than accurate. It might be said more truly that this is the place in which I *mean* to do my writing. It is to this secluded high-perched aerie that daily in fair weather I clamber with my typewriter, forcing my way through tangles of black-berry briar, slipping on mossy stones and stumbling over ancient treeroots, always with the

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beckoning vision of a place which will have the utter stillness and the total lack of distraction requisite to concentrating. As yet this vision remains but a vision, and the writing which I have accomplished in my hillside shack is negligible.

There are no boards on the floor; the three walls are set solidly upon the venerable earth of Phudd Hill. It is a black and loamy earth, an earth from which a thousand or a million trees and plants have sucked up their lives, and into which have been absorbed the flesh and fiber of a myriad of withered leaves. Woodchucks have made their burrows in it, and field mice and mole through countless centuries. It has received the dung of foxes and the droppings of crows, and rain and sunlight have alternately fallen upon it since long before the time of the Mohawks. And consequently there come from this floor of earth "wild scents and subtle essences"—dim half-memories and intimations by which the process of tapping typewriter keys is dwarfed to utter unimportance. Here, resident in this dumb timeless earth, is the mystery of creation; here in this old decaying root, this wisp of dead grass, this oak leaf gnawed to a skeleton by the worms, are its evidence and its symbols. And so I have sat here long hours and days, breathing in the smell of the wet earth and of the rotting lichened boards, and writing not a line. It is such a paralysis as might have gripped one who, at the moment of witnessing some Biblical miracle, had been asked to stand upon his head or dance a jig or tell a funny story. It comes over me with a quick and tumultuous awareness that whether or no I complete my manuscript, whether I arrange my words artfully or bungle them, it will have no smallest effect upon the march of these cosmic processes all about me. Whether I sell my essay or whether I do not, whether I live or whether I die, the mute and mindless earth worms will still tunnel through this ancient soil, the hawks will still scream and wheel over Phudd Hill, the clouds will continue to cast shadows upon its hemlock-wooded slope.

There is no tragedy in this awareness, but a vast inrushing solace. It brings a realization of myself as a breathing, feeding, procreating, decaying unit of the cosmic entirety, born to cope with the elements as best I may and ultimately to die, precisely like that cawing crow overhead or like this cricket clambering up the mullein stalk at my feet or even like that spot of mildew on the old wood of my table top. An hour ago the sole preoccupation of my mind, the vital necessity of the moment, was to prepare a certain number of rows of typewritten words upon sheets of white paper. But I have been reproached in my petty purpose by this ancient earth, and mocked by the miracle of a cricket.

This minute domain which is encompassed by the walls of my shack is a theatre of endless earth-play in miniature, a ceaseless turmoil of aliveness. There are slugs traversing with infinite slowness the earthen floor; creepers crawl even more slowly but even more implacably across the rotting roof, fighting a dumb and inarticulate and endless battle for their lives as they struggle to thrust their roots down though the crust of the rubble and into the sweet sustaining body of the soil. Roots twist with roots, and leaves grapple with leaves in the battle for the supremacy of a place in the sun. New life springs to being from the vestiges of decay; from the sour rot of last autumn's leaves in that corner there emerges the pallid white graveyard-flesh of a summer toadstool, and from the dank recesses of decaying boards there emerges a colony of newborn ants. Here is the grinding and turning of the millwheels of the universe, here the sign of the eternal processes by which mountains are flung up from the bottom of the sea and constellations propelled across the sky and the particles of colored dust arrayed upon the wings of butterflies.

The tranquillity of nature is the emptiest of myths. Each moth, each fly, each twig and stone and shimmering spider web is perpetually in movement, perpetually in metamorphosis. There is no single second of arrest, no minutest particle of time when this scene is static. That midge which has been caught by the spider will be transmuted into blood and nerve and muscle for other spiders, and these spiders will live their small day and die upon the surface of the earth and be absorbed into it and furnish blood and nerve and muscle for a toadstool or a maple tree. It is perpetual change and translation, of worms into birds, of bees into flowers, of each and all of them ultimately into eternal earth. This mammoth mound that is Phudd Hill itself has not always been here, baking its fir-green back in the sun, nor will it always remain. Its lifetime is no longer than the flickering of an eyelash in the infinite span of time. For all its colossal roundness, for all its immeasurable tons of weight and its prodigious girth, it is as fragile as a bee's wing and as evanescent as a puff of wood smoke. Even now as it stands here, supporting the weight of ten thousand hemlocks and bearing with ease the snows of winter and the onslaught of rains and lightning, a change is taking place in the depths of its interior earth—a change which may one day level it away, or plunge in to the bottom of an ocean or replace it with a populous city.

My hillside shack is a wonderful place to be when it is raining. As I sit facing the open side to the east, I can see across a dozen farms and far away to a low-lying ridge of wooded hills. It is a panorama of rolling pasture land, dotted with darker green patches that are orchards and checkered by the boundary lines of ancient stone walls. The sunlight lies upon it all, burnishing the shocks of new-cut rye, sweetening the heavy-hanging apples on a thousand trees, distilling the smell of dew-wet meadows. And then, as I sit watching, a shadow glides down the slope of Phudd Hill and spreads out over the pastures like a stain. Quickly it widens, darkening the orchards and making the red barns somber, and the distant hills grow dim. All the countryside is abruptly very still. During the past hour innumerable little fragments of sounds have been reaching my ears—the faint cackle of hens, the far-off lowing of cattle. Now these are still. Instead there comes a new sound—a soft inanimate sibilance that grows in quick crescendo until it is a pervasive rushing murmur. It is the rustle of the leaves. It begins in the topmost branches of the high hemlocks, and as it grows in force their branches creak and scrape together. And now it is coming in a faster rush, and the sumac bushes and birch saplings and little firs around my shack are swaying and bending and whispering, and the low branches of the pine tree are brushing the roof over my head. It is as though all animate life were for this moment suspended in pure arrest and the clock set back immeasurable aeons of time. It is once more the primordial planet upon which there is nothing that barks or sings or walks or squeaks or thinks, but only the cold elemental airs sighing over the earth-surface and whistling among the mute and motionless rocks. It is the moment of the rain.

A great drop slashes upon the burdock leaf beside me, trickles down its stem to the mossy surface of the earth and is swallowed up. Another falls and another. The white trunks of the birches glisten moist, and tiny glittering drops bow down the grass blades. Great gusts of wind come down the side of Phudd Hill, soughing in the tops of the hemlocks and rattling the loose clapboards of my walls. The little firs and maples are bowing and bobbing frantically now, and looking out across the pastures I can see the wheat lying as flat before the wind as though a scythe had passed. Uproar and chaos are all about me, leaves whirled furiously skyward, our dirt lane a maelstrom of mud. The ants have fled in terror to their crevices and crannies, birds are huddled in the thickest undergrowth, and under every flat rock and fallen tree trunk the silvery woodlice and millepedes are seeking refuge.

Quite suddenly, it is over. Racked trees are abruptly still and straight, and the drumming on the roof has stopped. Only the drip from the corner of my roof upon the burdock leaves is token of the storm that has passed. And now from the furious assault of the rain, evoked from this wild excoriation of the earth, there is born the most stirring scent in the world. It rises up out of the ground at my feet, seeps through the chinks of these old moss-covered boards, is exhaled from the rain-wet leaves of the maples and the drenched branches of the firs. It is redolent of the magic of new birth, as fresh and miraculous as a sunrise. It tells of dust washed away from leaves, of drying brooks replenished and made full, of the thirst of seeds in the hot fields quenched and satisfied. The dross and the grime are carried away, a myriad of weary creatures refreshed and cleansed. By slow degrees the animate world, held static for these few minutes, begins to regain its life and the eternal processes of existence to be resumed. A crow flies to the top branches of the hemlock near by, and voids his droppings on a lichened boulder below. Blades of grass, which have been bent in taut arcs by the weight of the rain, begin to straighten themselves in spasmodic jerks and to point once more at the sun. A wood nymph butterfly, its eye-marked wings still powdery dry, crawls from a tangle of leaves and ascends the stalk of a sassafras bush, and perches there in happy absorption of the returned sunlight. The wheels of the universe turn again, the aphis once more sucks at the life-blood of the vine and the spider in his damp corner of my shack sets about the spinning of new meshes to trap his prey.

There is a phoebe nesting in my shack now, and I have spent long hours watching her at her masonry. The special ingredients for which she has need are not to be found close at hand on Phudd Hill. To secure the suitable mud she must fly almost a quarter of a mile to the marshy pasture land that borders our creek. There in the black oozing earth—a spot that in springtime produces the first skunk-cabbages, and where the woodcocks love to probe with their long beaks—she procures her little lumps and pellets and brings them back to her nest-site, patting and molding them in place with tireless dexterity. So absorbed was I yesterday in watching her at this, and following the line of her flight across the meadows to the creek and back again, that I lost count of time. The twilight found me still rapt in watching.

The twilight comes early to this side of Phudd Hill. While the sun is still shining on the rolling pasture land and clovery meadows, and while its slanting rays still lie across the far-off hills, the shadows of the great hemlocks lengthen and merge and the light in my little shack grows dim. For all the heat of the sun which has beaten down upon it during the day, the floor of earth exudes now its immemorial planetary coldness. This is no sharp and menacing chill, but the tranquil and beneficent coolness of great cathedrals. It is an earth-emanation to take the ache from backs that have bent all day beneath a blazing sun, to ease the myriad eyes that have blinked and strained against the daylight glare. It is the first inflow of a miraculous peace, that peace which comes upon nature with the setting of each day's sun, that ancient pervasive benison of nothingness bestowed upon men and upon cattle, upon birds and butterflies and weary leaves, upon everything that lives. The crows have stopped their cawing and in the green depths of the woods are quiet and at rest; the buzzing turmoil of the bumblebees, shouldering their way through the long meadow grass, is not heard now.

As I sat watching the darkness deepen on Phudd Hill, the countless tiny sounds of daytime dropped away one by one. All the clamor of striving and struggling, all the cries—happy or agonized—that are the voice of existence on this earth, were hushed. The raucous parleying of my neighbor's chickens diminished to a whispering and presently disappeared. The twittering of the birds—the robins and thrushes, the orioles and song-sparrows, that hunt their food on Phudd Hill and pour out their songs and beget their kind and die there—became stilled now with the approach of night. There was, presently, no sound but the riffling of a little breeze through the trees and the rubbing of one branch against another.

Out of unfathomable reservoirs the inhabitants of earth were drawing strength for the coming day. The chipmunk, secure in his chink in the old stone wall; the hawk, roosting motionless in the topmost branches of the towering pine; my farmer friends, seeking their beds. . . .

A shadowy presence, white and light as thistle seed, brushed my hand and fluttered away into the darkness. It was a luna moth.

The Mole

THE cool earth presses down upon him, and is under him, and bears upon his tiny flanks. The Mole rests. In the damp darkness he is motionless, save for the twitching of his small snout. With his snout and with his pink tail, like a worm, he apprehends the universe. And with, of course, the little skull holes that are his ears. In this threefold way he knows the world, and it is to him a pungence of roots and a cold darkness, through which now and again a shudder runs. And when this shudder comes it is communicated from the earth through the Mole's ear holes and through the nerves of his naked little tail, and he feels an impelling urgence in his thick-toed forefeet and falls to digging with all his might.

The Mole stirs now, under the sod. The earth tunnel is cool, for it is night. In the summer days the tunnel grows hot, hot and airless as an oven, and the Mole digs deep downward in torment. But now in the nights it is cool, and the walls of the earth tunnel are damp. The Mole crouches half erect and sways from side to side, testing the blackness with his snout, feeling in his small skull a blurred message of discomfort.

To the Mole the message has no meaning. He feels it, so to say, only as a kind of unpeace. In his subterranean universe, which is without sight and without hearing, there are but two states of being, and these are peace and unpeace. Sensibility of the one state or of the other is the most that that tiny brain mechanism can compass. And now the Mole crouches in the damp tunnel, the claws of his clumsy forefeet working spasmodically, his snout waving and quivering in the darkness, his head full of a misty message of discontent. The Mole is hungry.

The stubby little forefeet begin flailing faster now, in a motion like the breast stroke of a swimmer, and a little wake of ridged soil streams out behind the Mole's pink tail as he labors. His tiny ribs swell with quick deep breaths of the underground air, and now and again he paws away adhering crumbs of dirt from his muzzle and gives vent to an infinitesimal sneeze. In unresting and furious concentration he bores the earth. Presently he stops. There is a tremor in the earth. It is no great shudder of the ground, but a vibrance so delicate and tiny that only to the Mole, with his ears pressed against the tunnel wall, can it be apparent. It is the passing of a beetle.

Faster and faster the Mole works his legs, until he seems to move like one of those spasmodic tin monkeys that children jiggle on a stick. In the darkness and silence he quivers with awareness—awareness of what he cannot see, of what he cannot even hear—awareness that registers simply as a faint, faint pressure on his tympanum, filling him with obscure desire. He hunches his thimble-wide shoulders and thrusts himself forward into the earth with fierce resolve.

Presently, in a tangle of crab-grass roots, he uncovers the beetle. It is a small black beetle, with orange spots on its wings, and it lies now kicking on its back on the floor of the tunnel. The Mole nuzzles it, unseeing, and holds it with his forefeet, and grips it tightly with his sharp pin-point teeth. Quickly, like a receding tide, the vague aching unpeace departs from the Mole. A blessed content settles upon his small body and permeates it to the tips of his toes and the extremity of his pink tail—such a content as he felt on that Spring day when, tunneling fast and far from home in the grip of an uncomprehended impulse, he found in the steamy underground beneath the delphinium bed a female of his kind, or such a content as he is wont to know when, exhausted from tunneling, he falls asleep. These are the apexes of the Mole's life. Unhurriedly now he sits half erect in his soundless world of unending night, nibbling, and full of grave content.

Above him, in the Otherworld, stars shine and moonlight lies across the garden. Hawk moths hover on dusty wings about the beds of white and crimson phlox. And there is, too, a man in the moonlight. He leans upon a garden spade, and stares at the sod and the tortuous ridgings in it. Intently he watches, holding his breath, and then he thrusts his spade edge into the earth with a great blow.

And, as the spade edge strikes, so slight is the transition, so blurred and uncomprehending the consciousness which it erases, hardly it seems that death has really happened, under the stars.

Science

The Thrust of Invention

WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT, 1877– . . .

Will democracy survive the machine? What is the relation of science to democracy? These and other related questions are answered by the man who has been science editor of *The New York Times* since 1931.

THERE were machines in George Washington's time. Clocks, for example, and looms, and waterwheels, and in England some wheezy Newcomen steam pumps that kept mines dry. But George Washington, for all the part that he played in encouraging American invention, never spoke of "the machine" as he undoubtedly spoke of "the church" or "the law." It remained for our time to sweep into one all-embracing symbolic generalization the countless mechanisms that light houses, drive trains, carry us across the ocean, convey speech across continents, make clothes, can food, build houses, dig canals, spread the voice of an abdicating king over the whole earth, gather and print the news of the world for presentation on the morrow's breakfast table.

As soon as we begin to talk about "the machine" in this way personages melt into a vague anonymous background of roaring furnaces, streamlined trains, canning factories, gas works, fast presses. We grew up with heroes of invention such as Morse, Bell, McCormick, Westinghouse, Edison and Marconi, but there will be fewer for our children's children to admire. It is not that invention is in a decline but that its character has changed. Unknown corporation chemists actually design invisible molecules, as architects design houses. They link atoms into

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chains to produce artificial fibers like silk or wool, or they compact the loose molecules of gasoline into ball-like masses that will not "knock" in an automobile engine, or they juggle atoms and molecules in various ways to produce an unbreakable plastic as transparent as glass. Or a hired physicist sits down and sketches a new lamp which will glow with a predetermined efficiency. In a word invention is no longer the business of ingenious whittlers and tinkers alone. The trained corporation scientist and engineer already reigns.

Whether it is the making of beer bottle or bathtubs, furniture or clothes, rolling and packing cigarettes we behold human capabilities multiplied a thousandfold by fingers, hands and arms of steel. What is even more important we behold a transference to the machine of dexterity and something that at times looks weirdly like intelligence. We see an adding machine totaling a column of figures; see photo-electric cells opening and closing doors automatically, counting vehicles as they pass a given point, sorting perfect from imperfect articles on a belt or gaging the thickness of paper as it forms on a Fourdrinier machine.

Walk through a modern steel mill. An overhead crane with a single man in a cab picks up a twenty-ton casting and lowers it neatly on a flat car. A reverberatory furnace is tilted and tons of white-hot metal pour into a ladle, whereupon the ladle travels along and pours the steel into a line of molds, one after the other. Not more than half a dozen men are engaged in the whole process. And the energy at their command! The pull of a lever, the turn of a wheel, the movement of a switch releases ten thousand, twenty thousand horsepower, whereupon huge masses begin to move, rolls begin to turn, rails to come out. Turn this way or that and look about for human hands. They are there of course. Yet the mill seems singularly empty. It is destined to be emptier still. Even during the depression the laboratories and development departments were recruiting designers of new machines and draftsmen. The few machine tenders know what is happening and wonder—wonder when more short-cuts will be taken, when, for example, the process of rolling will be so far developed that there will be no more reheating from steel ingot to finished sheet, with the consequence that more men will find themselves out of work.

Watch the mechanism of the wireless telephone. It is like seeing a colossal, infallible brain at work—rods that slide up and down, links that move just so far, selectors that pick out just the right combinations of gears and wheels to complete just the right circuit to ring just the right bell in response to the twisting of a distant dial. The mechanism is beyond the grasp of a single designer. It needs a crew of specialists. To be sure the chief engineer sees the mechanical brain as a whole—sees in his mind's eye all those rods rising and falling and making the right connections. But he could not design every detail.

Or step into one of the great automobile factories. You see a hydraulic forging press. It cost probably $150,000; perhaps more. Essentially it is a steel fist that descends upon a sheet of steel, squeezes it into a mold with one relentless push and so forms the fender of a car. Thirty years ago fenders used to be tailored like trousers. An ingenious mechanic might conceive the principle of the press, so simple is it. But he could no more specify the particular kind of steel to be used to build it or the dimensions of the parts or the pressures to be hydraulically applied, without a vast amount of prohibitively costly empirical experimenting, than he could smash atoms.

Individuality is disappearing more and more. In great plants the machine tools are set by the engineers at the top. The man who guides a traveling crane or who controls the motors of a rolling-mill may be astoundingly skilful in his manipulation of levers and switches, but other minds dominate the mechanism—design it, improve it, keep it in repair.

All this has been more apparent since the beginning of the century than it was before. The average worker did not see it clearly, but he realized that he was in the presence of a force that could crush him. Hence the history of invention is a history of resistance to technological advance.

Sometimes it was the state that interfered, as it did when Queen Elizabeth and James I refused to grant a patent to the Reverend William Lee for his stocking frame, or when the manufacture of Giambattista Carli's looms was forbidden because of the effect on Venetian stocking knitters, or when various German principalities prohibited the use of the ribbon loom. Usually it was the worker who protested. Cottage spinners destroyed Hargreave's jennies. Arkwright's mechanically-driven carding, roving and spinning machines were the objects of systematic attack and the subjects of appeals to Parliament. In the Nottingham Luddite riots of 1811-1812 knitters destroyed machines that could cut large pieces of inferior material into gloves, socks and sandals. Jacquard lamented the demolition of the looms that he had invented for weaving brocaded silk. The uniform factory of Thimmonier was destroyed in 1841 by workers who saw nothing but starvation for them in its sewing machines. Threshing machines were broken up in England by seasonally employed farmhands. The same grizzly fear of displacement hangs over the worker today. Sabotage is not unknown, and a few very strong unions can and do insist that new labor-saving devices are not to be introduced if workers are to be dismissed.

Paradoxical as it may seem, much invention has been stimulated by the unions themselves. It was they who insisted on the passage of immigration laws which made it more difficult to recruit cheap European labor for trench-digging or shoveling ore in steel mills or doing the manual work of the mill and the mine. The result is that when an oil or gas line is to be laid hundreds of miles a trench-digger now does most of the work—a colossus that buries toothlike shovels into the ground and gnaws its way from one end of a state to the other. There were steamshovels before the major restrictions on immigration were imposed, but not the Titans now busy on the Mesaba range, where iron is dug up at the surface like so much dirt. We had labor-saving machines when wages were far lower than they are now. The point is that when wages go up it becomes possible even necessary from a business angle, to invent machines of a new type and of unprecedented productivity.

When, therefore, a manufacturer protests against fresh demands for higher wages or shorter hours and vows that he must either close or move to non-union territory, or when a financier decides that he will not invest his money in an industry because of high labor costs and small profits he assumes that production costs cannot be reduced, that inventors are unable to meet the exigencies of a new situation.

In the decade from 1920 to 1930, one of steadily rising wages, the nation's output increased 46 percent but the labor force only 16 percent. It would be fallacious to attribute this remarkable decline in opportunities entirely to new and more complicated inventions; David Weintraub,* a close student of technological trends, finds "definite meaning" in the percentage.

But more than the effect of invention on the worker is involved. The tireless machine is the despot of our age. "Regimentation" is an overworked word, but we must invoke it. The machine stands for mass production. And mass production means regimentation on a vast scale—what the engineers more politely call standardization. It is the machine in the last analysis that makes us dress more or less alike, ride in automobiles that are more or less alike, see at night by lamps that are absolutely alike, live in houses that resemble one another and are even identical when they are built in rows for the occupancy of millhands, eat canned and packaged foods that are indistinguishable from one another. Fifteen million people a day see precisely the same films. Donald Duck is as familiar to western ranchers as to Rumanian shopkeepers on New York's East Side. By radio an entire continent listens to some popular comedian who is "sponsored" by an oil-refining company with gasoline to sell. Water comes from a common reservoir, gas from a common gasometer, electricity from a common central station. Living has become a collectivistic activity. For life in Lima, Ohio, in its technological aspects is much like life in Chicago, San Francisco or New York. Collectivism is forced upon us whether we want it or not.

Mass consumption, mass recreation, mass distribution of energy and the collectivistic utilization of identical things are impossible without control of mass production, without organizaton. If gunpowder, in Carlyle's famous phrase, "made all men the same height," the inventors have standardized behavior, pleasures, tastes. Because of invention there is less individual liberty than there was a century ago; there will be still less tomorrow. The patents speak eloquently enough on the point. In the first third of the twentieth century 1,330,000 were granted in this country, with more than that number expected in the second third. Few are supremely important, but their increasing number indicates that technological thinking is more than ever directed toward utilizing energy for the production of goods.

Control. Organization. We come back to these. For without them mass production is impossible.

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*Director of the Works Progress Administration of the extensive National Research Project on Reëmployment Opportunities and Recent Changes in Industrial Techniques.

Who are the controllers, the organizers? A few experts at the top of the pyramid—efficiency engineers who see to it that even the hugest steel mill operates as if it were a single organism with a super machine-tender in charge called the "president." Hired designers or inventors of ever more complicated automatic labor-saving devices, technicians who do nothing but keep the machines in perfect condition constitute a new caste that owes its station not to birth or privilege but to sheer mentality and opportunity.

Strange to relate these rulers are themselves ruled by their own inventions. The standardization which they have insisted upon, because mass production is impossible without it, also restricts them. There is no phonograph monopoly, yet no wide use has yet been made of Poulsen's telegraphone which was invented late in the last century to record a whole opera electromagnetically on a steel wire. The reason? Scores of millions invested in standardized disks on which the music of great artists has been engraved. Monorailway systems have been devised with an astonishing attention to detail, with gyroscopically controlled trains that can make 150 miles an hour on a single rail and dash across an abyss on a steel cable. Have they a chance? Not against a highly standardized railway network, with standardized trains on standard tracks stopping at standardized stations and barely scraping standardized bridges with smokestacks of a standard height.

How many artistocrats of test tube, electromagnet, and gearwheel are there? No one knows. The total for the world cannot be more than a million, with perhaps two hundred thousand in the United States. Suppose they were to perish in a night—these million. Back we would slip to the eighteenth century. People in cities would starve to death or die in two weeks of epidemics.

And yet with experts on top of the structure inventing and controlling the mechanism, and above these financiers who rule all, what is to become of us? We are brought face to face with the problem of government.

Democracy as we know it is a social and political conception of the eighteenth century. There were no steam engines, no railway trains, no gas works, no central stations, no machines to turn out thousands of cigarettes a minute or seal thousands of cans of tomatoes an hour or bend, twist, punch and squeeze steel for skyscrapers and ocean liners.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity! They are brave words—words that still thrill men who stand at blast furnaces, or who dip ore out of Great Lakes' freighters with gigantic electric shovels, or feed bars of steel to an "automatic" which converts them into threaded bolts. Yet there is no denying that as against a ruling military caste of hereditary aristocrats, invention has given us another ruling caste of technologists and financiers. And the new ruling class is far more powerful than the old. It has had to be curbed by such democratic devices as compensation laws, shorter working days, unions, interstate commerce and federal trade commissions, public service commissions.

The curbs are the evidences of a deep conviction that the very existence of democracy is at stake. Social problems have become largely technological problems. On the one hand we have democracy trying to settle by popular vote highly intricate problems of finance and taxation, and industrial control, all arising out of invention; on the other a colossal mechanism of production, designed and operated by highly competent experts who are guiding our lives. So we ask: Are the technical experts to run a whole nation because they happen to run its industrial machinery? Or is the government to run the experts, the inventors, the creators of this evolving culture?

The totalitarian states have made up their minds. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin have decided that the course of scientific research and of invention must be socially directed. The 260 research laboratories of Soviet Russia take their orders from the Academy of Sciences, and the academy is an integral part of the government. Germany has a four-year plan which is to achieve what is possible in economic self-sufficiency by indicating to the university and industrial laboratories exactly what discoveries and inventions are wanted. Mussolini has a National Research Council, of which the late Marchese Marconi was the guiding spirit and which is primarily concerned with Italy's industrial problems. Every totalitarian state plans for the future and holds scientific research to the plan.

To an engineer this may be a wholly satisfactory method of dealing with what is called "the impact of science and invention." To him there need be no violent, destructive collision between human rights and methods of production if there is a social plan. Discover human needs, is his formula. List them. Satisfy them with the aid of trained groups of chemists and engineers. Let a highly competent government directorate of scientific research assign the problems to various laboratories. Planning implies strict control. Society must be told what is good for it. Design society as you would a locomotive, and run it as if it were a railway train. Fascism and communism are both applying the formula. Outwardly at least, the fascist and communist countries seem to be happy.

Planning is distasteful to a democracy. It clashes with individualism, with the egalitarian right of every voter to decide what he wants his government to be and to do. So instead of the clear-cut program of totalitarian and communistic states we have much floundering. It is not that democracy is unaware of its danger, but that it does not quite know how it shall deal with the machine and the social problems that it has raised. In President Hoover's time, we had the report of a Committee on Social Trends, which discovered that social invention lagged behind technological invention, meaning that some social mechanism must be devised to soften the impact of scientific advance. President Roosevelt appointed the National Science Advisory Board, which insisted that we needed new industries to absorb the unemployed, and that inventions in the long run always create new industries. It went so far as to indicate what problems should be assigned to research physicists, chemists and engineers in a systematic effort thus to cope with the economic problems of the depression. More recently we have had the report on Technological Trends by the National Resources Committee, an attempt at predicting what H. G. Wells calls "the shape of things to come" on the theory that if we can foresee that shape we may be able to avert the disastrous consequences of carelessly introducing the formidable inventions that are even now in the making. The prophets who wrote that report argue that it takes from twenty to thirty years for industry to adopt a revolutionary invention—time enough to read the handwriting on the wall, time enough to foresee more obvious social effects, time enough to prepare for the inevitable by formulating adequate legislative and economic policies.

There are manifest impossibilities in thus attempting to predict the shape of things to come and preparing for them. Did Arkwright foresee the slum when he transferred the textile industry to the factory? Or Watt when he converted Newcomen's mine pump into a steam engine, capable of driving other machines? Did Daimler, Duryea and Ford imagine that the automobile would transform rural education, reduce many railway dividends to zero and inspire 500,000 Americans to lead a gypsy life in trailers? Did Whitney know that his cotton gin would revive a dying slavery and that a Civil War would have to be fought to settle some of the issues raised? Or did Otis and his backers realize that his elevator would give us the skyscraper and with it a rise in real estate values and a problem in transportation whenever a single building discharges on the sidewalk some 50,000 people between five and six o'clock?

Invention as we see it has grown up in a profit-making society. Whether or not a given machine shall be introduced still depends on its money-making future. No better example can be found than in the electrical industry. Central stations were naturally erected at first in crowded communities where purchasers of energy were huddled together and where it paid to install a complex generating, transmitting and distributing system. But the farmer? He was utterly ignored. Even now as a rule he is no better off (except in the irrigated West) than he was in the days of McKinley, so far as electric motors and lights are concerned. There are only three of him to the average rural mile. Unless he pays for the transformers and the distribution system that make it possible to reduce to 110 or 115 volts the 100,000-volt current that flows in the high-tension lines, strung perhaps across his very land, he must burn kerosene, and his wife must do without electric refrigeration and wash clothes by hand.

The TVA, the REA, and similar organizations, so bitterly opposed by public utility companies, must be regarded as quasi-social inventions that set the benefits of electricity above profits. Possibly the avowed object of obtaining yardsticks whereby rates are to be determined will not be attained. But whether or not it is attained there can be no question of the change that will be brought about not so much on the farm itself as in the barnyard and the home. In the days of the old National Electric Light Association the problem was attacked by deliberately suggesting profitable rural uses for electricity, so that enough current would be consumed to justify the erection of poles and distributing apparatus at a cost that the farmer would be willing to pay. Yet the history of all public utilities is a history of services and uses that consumers discover for themselves. For example Bell never dreamed that some day a resident of New York would call up his brother in San Francisco to congratulate him (at a cost of $8.75 for three minutes) on having attained his fiftieth birthday. Nor did Marconi suspect that fishermen would regulate their catches by market demands ascertained by wireless. Nor were the gas companies, which did their best to thwart Edison in his effort to introduce electric lighting, able to see at first that gas would be used for cooking almost to the complete exclusion of coal in cities. In the end electricity triumphed. It took its place in the community not as a competitor of gas but as a new force of unlimited social potentialities.

Today we recognize that energy is warp and woof of our industrial and domestic life. So powerful an agency cannot be left in the control of profit-making exploiters. The public service commissions may be inefficient, but they testify eloquently enough to the determination of democracy not to be ruled by a class of bankers and engineers who have decided in their own minds where high-tension lines shall be strung and to what regions electric energy shall be distributed.

Even more striking is the social evolution of the railroad. At first the steam locomotive was simply an iron horse that competed with the living horse. Then steam became a powerful factor in opening up new land in the Middlewest, in spanning the continent with one nation, and in developing new industrial centers. In England, the country developed the railroads; here they developed the country. The full significance of the railroad burst upon us during the World War, when it was recognized by the masses for what it was—a colossal carrying machine sprawling over a continent, linking thousands of towns together. We talked of transportation with a capital "T." When the war ended the question rose whether or not the roads should be returned to private ownership and management. Their subsequent history is probably the eventual history of all public utilities, possibly of all major industries based on great inventions. In other words, transportation, the generation of gas and electricity, the supplying of water to a community, the production of food, clothing and shelter can no more be left wholly to private capital than the exploitation of the atmosphere for breathing. We behold the railroads transformed by democracy into real servants of the public. The conditions under which their managers employ labor, the issuance of securities, the rates to be charged for carrying goods and passengers—all are subject to governmental scrutiny and approval. The railway companies are reduced to the status of administrators. They may not even give up an unprofitable branch line without the government's consent, and, against their will, they must apply the profits earned in crowded communities to provide transportation in regions where traffic is thin. We have here about the most striking example to be found of democracy's ability to direct an invention to good social purpose and to appraise the social importance of a scientific discovery or invention.

Invention and science are Siamese twins. Sometimes a science develops out of an invention, as thermodynamics developed out of research applied to the steam engine. Sometimes inventions flow from scientific discoveries as, for example, the dynamo, telegraph and the whole apparatus of modern electrical engineering flowed out of Faraday's work in electromagnetic induction. Even under despotism some research, some invention is possible. But the impetus that comes from the slow acceptance of new theories which may conflict with those generally accepted, ceases. If, for example, the world had not ultimately accepted the Copernican conception of the solar system it would have managed to do its navigation, after a fashion, in accordance with the Ptolemaic system. But there could have been no Newton, no laws of gravitation, and hence nothing like the science of mechanical engineering that has given us modern industry.

Now it happens that science stands for something more than coal-tar dyes, electric lamps, X-rays, radioactivity and monstrous fruit-flies bred by experimental geneticists. It is an attitude of mind, an objective, dispassionate approach to the outer world—what Professor Whitehead calls "the most intimate change in outlook that the human race has yet encountered." This attitude, this objectivity is inconceivable without freedom of thought and freedom of expression. It is no accident, therefore, that science, as we know it, should be an offspring of democracy; no accident that the discoveries of Galileo, Newton, Lavoisier and others were made during or after revolutions fomented by liberals.

All this being so—and the case has been convincingly presented by historians of science and political philosophers—the advocates of a society planned from on high, with the necessary suppression of free thought, face a dilemma. They need the scientist. Yet they must deny him the liberty of mind that is the very essence of his objective attitude. If his researches relentlessly expose the fallacy of a fundamental principle dinned into the populace by the government, either he must be hanged as a meddler or the high social plan must be scrapped. In modern totalitarian Germany, Italy and Russia there may be no hanging, but there is exile for the dissenter, and not a sign of scrapping.

Moreover the votaries of science constitute an international brotherhood the like of which this world has never seen before. It is impossible to say of a discovery or an invention: "This was the work of a German—or a Finn—or a Scot." Nor does it matter much to a real scientist or engineer what the nationality of a discoverer or inventor may be. It is enough for him that the man did his work and described it in a readily accessible publication as an addition to the general stock of knowledge. As a force in achieving true internationalism even religion pales in comparison with this subjugation of self and country. In spite of the uses for hate and destruction to which inventions may be turned, science itself furnishes the most striking evidence we have that men are able to sink passions for the good of the race.

Our hope, then, lies in science. If democracy is to save itself the scientific outlook, the scientific method of detached appraisal of facts and situations must become part and parcel of the common mind. This in turn means that education must be given new purpose and direction. Or, as Wells puts it, the choice is between "chaos and education."

There are signs that, even without adequate education and the general inculcation of the scientific attitude, the masses of democracy are beginning to turn instinctively to the scientist and the engineer for guidance. There has been much scoffing at "brain trusts," but the fact must not be overlooked that, inept as they have been on occasion, they have emerged from the orderly process of democratic government. Their British counterparts are found in Royal Commissions that patiently examine proposals and decide whether or not they meet the social needs of the hour. It is much that in these two great self-governing peoples the scientific expert is thus drawn into administration, even though his recommendations may be brushed aside. For all its emotionalism, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the electorate does somehow sense that science and democracy owe much to each other.

Recently, in looking up the history of some great scientific discoveries and inventions it was exciting that they appeared either during revolutions that ushered in liberalism or immediately after them. Throughout the record ran the dual strand that the freedom of thought which is so characteristic of democracy is also characteristic of science. It became more than ever apparent—at least to me—that science and invention provide the method whereby a democracy may enjoy technological advance and save itself. And, in turn, without democracy there can be no onward sweep of science.

The Upstart of the Animal Kingdom

EARNEST A. HOOTON, 1887– . . . Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University since 1930, confronts us with the responsibility to raise ourselves by our own bootstraps or to take the consequences. See his book *Apes, Men, and Morons* (1937).

AT THIS time when the seniors of all the colleges and universities of this country have disgorged the undigested knowledge of four years in their ultimate examinational spasm and are ready to receive degrees and to look for jobs it may be well to attempt a brief recapitulation of primate progress—from lemurs to Phi Beta Kappas. The principal public function of the anthropologist is to instill into man a proper humility, by reminding him of his humble origin and by demonstrating to him how short a distance he has come from his lower mammalian forbears and in how prodigiously long a time. Therefore I propose to divest you of golden keys, of learned degrees, and of academic regalia and to take you back sixty millions of years to the dank forests of the Primate Dawn.

Through the long middle ages of life on the earth multifarious reptiles had dominated the scene—aquatic, aerial, and terrestrial, herbivorous and carnivorous, tiny and gigantic, but generally slimy. I think that by the end of the Mesozoic Age nature had grown tired of dinosaurs—fed up with their eggs—and felt ready for a leadership of brains. Throughout this period there had been lying low, or rather sitting high in the tree tops, some little long-snouted insectivores who reproduced their young in higher mammalian fashion and suckled them at the breast instead of laying eggs *passim* like reptiles. In the fullness of time and at the beginning of the Paleocene, perhaps sixty million years

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ago, there sprang from this order of insectivores the first primitive primates, called lemurs.

These early lemurs were animals of small pretensions and apparently slight evolutionary promise. They had longish snouts, laterally directed eyes and very modest brains but they possessed the most precious of animal endowments, adaptability. This adaptability is essentially the faculty of grasping an environmental opportunity and following, not the line of least resistance but that of greatest opportunity. Literally and corporeally this ability to grasp an object and a situation was centered in the prehensile pentadactyle hands and feet, equipped with flat nails instead of claws and with thumbs and great toes which could be opposed to the other digits. These sensitive members could encircle a bough, pluck a leaf, pick a flea or convey an edible object to the eyes for examination, to the snout for smelling and to the mouth for tasting. These hands and feet were not only prehensile but also tactile organs which enabled their small tree-dwelling owners to explore the world and to become conscious of the various parts of their own bodies inaccessible to most quadrupeds. Their greatest importance was not in being conveyors merely of food to the mouth but rather of messages to the brain, which now began to be something more than a sensory receptacle and a coordinator of muscular movements. The lemur brain began to record associations, to register visual and tactile impressions and to allocate to specific areas of its nervous cortex definite functions—motor, sensory and associative. In short, these lemurs began really to exercise their brains and to manifest intelligence. The hands called to the brain and the latter responded, assuming the function of direction and guidance.

Let us pause for a few moments to consider the advantages of arboreal life to a small and weak animal. A tiny terrestrial animal has to depend largely upon its sense of smell to warn it of the approach of enemies and to enable it to find food. Its visual sense is of comparatively slight utility because its horizon is restricted by its nearness to the ground. It lives in a world of tall grass and underbrush. It "noses its way through life." Now suppose this small animal climbs a tree. It gets up out of the wet and away from the clutch of enemies; it has a chance to sit up and look around. Arboreal life puts a premium upon the visual sense and the olfactory function diminishes in importance. The animal begins to look for its food rather than to sniff for it. Agility and motor co-ordination are essential for moving about in the trees and avoiding falls. On the whole no nursery school could be more ideal for a small mammal with prehensile extremities. The original equipment of five-digited hands and feet with opposable thumbs and great toes allowed the animal to grasp an object of whatever shape and size and the absence of protrusive claws encouraged the use of the finger bulbs for tactile discrimination.

The dietary afforded by the tropic forest was varied and stimulated an omnivorous habit—extremely useful for evolutionary survival as anyone who has lived in a boarding-house should know. Nuts, fruits, berries, leaves and shoots for salads, birds' eggs, grubs and even birds themselves if these could be caught—here were plenty of vitamins; and sufficient sunlight was handy for those disposed to climb to the top of the trees.

Parental care, too, was necessitated by the arboreal habitat since the young of mammals are relatively helpless. Those secondarily adapted for arboreal life must be reared in a nest or carried on their mothers' bodies until they attain the strength, agility and experience to pursue their precarious aerial lives.

Nature then had provided these primitive lemurine primates with a bodily equipment suitable for arboreal life, and necessity, or less probably choice, had driven them into the trees. Here was offered, to those who could grasp it, the educational opportunity for evolutionary advancement. Now the most mystifying feature of evolution and of modern human life is the variation of individuals in their capacity to utilize opportunities. Why do some people absorb and assimilate an education and others merely excrete it? The arboreal habitat for some of these early primates was a catalytic agent for evolutionary progress and for others merely a lotus-eating existence. Students of organic evolution dismiss the question by asserting that some animals are progressive and adaptive whereas others are conservative and rigid. As a matter of fact the secret of progress appears to be the ability of the animal to utilize the advantages of an environment without molding its organism too narrowly to the requirements of any particular mode of life. The really progressive animal must if possible adapt environment to itself and not become too malleable to its influence. It must maintain its organic independence, it must possess a certain initiative whereby it picks and chooses, and when choice is narrowed to its extreme disadvantage it needs to move on in search of better things. There are today, of course, plenty of lemurs in Madagascar, Africa, and Indonesia, and they are probably very little changed from their original proto-primate status in bodily form and in habits. These, however, are the stultified and backward children of the Order—the perennial kindergarteners.

Practically contemporary with the early lemurs, possibly an offshoot from some gifted lemuroid stock, were other and more precocious primates, the tarsioids. To see what they were like we have had to study their few relatively unmodified modern descendants, confined to the islands of Indonesia. These tarsioids differed from the lemurs in a number of significant and promising features and habits. First, instead of running on all fours through the trees they hopped on their hind legs. An animal which has to use all four limbs for locomotion and support is necessarily dependent upon its snout for tactile and feeding purposes but these little arboreal tarsioids have "emancipated their fore-limbs" for purposes of prehension, exploration and hand-feeding. Release from the function of bough-gripping foreshadowed tool-using, tool-making and the ultimate genesis of material culture. Further, the hopping tarsier sits up and looks around; it carries the long axis of its body perpendicular to the ground instead of parallel with it. It takes a vertical rather than a horizontal view of life.

It is a principle of Nature that organs increase in size when their functions are enlarged and atrophy when their activity is diminished. In the tarsioids there took place an elongation of the tarsus (that portion of the foot which supports the hopping animal). Far more important, however, were changes in the face, the brain case and the brain itself, associated with the upright sitting posture and the freedom of the fore-limbs. For an animal largely dependent upon its olfactory sense, the snout, terminating in a moist muzzle or rhinarium, not only serves as the principal tactile organ; it also collects the scents and odors by which the animal's existence is guided. Furthermore the snout includes inferiorly the jaws, the incisive front ends of which are projected forward of the eyes in order that the animal can graze and still see what it is eating and what is going on around it. But with the free use of prehensile hands as organs of touch and conveyors of food a projecting snout loses its function. Thus we find the snout greatly shortened in the tarsier. Furthermore, the visual sense in this animal has become wholly dominant over the olfactory. The brain has swollen enormously and particularly those portions of the cortex or nervous covering in which vision is represented; the neopallium, or new cloak of the brain, has spread like a tent over the primitive olfactory bulbs, covering, obscuring and dwarfing them. To accommodate this larger brain the skull has grown backward so that now it nearly balances upon the vertical spinal column. The tarsier can hold up its head without straining the neck muscles with the weight of the thrust-out and overbalancing snout.

Lemurs and lower mammals have eyes laterally directed on each side of a protrusive snout. They see with one eye at a time and the fields of vision do not overlap. Such wall-eyed brutes lack stereoscopic vision whereby the eyes can focus simultaneously upon the same object and without which there can be no depth of perception and but little perspective. The tarsier, in contrast, has formed the habit of holding objects in front of its eyes for examination. Whether for this reason or another, its eyes have tended to swivel forward toward the frontal plane so that their axes of vision are less divergent although not yet parallel. Probably the fields of vision overlap to some extent but true stereoscopic sight has not yet been realized. Moreover this little animal displays certain anatomical precocities of the reproductive system which foreshadow the higher primates and determine the consensus of zoölogical opinion that monkeys, apes and even man must own some progressive Eocene form of this arboreal hopper as their ultimate primate ancestor.

It would have taken a zoölogist gifted with extraordinary evolutionary foresight to predict from the generalized Eocene tarsioids the final emergence of Homo. But if we move on to the Oligocene period, not more than thirty-five millions of years ago, we find in the dried up lake bed of the Fayum west of the Nile ample evidence of the great evolutionary strides which the primates had taken in their first quarter of a hundred million years. Primitive and generalized Old World monkeys appear—and from a tarsioid to a monkey is a bigger jump than from an ape to a man. The monkeys have much larger and better developed brains than tarsioids. Instead of being smooth and probably devoid of well-defined association areas, the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, or forebrain, is now wrinkled or convoluted, affording more nervous cortical surface. The occipital lobes of the forebrain in monkeys overhang the hind brain or cerebellum, which in the tarsiers is naked and exposed. The greatest expansion in the monkey brain has occurred in the so-called association areas, especially in the frontal and parietal regions. The visual and general sensory areas are now widely separated and well differentiated. Binocular or stereoscopic vision exists; there is an advanced method of intra-uterine nourishment of the young; without doubt there are enhanced mental faculties such as better memory, clearer association of ideas, intensified emotional activity, more acute tactile discrimination and sharper attention—above all, perhaps, the genesis of a certain curiosity, a tendency to poke into and investigate things. The faculty which makes a monkey mischievous is precisely that which in man has created something unique in the world of life—a material culture. It manifests itself in lower primate forms in an irresistible inclination to pull things apart; in man it puts things together. The monkey uses his agile fingers and his restless brain in play; man puts them to work.

We know little of these Oligocene monkeys except that they were small, primitive and generalized ancestors of the simian troops which people the forests of Asia and Africa today. However, just as the precocious tarsier appears in the same Eocene deposits with the less advanced lemur, so in the Oligocene beds of the Fayum the first tiny anthropoid ape is a contemporary of the ancestral Old World Monkey. The rise of this small ape was the second greatest achievement of organic evolution—the explicit promise of a reasoning animal which should create a civilization. There remains of Propliopithecus, ape of the dawn, only the half of a lower jaw and some teeth but these bespeak incontrovertibly a form which must have stood at the very point of divergence of the anthropoid-humanoid stock from that of the monkeys.

You may inquire how paleontologists and zoölogists are able to trace descent through teeth, which seem small and inadequate pegs upon which to hang whole genealogies. The expert upon fossil remains has to work with those parts of the body which best resist the attacks of time. In most animals these happen to be the teeth and the lower jaws —relatively tough and indigestible morsels which no beast of prey can stomach. The teeth are composed of dentine, coated on the crowns and necks with hard enamel, and they normally outlast all other skeletal parts. One of the most sinister signs of degression in civilized man is that he holds the undesirably unique position of being the only animal whose teeth commonly decay so early in life that his open mouth reveals a charnel house—an inadequately whitened sepulchre of rotting dentition.

The number and kind of teeth and the details of their cusp pattern have been found to be the most reliable criteria of relationship which comparative anatomy affords. Not only does the architecture of the teeth furnish a substantial clue as to the diet of the owner; it also indicates his descent. Thus the molar teeth of the little Propliopithecus show substantially the same five-cusped pattern as those of later fossil anthropoids, the present great apes and man. That is about all that we know of Propliopithecus except that he stands closer to the line of the modern gibbon than to that of the giant primates which ultimately gave rise to man, gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan. We may, however, postulate that this common ancestor of apes and man had a much larger brain relative to his body size than any existing monkey although in actual bulk he could have been no larger than a human suckling. It is probable also that Propliopithecus was an arboreal brachiator—i.e., he moved about the trees by taking long swings with his arms, the body suspended in an upright position and the legs trailing in the air. This brachiating habit, with consequent elongation of the arms, is characteristic of all existing anthropoid apes and there are ample traces of its former presence in the ancestral line of man. With it developed the vertical suspension of the viscera by means of sheets of membrane which hold the organs in place and prevent them from slumping into the pelvic cavity when the trunk is upright. Such suspension is a prerequisite for the biped erect posture on the ground, afterwards adopted by the hominids. Propliopithecus still lived on a generalized and mainly frugivorous diet such as the trees of the tropical forest afford; he was no predatory carnivore.

Our next glimpse of primate evolution is at the beginning of the Miocene period, perhaps nineteen million years ago. By this time the Old World monkeys are well developed and the anthropoid ape line has differentiated a full-fledged gibbon and the first of the generalized *giant* apes. The present gibbons are restricted to the southeastern portion of Asia and adjacent islands of the Indonesian archipelago. They are small arboreal anthropoids standing about three feet in height and very slender in build. With their prodigious arms (so long that they touch the ground when the animal stands erect) they swing from bough to bough and from tree to tree, easily clearing spaces of twenty to thirty feet. Like monkeys and tarsiers they produce only one offspring at a birth and take very good care of that single infant. When on the ground they run on their hind legs, keeping the knees bent and holding their arms aloft like a sprinter about to breast the tape. They have big and complicated brains, somewhat projecting jaws with long, sabre-like teeth, elongated and slender hands and feet with opposable thumbs and great toes. The Miocene gibbons were somewhat less specialized than those of the present day but were otherwise substantially like them.

Much more important are the remains of the generalized giant anthropoid apes of the Lower and Middle Miocene, which are often lumped together into one big group—the Dryopithecus family. The earliest of these apes appear on the Mediterranean edge of the Libyan desert but later they are distributed through Europe and along the southern foothills of the Himalayas, in the Siwalik deposits. These anthropoids are represented for the most part by isolated teeth and fragments of mandibles, with an occasional long bone. From these bits, however, it may be inferred that there were many genera and species—some already clearly ancestral to the orang-utan (the giant ape of Borneo and Sumatra), some showing dental features foreshadowing the African apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, and others displaying dentitions that make them possible ancestors of man.

Meanwhile what of man? It is generally postulated that his separation from the common anthropoid-humanoid stock occurred at least as early as the middle of the Miocene period—at a guess, thirteen million years ago. A strong body of opinion, in which I do not concur, would even go so far as to derive the humanoid line from a small ground ape which diverged from the anthropoid stocks back in the Oligocene, before there were any giant primates. This view is inacceptable to me because man bears in his molar teeth the pattern of his Dryopithecus heritage and because he manifests more numerous and detailed resemblances to the present great African apes than can be explained plausibly by convergence or by such a remote relationship as is implied in the theory of the small Oligocene ground-ape ancestor.

Geologists generally agree that the uplifting of the Central Asiatic plateau and the formation of the Himalayas and other encircling mountain chains occurred in the Miocene period. According to one theory this uplift was accompanied by a desiccation and deforestation of the elevated regions which left the ancestral generalized anthropoids under the necessity of migrating to some area where the forests were intact or of taking to the ground. Whether our ancestors made a virtue of a necessity by adopting a terrestrial life because there were no more trees or whether they took a chance on the ground out of sheer initiative can be argued but not proved. It may be noted that arboreal life, so advantageous for small primates, becomes a very cramping and precarious existence when an animal attains the body bulk of man and the great anthropoid apes. Firstly, the struggle against gravity increases with increments of weight. The orang-utan or gorilla is forced to keep to the larger boughs and the trunks of the trees and cannot flip lightly from the terminal branches of one tree to the next as does the gibbon. Big anthropoids must move slowly and cautiously, testing out the strength of branches before entrusting their weight to them. They have to waste a good deal of energy trying not to fall out of the trees. Again, tree life provides a sufficient diet for a small primate but the two-hundred-pound ape has rather lean pickings. He has to devour vast quantities of fruits and roughage in order to keep going at all and spends most of his life in a vain pursuit of his appetite.

Is it then incomprehensible that a giant primate, endowed with somewhat more courage and initiative than his fellows, should have taken a chance upon the ground? There a fall means merely getting up again, there food is infinitely more plentiful and varied, there progress is a matter of putting one foot in front of another instead of a precarious climbing from bough to bough, which gets one nowhere but out on the end of the limb. Zaccheus of the Biblical story showed great perspicacity in climbing a tree but greater intelligence still in that he chose the auspicious moment in which to come down.

Here and then was the crucial event of primate evolution—the transformation of a tree-dwelling ape into a terrestrial biped. When our anthropoid ancestor took to the ground alternatives of posture and locomotion were offered him. The first was quadrupedal progression, the habitual gait of the gorilla, the chimpanzee and the orang-utan when they leave the trees. This habit would have involved a loss of the free use of the forelimbs and might even have necessitated a redevelopment of the snout as, seemingly, in the dog-faced baboons. Such a choice might have resulted in our continuance as apes. Erect posture, on the contrary, offered every possible advantage, except that of stability. Moreover our anthropoid forbears were probably already adjusted for the upright position by their previous habit of suspending the body from the arms in brachiating and by climbing up and down the trunks of trees. It has even been suggested that our arboreal line may have been somewhat deficient in arm development, so that its members were not efficient brachiators.

At any rate a series of far-reaching anatomical adaptations was necessary before man attained his present efficiency in standing, walking and running as an "erect and featherless biped." In the first place his center of gravity had to shift to a position above the supporting hind limbs—a result effected naturally by erecting the trunk. In order to accomplish this straightening of the body axis, the spine had to be bent in its free region between the rib cage and the pelvis. Thus originated the lumbar curve, a concavity of the vertebral column in the small of the back which converts the spine into a graceful sigmoid shape and incidentally gives rise to innumerable backaches. Then, since the entire body weight was now transmitted to the hind limbs through the pelvis, the form of the latter had to be modified to serve this purpose, and so changed also as to provide suitable surfaces for attachment of the muscles which balance the body in the upright posture. To dispense with technical detail, it may be said that the pelvis was broadened and flattened from a funnel to a basin shape. The legs became enormously elongated and strengthened in accordance with the new demands made upon them as the exclusive organs of support and locomotion. But the most radical changes occurred in the foot, which had to be transformed from a mobile prehensile member, much like a hand, to a more stable and rigid organ. Apes and monkeys can oppose their great toes (which protrude inward like thumbs) to the tips of their long outer digits. Such a movement is essential for the encircling foot grasp of boughs. It is quite useless for a flat-footed walker. The great toe was brought into line with the long axis of the foot and converted into a main point of pedal support. The outer toes, no longer used for grasping, were shortened. The tarsus, originally composed of loose and mobile bones like those of the wrist, was molded into a springy vault of wedge-shaped elements. The heel bone was prolonged backward to give more leverage to the great calf muscles which lift the body to the balls of the feet in walking. Thus originated the makeshift organ we call the human foot, with its easily broken down arches and its vestigial outer toes. It is essentially human; it serves its purpose more or less efficiently; but it is rarely beautiful and usually looks like a mutilated slab terminating in degenerate digits like external vermiform appendices.

Other bodily changes consequent upon the assumption of the erect standing posture include a flattening of the chest, a broadening of the shoulders, a slight shortening of the arms and a refinement of the hands for skilled manual movements—especially an elongation and perfected opposability of the thumbs. A great transformation was wrought in the face. The protruding snout, already regressive from the transfer of its major function to the hands in prehuman primates, continued to shrink back, particularly in the region of the teeth, as these dental elements became reduced in size because they were no longer needed for defense, for offense or for the tearing of tough food. All these duties were assumed by the hands and subsequently by the sharpened tools or weapons the hands created and manipulated. Partly as a result of dental shrinkage, the chin was left outthrust and the soft tip of the nose was protruded in degenerative exuberance. An esthetic ape would shudder at the human face, which proclaims itself a produce of regressive evolution and atrophy of function. But the most remarkable change of all was effected in a prodigious swelling of the brain and its skeletal envelope. The forehead, previously non-existent, swelled up into a bulbous arch; the whole vault of the skull rose like an inflated bladder, bulged laterally and protruded posteriorly into a bun-shaped occiput.

Man has taught himself that his great brain is the pride and glory of the human species and that it owes its size to his surpassing intelligence. This dogma may be true; we know that we have enormous brains and we admit that we have superior intelligence. Until recently it has been assumed that intelligence increases from the lower to the higher primates, more or less *pari passu* with relative and absolute increase in brain size and in conformity with a generally "higher" evolutionary status. Thus a New World monkey would be more intelligent than a lemur, an Old World monkey than a New World monkey, a gibbon than a baboon, et cetera. Unfortunately new experimental evidence has tended to upset this postulate so completely that S. Zuckerman, who is a careful critic, has stated that "the results of such experiments on primate behaviour as have been carried out up to the present offer little or no support to the *a priori* belief that apes are more intelligent than monkeys."[1] But, until it has been scientifically demonstrated that there is no difference in intelligence between man and the chimpanzee we shall doubtless continue to assert the intellectual supremacy of our own species and to relate it to our prodigious brains. Indeed, such a brilliant student of environmental factors in human evolution as Marett has made the adventurous suggestion that the size of the human brain is due rather to a pathological interval in our prehuman ancestry than to an increase through functional activity.[2] During the uplift of the Central Asiatic plateau in Miocene times there occurred, as previously mentioned, a deforestation of the uplands, which implies great desiccation. That desiccation may well have been accompanied by a deficiency in the iodine supply of the prehuman dietary. Now, iodine deficiency causes an enlargement of the thyroid gland and a sort of oedema or waterlogging of the tissues, in a physiological effort toward liquid economy. Marett thinks that the initial prehuman expansion of the brain case may have been due to such a pathological increase of cerebrospinal fluid. According to this conception we may owe our great head size to hydrocephaly, or water on the brain, rather than to cerebration.[2] With the correction of this goiterous condition and with the ebbing of the oedematous flood the prehuman brain expanded to fill the cranial interspace merely because nature abhors a vacuum. While I am not prepared to accept this theory without a great deal of confirmatory evidence which is as yet lacking, I think that its serious presentation by a competent scientist should warn us that facile assumptions of a causal relationship between the size of man's brain and the growth of his intelligence are no longer unquestioned. For a considerable number of years many of us who are students of man have been perplexed by the excess baggage of brains man carries—a mass altogether disproportionate to its apparent utility.

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[1] Zuckerman, S. *Functional Affinities of Man, Monkeys, and Apes*, p. 124, 1933.

[2] Marett, J. R. de la H. *Race, Sex, and Environment*, pp. 127-161, London, 1936.

Be that as it may we have carried our prehuman ancestry down to the end of the Miocene period, perhaps seven millions of years ago, by which time it seems probable that a comparatively large-brained but still snouty and apelike humanoid had taken up his abode on the ground, had become more or less perfectly adapted for upright posture and biped gait, had developed the free prehensile use of the emancipated fore-limbs and presumably was increasing in wisdom if not in stature.

During the Pliocene period, which lasted at least six million years and terminated with the onset of the glacial epoch, perhaps a million years B.C., it seems certain that our ancestors, who now deserved the name of man, flourished like the green bay tree. Unfortunately we have as yet no skeletal remains of human beings which can be attributed with certainty to this early period. We know, however, that before its close man had already begun to make stone implements, somewhat crude and amorphous but definitely recognizable as human artifacts. The elements of material culture had been formed. Social organization may well have existed. Anatomical evidence suggests that a number of different physical types of man were present, some more apelike than others but all essentially human, and that several of the types were possessed of such ability to dominate their physical environments as to ensure survival through the rigors of the ensuing glacial epoch.

The million-year Pleistocene or glacial period witnessed four advances of the ice sheets with three genial climatic intervals of varying duration in terms of scores of thousands of years. Throughout this whole period we have nearly continuous records of man's stone work in the gravel deposits laid down by rivers and in the inhabited caves. Flint-working evolved slowly to a pitch of skill which can be appreciated only if one attempts to produce similar tools from the same refractory material.

Geological deposits of the earlier and middle portions of the Pleistocene have yielded occasional skeletal remains of man, for the most part fragmentary, but enormously instructive. All these men seem to have been erect walkers, with feet fully adapted for support. Some had rather small brains, low foreheads, great bars of bone above the eye sockets, protrusive jaws and receding chins. Such anatomical reminders of ape ancestry did not prevent them from fabricating a great variety of stone tools, efficient and, in many cases, symmetrical to the point of beauty. Low brows did not preclude the clear development of family life around the hearth of cave habitations, or the reverent burial of the dead, with funeral gifts that suggest belief in a future life. At least one of these Early Pleistocene beings, the Piltdown Lady of England, had a noble forehead and a brain of modern size.

Before the end of the glacial period, perhaps 25,000 years ago, anatomically modern types of men were dwelling in the caves of Europe and were decorating the walls of their abodes with realistic polychrome frescoes of the animals they hunted. These men of the Old Stone Age also carved statuettes of their lady friends or their mother goddesses—rather frank representations of Rubensian females. They had invented a number of skillful devices used in fishing and hunting. They were almost civilized and altogether human.

After the final glacial retreat, perhaps not more than eight to ten thousand years ago, man began to domesticate animals, beginning with that useful companion of the hunt, *canis familiaris.* By 6000 B.C. it seems probable that agriculture had begun and sedentary life on an artificial basis of subsistence had laid the foundation for higher civilizations. The first metal, probably copper, began to be used at least as early as the fourth millennium before Christ and iron was smelted in the Near East about the 15th century before our era.

Man, in an essentially human form, may well have existed for nearly four million years before he became a farmer, and most of the paraphernalia of civilization are less than 8000 years old. But no conservative student of human evolution would be willing to assert that the anatomical data indicate any appreciable increase in brain size or any elevation of man's zoological status for the past 30,000 years. We have accumulated knowledge and gadgets, yet it is doubtful that the quality of our minds has improved. On the other hand there is a certain amount of depressing evidence indicative of physical deterioration in modern man.

The savage lacked that noble tolerance of human failings and frailties which is the product of our loftiest social tradition. The weak perished and the anti-social were eliminated. Modern medical science has achieved, to a great extent, the succor of the one element, and a humanitarian belief in the efficacy of environmental reformation has perpetuated the other. Consequently these inferior segments of the population have been allowed to reproduce more and more of worse and worse of their kind. It is the duty of educated men and women to consider the cost and outcome of a social policy which assumes that all human organisms, however deteriorated and perverted, should be allowed to multiply and to replenish the earth, to decide whether educational effort and social measures can transmute base human metal into gold or into any non-toxic material. Man at his best is certainly the supreme product of organic evolution, or if you prefer, the "noblest work of God." At his worst, man is the most vicious animal in the world's history and the greatest menace to the existence of his kind.

This nation requires for its survival "a new birth of freedom"—freedom from the tradition that the welfare of the inferior individual and not the social good is paramount, from the obsession that a democracy which fosters criminals and increasingly recruits its electorates from the ranks of the feeble-minded and the diseased can produce an intelligent and beneficent political régime. A government of the unfit, by the unfit, and for the unfit must assuredly perish from the earth.

Education

The American Scholar Once More

Howard Mumford Jones, 1892– . . . Professor of English at Harvard University, reviews and judges the recent educational theories of Meiklejohn, Foerster, and Hutchins. He compares them with the older theories of Thomas Jefferson and of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Professor Jones is not a chauvinist when he insists upon "putting America into our colleges."

A hundred years have elapsed since the most famous Phi Beta Kappa address ever delivered was spoken in Cambridge. Although anything less than a reading of all that golden essay is to do injustice to it, I shall begin by briefly recalling it to your memory. The scholar, said Emerson, is Man Thinking; and the principal instruments of his education are three—nature, books, and action. From nature, rightly understood, he will learn that the laws of the universe are also the laws of the human mind. The office of books is not to create book-worms, but independent souls. The life of action is not to be swallowed up in business, but to translate intellect into character. And the final object of education is that the soul may be weaned from a passive clinging to what has been said and done in the world and prefer instead a vigorous intellectual independence. "We have listened too long," he said, "to

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Professor Jones made this address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, on March 1, 1937.

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the courtly muses of Europe." The essay concludes with its eloquent plea for a race of vigorous American individuals—"the spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame;" and the young sage declared to the young men of 1837: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own mind." Everyone will recall how members of that audience went out from the meeting as if they had listened to a voice proclaiming: "Thus saith the Lord."

I am frequently told that Emerson is outmoded. In the realm of economic life rugged individualism, it is true, has a quaint, archaeological flavor, but Emerson was not discussing the life of business, but the life of citizenship and the life of thought. I propose now to inquire how far the liberal college in America has been faithful to the program suggested by his address.

In 1837 there were no universities in the United States with their innumerable professional colleges, vocational branches, graduate schools, extension divisions, and correspondence courses. The curriculum of the college was still centered in the humanities—the classics, philosophy, some history, a course in "natural philosophy" which, unlike most modern science courses, was really philosophical, and some training in rhetoric and oratory. The content of that curriculum was, I am afraid, meagre, the instruction was not good, libraries and laboratories were inadequate, and the life of the undergraduate suffered from obsolescent regulations. But the liberal college of 1837 had one advantage over the liberal college of today. It knew what it was doing; and it had a unified concept of college education. It conceived that the humanities were central to the training of an educated man.

A hundred years later the liberal college of Emerson's day has, in effect, almost disappeared. The most characteristic educational institution in the country is the State university; and if we examine the college of arts in any State university, we discover that, though it exists as a formal organization, its intellectual unity has vanished. In its first two years it is trying to do the work which the high schools, under the direction of educational experts, have ceased doing—that is, it is trying to get its students to read and write. It is also offering "service courses" for the benefit of the professional schools which feed upon it—beginning instruction in this or that branch of knowledge which the student must get out of the way before he can fully enter the engineering school or the school of law or the school of medicine. In its last two years it has in fact become a vocational school for the training of teachers of English or history or the foreign languages, or for the training of biologists, chemists, social service workers, archaeologists, and so forth.

It is a commonplace that the multiplication of knowledge has meant the multiplication of courses; and that any unity of aim which the college may once have had has in fact disappeared beneath an avalanche of specialized instruction by specialists. The formal paper requirements of general training in the first two years and specialization in the second, of concentration and distribution, of major subjects and related minor subjects—the phrases differ—though designed to retain what can be kept of the old unified concept, do not in fact achieve their object. And if I select as an example the college of liberal arts in the State university with which I am most familiar, the same conditions, to greater or less degree, exist in privately endowed universities, and even, to some extent, in what are euphoniously known as the "ivy colleges." Proponents of instruction in the psychology of salesmanship or statistical measurement or journalism claim that their subjects, properly pursued, are as "liberalizing" as literature or philosophy; but where every course is equally humane, the concept of the humanities loses all meaning.

There have been gallant attempts to check or redirect the current of educational development and to revive the concept of a unified humane education in the liberal college. Mr. Meiklejohn headed for a time an experimental college at the University of Wisconsin, in which the students, after directing their energies to Greek civilization, turned their attention to civilization in the United States. If the educationalists are right in supposing that the proper procedure in learning is to proceed from the known to the unknown, this attempt violated the first principle of pedagogy; at any rate, the college has since been closed.

More recently, Professor Norman Foerster, director of the School of Letters at the University of Iowa, has issued a book called "The American State University," in which, after an exhaustive analysis of the evils now existing in the liberal college, he proposes that we shall abandon what he calls the naturalistic view of life and return to the humanistic. Mr. Foerster is somewhat vague as to the details of his curricular reform, but it seems to imply that we should all adopt a dualistic theory of human nature. He submits a list of great books which have been proposed as central to such a curriculum; of the fifty-three authors named, I note with interest that only two have to do with the United States—an item called "American State Papers" and the final name in the list, William James. The list, however, is not of Mr. Foerster's composing; he remarks that the past hundred years are represented by it "somewhat injudiciously" and he says that the present cannot be represented by great books at all—there would have to be "lectures and demonstrations illustrating the principles and modern history of science." But in a general way a curriculum which would center around great names from Homer to William James, provided the writings of these geniuses are interpreted to throw light upon the dualistic nature of man, would have Professor Foerster's approval.

A third interesting experiment is that being carried on at the University of Chicago. With the formal reorganization of the university which has gone hand-in-hand with this change we need not trouble ourselves. The underlying philosophy of the Chicago idea is what concerns us. This underlying philosophy, clearly and emphatically presented by its president, Mr. Hutchins, seeks in effect to return to the mediaeval concept of university training. By cutting through specialization and fact-finding to underlying principles, the proponents of this scheme hoped to alight upon certain controlling instruments in education. The method, at least as it is exemplified by some members of the Faculty, depends on Socratic analysis. Rhetoric and grammar, in the sense of the exploration of meaning, receive renewed importance; and the primary business of the college seems to be to discuss principles rather more, and applications rather less, than has been customary in many college courses. "To aid in his understanding of ideas" (I quote Mr. Hutchins) "the student should be trained in those intellectual techniques which have been developed for the purpose of stating and comprehending fundamental principles."

With any attempt to restore unity to the liberal college one must have a certain sympathy. I confess, however, that Mr. Hutchins is over hasty in his scorn of specialists; and I am compelled to inquire, if the principal business of the college student is to learn to state and comprehend fundamental principles, when is the proper time for his beginning to apply them? I am of the philosophy that a fundamental principle remains an airy abstraction until you do something with it or about it; and though I hail with pleasure Mr. Hutchins's insistence upon the desirability of putting first things first, I wonder whether a loving and long perusal of Plato's "Republic" is really going to change the voting habits of American citizens so fundamentally that we can relegate our present departments of sociology and political science to an inferior position in the educational scheme of things. The habit of making metaphysical inquiry into what history or literature or philosophy may be before you get around to the facts of history or literature or philosophy has its weaknesses; and the weaknesses of this educational reform seem to me to be two: it tends to subordinate the genetic study of human institutions to a system of metaphysical absolutes; and it tends to create out students, whose habits of analysis may become so strong as to hinder their habits of action—and action, as Emerson reminds us, is one of three requisites of a humane education.

However this may be, I wish to call your attention to one quality which all three of these reforms of the liberal college have in common. In Emerson's phrase, they have all listened to the courtly muses of Europe. Mr. Meiklejohn did not get around to American life until his students had spent a year on Greek civilization. The list of great names in Mr. Foerster's book contains only two American items out of fifty-three. Mr. Hutchins sets before us the example of mediaeval European universities and urges us to revive the practices of the mediaeval schoolmen.

No one in this audience, I trust, wishes to be a chauvinist. No one can seriously argue that what the world needs is more nationalism. After certain performances by the self-styled patriotic societies, or the drive for teachers' oath bills, or our contemptible attitude towards foreigners, no one but desires less, rather than more, one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. We are accustomed to say that the essence of a liberal education is an acquaintance with the best that has been said and done in the world, and not merely in the United States. Everyone will agree that a knowledge of other times and other nations, other geniuses than

American ones, other art than American art, other cultures than our own is indispensable to the humanely educated man.

But at the same time I am impressed by two facts about these reforms of the liberal education. The first is that, given American youth to educate, these outlines of great books, this return to scholastic analysis, this occupation with Greek civilization first and American civilization afterwards, have a curious air of hanging in a vacuum. The connection between the reading proposed, and the fact that the reader is going to live in the United States of America in the year nineteen-hundred-and-something is tenuous and remote. The student is required to accept too much on faith; and the teacher is left with only the vaguest directions as to how this analysis, this reading, this exploration of a remote culture are to be brought to bear upon the civilization into which our student is to be catapulted at the end of four years in college.

I should not so much mind the cloistral air of these programs, were it not that each of the reformers argues that his proposal is directly intended to create better American citizens. Both Mr. Foerster and Mr. Hutchins cite with admiration the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, who in his letter to Peter Carr of 1814, urged that Virginia should establish schools "where every branch of science deemed useful at this day and in our country should be taught." Mr. Hutchins tries to get around this letter by saying that Jefferson did not mean college, when he said college, and university, when he said university, but the uncomfortable fellow will not down: in his discussion of the University of Virginia Jefferson explicitly called for "all the branches of useful science," and when he said "useful," it is clear that he meant those branches of knowledge which would be relevant to the American cultural problem. However much some of our so-called cultured men may dislike the fact (and some of them apparently do), we have to deal with education in the United States; and the second weakness I would point out in these schemes is that the American cultural tradition is, in fact, ignored. They are set up as if Europe were the main thing that mattered.

And if it be argued that it is essential for American students to get a world-view from their four years in the liberal college, I can only retort that the reforms in question do not even do that. As H. G. Wells long ago pointed out, European education has agreed tacitly to ignore three-fourths of the human race. I refer, of course, to the civilization and the arts of Asia, not to speak, in lesser degree, of Africa. The return to Europe, which is at the bottom of these representative proposals, is a return to an attitude of mind which Emerson was expressly endeavoring to destroy. "The spirit of the American freeman," he said, "is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame." "I ask not," he remarks, "for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds." If this be chauvinism, I can only say, like Patrick Henry, make the most of it.

The claims of the world and of our own country; the necessity of understanding the past and understanding the present; the desirability of acquainting the rising generation with the works of dead geniuses, and at the same time not inducing in them what scholarship too often induces—a lack of sympathy for present art, an attitude of superiority towards the American experiment, and a disdain for democracy—how shall we solve a problem so complex?

I suggest we return to the practice of the Greeks. The ancient Greeks were unfortunate in that they had no college presidents, no professors of anything, and no schools of education to instruct them in the desirability of knowing the best that had been done and thought in the world; but I am impressed by the fact that these Greeks whose sagacity we today so much admire, placed their own culture foremost as an object of study. Plato's "Republic" is not a vague attempt at comparative political science; it is a rather practical inquiry into what can be done to improve the Greek city-state. Thuycidides is not writing the history of the world; he tells us he is writing the history of the greatest thing that ever happened to Hellas. The inquiries of Aristotle are not into what other people thought, but, to a remarkable degree, into what the Greeks thought.

I am not now interested to inquire whether the great Greek thinkers might have taken a world-view of civilization, and did not—they might certainly have told us more about the Egyptian and Persian cultures than they chose to; I am not now inquiring whether their attitude towards the *barbaroi* was provincial; I am merely saying that on the basis of an exploration of their own culture they created a body of literature to which we have ever since been recurring. Neither do I propose that, in our search for a central point around which to build a humane education, we should so far imitate the Greeks as to concentrate on the United States and throw everything else out the window. What I am saying is this: first, the supposition that humane education is necessarily an anti-national or un-national education is a supposition which, in the case of the Greeks, clearly breaks down; and second, that a study of one's own culture, a preparation to live in the state to which birth has consigned one for better or worse, would seem to offer a center around which a humane education could conceivably be built.

And I further point out that the French, who are in the modern world sometimes considered the successors of the classical peoples, in their educational system do precisely what the ancient Greeks may in a sense be said to have done. The French tradition is central in French education. The calm assumption that French thought and French literature are the most civilized thought and literature in the modern world is an assumption which has its amusing aspects; but I suspect that the solidity of the French intellectual tradition owes more to the refusal of the Frenchman to be diverted from his fine belief in the superior validity of his own tradition than our more enthusiastic advocates of educational cosmopolitanism are willing to admit. In the very last paragraph of his great "Histoire de la Littérature Française," perhaps the finest history of a national literature ever written, M. Lanson, after speculating on what the future of that literature may be, concludes that there will still be masterpieces, reading which future Frenchmen will find in them "le visage de la France éternelle."

I have yet to hear any member of an American English department assure his class that future American literature will mirror "le visage de l'Amérique éternelle." And before we smile at an idea which may seem incongruous, I think we had better first inquire why we are willing to accept M. Lanson's dictum as entirely proper, and why we treat the same idea as satirical by-play when it is applied to a republic whose government has outlasted every European government save two, the history of whose country extends backward to the invention of printing, and the study of whose civilization is seriously pursued over the entire civilized world.

I cannot too often insist that I have no desire whatsoever to cut off American students from the fullest possible knowledge of the thought and culture of other lands. But I am continually impressed by the fact that among the humanities we seem to stress the importance of an acquaintance with every great culture except our own. In the single field of literature in English, for example, note the casual treatment of our own literary history. It is a subject which is almost invariably at the bottom of that heap of miscellaneous courses which constitute the curriculum of the English department. Thousands of college students are annually graduated who have no knowledge of their own literary tradition whatsoever. Thousands more are graduated with no knowledge of the history of their own country. Those who know anything about American philosophy or American religion or the American theatre or the history of painting or architecture or music in their own country are negligible.

I wonder whether we shall ever make headway with the humanities, so long as we insist, as in fact we do insist, that an understanding of American civilization is the last thing that we are going to teach. Is it any wonder that alert minds are drawn into economics and sociology and science and schools of pedagogy and engineering and law, when those in charge of the humanities persist in their refusal to bring to bear upon the problems of life in the United States what they have to offer? I see no use in scolding young America because it finds a seminar in capital and labor vital in the nation in which young America has to find a job. The depopulation of the classics departments, the drift out of philosophy into social problems, the complaint that our best minds do not go into the study of modern languages—these are symptomatic of a deeper malady than the urge for vocational study—they are symptomatic, I believe, of the profound fact that the undergraduate wants to understand his own country, and that the humanities have mainly failed to show him how they could help him to comprehend it.

It is one thing vaguely to summon the student to learn the best that has been done or said in the world; another thing to summon him to the problem: through what inquiries into the past and present can I best understand the country in which I am going to live? When Emerson says in his oracular way: "Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds," he does not mean we are to discard past times and foreign countries, but rather that the value of past times and foreign countries is that value which they have towards the enrichment of life in present-day America. I submit that we are altogether too vague about how we propose to secure these values. I submit that intelligent citizens are not created by a mere passive exposure to the past. I submit that teaching the humanities in America is not the same thing as teaching America the humanities.

While the humanities have been exploring the sources of Ben Jonson's comedies or Greek art or the epistemology of Duns Scotus—all of which, I freely admit, are admirable things in themselves—the social studies, so-called, have moved into the American field. The one thing that we can be reasonably sure of in the present state of the liberal college is that if the student has any acquaintance with the interpretation of life in his own country, it will be an economic interpretation. Even the historians have, in a number of cases, swung over to economic determinism. But the economic interpretation of history or of society, though a valuable interpretation, is fundamentally a rather naïve one.

Since the days of Thorstein Veblen, that scarecrow of the British classical school the economic man has been wonderfully dressed up, but he still remains economic man. According to those who first brought him into being, economic man was a very simple creature. He was motivated by a single and selfish desire—the desire to seek pleasure and avoid pain. He had a supernaturally intelligent mind. For example, he always bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest, which is more than most business men have been able to do. His sole reading matter seems to have been Ricardo's book on rent and Malthus's essay on the increase of population. His life was devoted to economic gain; and what he did in his spare time, if he ever had any, I haven't the slightest idea. He must have married and begot children, because Malthus worked out what would happen if he had too many children and the wheat crop didn't go around, but how he ever fell in love, or how he proposed to his girl, or whether he mislaid the ring at the wedding I do not know. I assume he was once a boy and that he eventually grew old, and that he was filled with dreams and memories—probably of the time he bought pigs in one town and sold them at a slight profit in another, but it seems more probable that he was created full-grown, at about forty-two. His world must have had starlight and moonrise and the scent of flowers in it, but like a well educated pupil of Adam Smith, he determinedly paid no attention to these things; and if he was ever actuated by rage or hate or love or passion, quickened by a drumbeat or awed by an ocean storm, there is no record. He was not English nor American nor Chinese; he had no legends, no tradition, no customs; he was simply economic man.

Now when you strip the merely sociological interpretation of the modern world of its manifold variations, it is surprising how often—I do not say always, but often—you will find that you are dealing with economic man—economic man multiplied into masses or nations, but fundamentally very like the imaginary being whom Ricardo and Malthus created for their calculations. Within the limits of the proper frame of reference, this concept of human nature is very useful; but just as it is difficult to conceive of economic man writing "Hamlet" or painting the Sistine Madonna, so it is difficult in a nation "explained" only by economic forces also to explain the style of Emerson or the wide appeal of the "Gettysburg Address."

The advances made by the social sciences in the last few decades have my profound admiration. Their exponents are to be commended for having made America their laboratory. They are not in the least to blame because they have done their job extraordinarily well. No competent social scientist but admits as a matter of course that sociology is not all of existence, that economic motives are not even three-fourths of life. But when in the social sciences the student learns, or thinks he learns, that present-day America is in the grip of vast economic forces; while the humanities are off somewhere else talking about the sources of Chaucer or mediaeval scholasticism or the art of Cimabue, the practical conclusion which the student is likely to draw is either that the humanities have no place (except a decorative one) in the present United States or that humane arts and letters are something practised long ago by persons who are now excessively dead. And if I seem to speak with momentary disrespect of the labors of the classicist, the metaphysician, the philologian, or the literary historian, it is only because I am trying to see things from the point of view of the American undergraduates, the majority of whom, I am convinced, come to college because they are genuinely desirous of a better comprehension of the age in which they live. The difficulty of the humanities seems to be that they too often manufacture only meek young men in libraries; but man thinking, Emerson sternly reminds us, must not be subdued by his instruments.

It may be that a return to the methods of the scholastics will prove of lasting benefit at the University of Chicago. It may be that Mr. Foerster will convert enough persons to a philosophy of dualism to enable him at Iowa to reduce laboratory techniques to their proper subordination and get rid of the courses which now clutter up the curriculum of the college of liberal arts. It may be that someone somewhere sometime will be able to make ancient Greece so exciting a topic that American undergraduates will abandon the New Deal for the Peloponnesian War. I am, however, skeptical that the college of liberal arts can be permanently unified around a method, a system of ethics, or a return to a civilization over twenty centuries in the past. I think that Emerson, with the uncanny penetration of genius, saw more deeply into the problem of national education than the educators do. And I venture to suggest that a living core of interest around which the liberal college could once more be given a vital unity is the study and comprehension of American civilization.

I can see the classicist turn pale, and the professor of Chaucerian scholarship wince, while the metaphysician who has just completed a monograph on the monadism of Leibnitz utters faint sounds of inarticulate distress. The entire body of foreign language teachers rises in anguish, or would rise, I am sure, if the conventions of polite conduct did not restrain them. Yet I am suggesting only that we do what the ancient Greeks did; and proposing that we improve on their practice. I do not suggest that the present curriculum be abolished, or that we begin insisting that all good Americans shall remain sublimely ignorant of the effete monarchies of Europe—as Jefferson once thought that they should. I am merely proposing that the problem of American civilization, instead of being placed obscurely in the rear of our studies, shall be placed somewhere near the front. If we are really interested in educating American citizens for an intelligent participation in American life, I suggest that the liberal college might seek out ways and means of bringing before its students a far richer and more comprehensive knowledge of the American heritage, not only in the field of economic existence, but in those areas we vaguely call culture, than it has yet attempted to do. And when I speak of the American heritage I do not in the least propose that the New World shall neglect what it owes to the Old.

What I am seeking is not an administrative reorganization nor a curricular upset nor an absorption with the immediate and the contemporary, but a point of view. The liberal college has been too eclectic, not merely in the sense that it has admitted all kinds of courses, but in the sense that its courses in the humanities themselves have been without any governing philosophy, any genuine educational aim. They seek too often to produce imitation Europeans, and imitation Europeans are always inferior to the genuine article. We try to bring America to Greece or Rome, Italy or France, instead of discovering what it is that Greece and Rome and France and Italy have to bring to America. I return once more to Emerson, when he says: "I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim." "It is," he says, "a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago." We cannot forever tacitly insist that the humane values are found everywhere but in the United States. We do not necessarily need to abandon what we are teaching, but we need to teach it in a different way. Goethe did not become a Hellenist first and a German afterwards; it was when he discovered that an artificial education had quite unfitted him to understand the significance of his own cultural traditions that he embarked upon that remarkable career of self-improvement which made him the greatest German of his age.

Let us remember that the United States is also a very large and important part of the world. Let us sharply remind the nationalist and the one-hundred-percent patriot that he is merely the heir of an immense period of historic time which requires patient study, but let us not at the same time forget that if the humanities are to dwell upon the virtues of Herodotus or Chaucer, they cannot therefore neglect the virtues of Whitman and Henry Adams. If there is culture in France, there is also civilization in the United States. The best corrective of

American provincialism is not merely a knowledge of Europe, but also a richer knowledge of the struggle of the republic to become what it has dreamed of becoming. I do not desire to drive Europe out of the colleges, I merely insist upon the necessity of putting America in. How long can we safely permit our students to believe that the rise of industry is all there is to the story of American life? We have faced backward and turned to Europe in the humanities; cannot we sometimes turn westward and appraise our own accomplishments? The spirit of Emerson is likewise America. We have neglected the resources of our own spiritual life too long—I trust we shall not have to pay dearly for our neglect, in the materialism of which so many now complain, or in a narrow and extravagant nationalism, which, uncorrected by an understanding, not only of the spiritual struggle of mankind at large, but also by an understanding of the larger purposes of life in this republic, may yet obliterate the America of Emerson in the America of Ford.

I Never Went to College

CALVIN KINNEY . . . is the pseudonym of a successful business man who puts many a college graduate to shame in recognizing the meaning and value of a liberal college education.

IT SEEMS to me that I can hardly pick up a magazine nowadays without encountering someone's views on our colleges. Most of the writers are critical; they contend that the colleges are not doing a good job, and they question the value of a college education. Less often, a champion arises to argue that a college degree is worth while.

I read everything on the topic that comes to my notice, but of late I read with growing impatience. I am exasperated by the critics but I am even more exasperated by the professed friends of liberal education. I can understand the type of man who asserts that an A.B. degree isn't worth a nickel in the pay envelope, and I think he is quite right in asserting that a college education is no good—to his sort. But I am downright annoyed with the professed friend of the colleges who accepts the challenge and tries to prove that a diploma does have cash value, after all. Even if he succeeds in proving the point, I am disappointed in him.

I never went to college. I shall always regret the fact. I don't think I should have a cent more to my name today if I had been graduated from Harvard, *summa cum laude*. I'm no economic royalist, but I'm doing all right.

I have an apartment in town and a home at the seashore—both ridiculously too large for our needs. I have two automobiles, one of which is just nonsense. Had I a college degree, I don't think I should be any better known in the world. I am somewhere near the front in the slim ranks of my highly specialized and thoroughly fascinating profession. Berton Braley, breaking a lance for the colleges, demon-

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From *Coronet,* March, 1938. Copyright March, 1938 by Esquire-Coronet, Inc. Used by permission of author and publisher.

strated in *The Commentator* that 85 per cent of the men in *Who's Who* are college graduates. All right, I'm one of the remaining 15 per cent, which I might argue is a greater distinction. (But don't look for "Calvin Kinney"; it's a pen name.)

I've taught courses in two universities, one of them a very famous institution, indeed. Not so long ago, I was approached by emissaries who made diplomatic overtures to ascertain whether I should be interested in becoming dean of an important professional school in a large university.

Well, maybe that's enough to make the point that mine isn't a case of sour grapes. I shall always regret that I didn't go to college only because I know I missed some highly important things.

I missed the opportunity of association and friendship with men of wide culture and high ideals in an atmosphere of quiet and detachment. I went to work when I was 16 years old because at that age it seems important to eat ravenously and regularly—seems more important than it really is. My associations thenceforth were with folk who were neither scholars nor gentlemen. It was many years before I ever had the opportunity of close and friendly contact with men whose intellect and whose culture were superior to my own. I know that it would have broadened and enriched my life if I had been exposed at an impressionable age to the example of men who had read, studied, and traveled.

Now you may say scoffingly that the average undergraduate gets none of this out of college. I think he does, consciously or unconsciously. My son, for example, was profoundly influenced by friendships he formed at college with two professors—professors of Greek, by the way, who certainly taught him nothing that he can turn into dollars. I have heard many other college men speak of the influence that some professor—say Copeland, of Harvard—had in broadening their perceptions, their outlook, their philosophies. But if you insist that such college men are not average, I shall take refuge in my egotism and assert unblushingly that I don't think I should have been the average undergraduate, either. You can't argue me out of that.

I missed a training in systematic and orderly thought. A course that leads to the A.B. degree in the better colleges gives a balanced and rounded picture of the field of human knowledge. Or if that is too much to say, put it that the minimum requirements for a degree at least suggest that the universe of knowledge does have form and shape and interrelationship. I have acquired some store of information, but it is all haphazard and there are great gaps in it. It isn't co-ordinated. It is miscellaneous. I got it the hard way, also. It is a true saying that any intelligent man can get by himself whatever he can get from books in college—but in college he will get it ten times more easily.

I missed the best part of my youth. A critical four years, when I should have had the opportunity of studying, reflecting, and sometimes loafing and daydreaming, I spent in mastering hard, practical little tricks for getting ahead in a tough environment. By the end of that time, I was earning far more than the newly graduated college man of my age could hope to earn for some years. So what? What was the hurry? Poorer paid or not, the young college graduate was a better rounded man than I. At first, I used to deny that fiercely, but after a time I reluctantly admitted it to myself.

Another thing—the young college graduate thought he was a sophisticated dog, a man of the world; hadn't he been to the burlesque show and been a little tight on beer three or four times in senior year? But at his age, in the course of my work I had encountered such vice and depravity as he never suspected to exist. I knew things which it is well for any adult to know, I suppose, but I have good reason to believe that kind of knowledge is better acquired after twenty-one than before. Even if college is a place in which too many students learn too little, I still believe some sacrifice is worth while to give a youngster those four comparatively sheltered years in which to grow from boy into man.

I missed making friends of my own age. I quite agree that making friends is one of the principal values of college life—but not for the cheap reason that often prompts the remark. I know it would have been better for me to have formed friendships with boys of my own kind and at my own stage of development than to find companionship as I inevitably did with the hard-bitten older men I met in business, and whose attitude and habits I took on with the imitativeness of youth.

I wish I belonged to some group with common traditions and common ties. I wish I belonged to the class of 1910, somewhere, and could go back to reunions. I miss the sense of continuity of association that old college friends obviously possess. You observe I say nothing of the commercial advantages of being an alumnus; I don't regret at all that I didn't make a lot of "contacts" which would have helped sell bonds. I never missed that.

I missed the sense of equality with better-educated men. I had, no doubt, what we nowadays call an inferiority complex and I accorded college men a deference they didn't always deserve. Foolish, you say. Yes, but it was a handicap. It would have been worth a good deal to me, not in dollars and cents, but in self-assurance, if I could have had the inward feeling that my cultural background and my intellectual training were as good as anyone's. I've put this last because it is probably the least of the advantages of holding a college degree. Yet to give a young man the confidence that he has no cultural or social deficiencies is not a trivial thing, after all.

Well, these are the things I missed. These are the real values of a liberal arts course. I have no patience with the college graduate who whines that his diploma doesn't help him get ahead in business. And less patience with the college graduate who tries to prove that it does.

I believe that a liberal education should be a thing to live with, not on. Why don't the college graduates boldly assert that belief? It is a strange commentary, it seems to me, that after all the thousands of words of debate on the subject, it should be left to be said by a man who never went to college at all.

Religion

The College Man and Religion in the Future

CONRAD HENRY MOEHLMAN, 1879– . . .

Professor of the History of Christianity at Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, delivered this address last June at the University of Michigan's hundredth birthday in Ann Arbor. Professor Moehlman finds that there is a case for religion if religion is accepted as "faith expressing itself in love."

The *New Atlantis,* composed some three centuries ago, lets the Father of Salomon's House describe at length the purpose of the foundation. This Utopia includes caves of six hundred fathoms, tunnels through the mountains, the production of new artificial metals, the prolongation of life, soil chemistry, insulation, refrigeration, astronomical observatories, the harnessing of motor power, the control of the winds, air-cooled and purified rooms, baths for the cure of disease, grafting of trees, artificial incubation, dissection of beasts and birds, resuscitation of the dead, chemistry, inoculation, perspective-houses, light carried for long distances, sound houses, the capture of the voices of beasts and birds, helps to aid hearing, sounds carried by means of trunks and pipes, engines for all sorts of motions, wild-fires burning in the water, and descriptions which, if found in any book in the Bible, would long ago have been explained as predictions of airplanes, zeppelins, submarines, perpetual motion devices, statistics and Smithsonian institutes.

From *A University Between Two Centuries.* Proceedings of the 1937 Celebration of *The University of Michigan.* Edited by Wilfred B. Shaw. Ann Arbor, The University of Michigan Press, 1937. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

Mirabile dictu, it is only A.D. 1937, a century after the establishment of the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor! And yet the anticipations of Francis Bacon have become actualities. The shift in western civilization, beginning toward the close of the eighteenth century with the invention of the steam engine and the harnessing of the energy in coal, is completing itself in chemistry and electricity, the other elements of the trinity of the twentieth century.

The machine age, ending its phase of expansion through the construction of railroads, automobiles, airplanes and zeppelins, is now well along in its third phase so well described as the marriage between the machine and economic liberalism, resulting in contemporary technocracy, industrialization, sit-down strikes, and neo-Caesarism.

Let Spengler interpret our age of power:

> The intoxicated soul wills to fly above Space and Time. An ineffable longing tempts it to indefinable horizons. Man would free himself from the earth, rise into the infinite, leave the bonds of the body, and circle in the universe of space amongst the stars. That which the glowing and soaring inwardness of St. Bernard sought at the beginning, that which Grünewald and Rembrandt conceived in their backgrounds, and Beethoven in the trans-earthly tones of his last quartets, comes back now in the intellectual intoxication of the inventions that crowd one upon another. Hence the fantastic traffic that crosses the continents in a few days, that puts itself across oceans in floating cities, that bores through mountains, rushes about in subterranean labyrinths, uses the steam-engine till its last possibilities have been exhausted, and then passes on to the gas-engine, and finally raises itself above the roads and railways and flies in the air; hence it is that the spoken word is sent in one moment over all the oceans; hence comes the ambition to break all records and beat all dimensions, to build giant halls for giant machines, vast ships and bridge-spans, buildings that deliriously scrape the clouds, fabulous forces pressed together to a focus to obey the hand of a child, stamping and quivering and droning works of steel and glass in which tiny man moves as unlimited monarch and, at the last, feels nature as beneath him. And these machines become in their forms less and ever less human, more ascetic, mystic, esoteric. They weave the earth over with an infinite web

of subtle forces, currents, and tensions. Their bodies become ever more and more immaterial, ever less noisy. The wheels, rollers, and levers are vocal no more. All that matters withdraws itself into the interior. Man has felt the machine to be devilish, and rightly. It signifies in the eyes of the believer the deposition of God. It delivers sacred Causality over to man and by him, with a sort of foreseeing omniscience is set in motion, silent and irresistible.

In *Zeitwende,* Georg Lange depicts the cultural significance of the machine:

> The machine blossoms in the soil of a decaying humanity; for it is essentially soulless. . . . The world of the machine is marked by noise, stenches, foul air. The machine is impersonal. . . . Its purpose is merely external use. But utility is not a cultural objective. . . . The machine has so many apologists and fanatical defenders because it is so omnipresent and so necessary. But all the joys the machine affords man only make him more superficial and joyless. Culture is life; the machine is death. The rocks, the trees, the brook speak a living language; the factory chimney and the machine are dumb. When they do speak, they proclaim death. Everything touched by the machine loses its soul. . . . No one can create a soul in a machine. To live, one must keep his soul free from the deadening influence of the machine.

During the power age, fear and authority and mystery have all but vanished. Intelligence and courage are being substituted for fear and ignorance. Man has mastered the forces of nature to such an extent that he has begun to believe in "self-sufficient finitude" and is now engaged in answering the final question as to whether he should play God or Satan with his invention.

Naturally, a new orientation toward religion is occurring the world over. For as man controls his environment and fashions his future, his religion undergoes corresponding transformations.

The college man is probably most affected by this challenge of change. He has become very familiar with all the newer points of view. Traditional religion for him is merely of archaeological interest. How will the college man of tomorrow think concerning religion?

When he beholds it maimed and wounded at the side of the road, will he pass by on the other side or, recognizing its intrinsic worth to man, help apply restoratives? Would it not be the part of wisdom for the college man carefully to analyze all the factors involved in the present crisis, ere his prejudices crystallize to the disadvantage of religion?

I

Our tumultuous contemporary life is characterized by some very clearly defined trends. The world has become a neighborhood. An international point of view is slowly and exceedingly painfully coming to birth. The state is indeed a Leviathan approaching omnipotence. Science sits upon the throne as sovereign in every department of life where data are available. Our civilization is science-directed. A new economy is on its way to recognition. Earlier forms of family relationships and ties of social life are being seriously questioned. Education has been democratized to a very considerable degree. Inherited religious patterns of thought have been set aside as inadequate to the needs of the twentieth century. A new science and art of propaganda is by both frontal and flank attack taking the wise as well as the foolish captive.

That contemporary life is interdependent is a matter of everyday experience. Feathers from Labrador are in Ann Arbor pillows; furniture from Grand Rapids in the homes of Californians; soap from Cincinnati in Florida kitchens; flour from Minnesota in the bread of the more well-to-do in Berlin; oranges from Palestine in Munich; meat from Nebraska and Chicago in South African refrigerators; coffee from Brazil in Montreal; silk from Japan in Pennsylvania mills; tea from China in Kalamazoo cups; law from the pre-Christian era in twentieth-century American courts; manuscripts from Egypt in Washington museums. Verily, "we have been made for coöperation like the rows of the upper and lower teeth," and germs crawl over international boundaries.

To one viewing the development of government in perspective, something like a general curve is discernible, for government began when man recognized and practised the principle of deciding by majorities. The commonwealth originated when citizens regarded laws as binding upon all until revised in the light of experience. Representative government exists only when electors are bound by the decisions of those they have elected or, to put it another way, when settlements by the legislature bind the constituents. The postulate of democracy is that decisions are made in the general interest, often entailing the surrender of the individual's rights. In this interdependent world of the twentieth century it would therefore seem reasonable to hope that furious nationalisms would gradually be compelled to merge in larger regional units, and ultimately, in the fulness of time, in a commonwealth of nations.

To refuse to admit the "exclusive rights of science in the study of nature's activities, processes and changes" upon this Campus where precisely thirty-five years ago in the old geological museum my faith in science was born, would signify the betrayal of a fundamental conviction. The "I believe" of religion need have no quarrel with the "I know" of science. Religion calls for interpretation. Science is a study of processes, and looks toward generalizations. Religion needs the coöperation of science. May the newer appreciation and understanding between science and religion grow from more to more!

The omnipotence of the modern state in relation to the church is everywhere in evidence. The church no longer claims the right to "direct power" in political matters, but would be grateful for some sort of a guarantee that its traditional religious rights may not be curtailed by any rampant nationalism. The world over the church appears to be on the defensive, pleading that the state will at least abandon its hostility toward the church even if it cannot advance to benevolent neutrality or favor toward it.

In our more honest moods, most of us acknowledge that we have been victims of propaganda altogether too often since 1914. By pamphlet and button, by handbill and petition, by radio and public address, by press campaign and editorial column, at club luncheons and in novels we are solicited for this and that until very little independent analysis survives. A valiant few are reading between the lines and are becoming a little more cautious and critical. When Etienne Dennery recently made a tour of our western colleges he discovered that American professors always charmingly welcomed him but immediately asked, "Who exactly is sending you? What is the purpose of your visit?" Possibly in time a few Americans will learn how to prevent themselves from signing petitions in March which they would fain burn in May.

No less a critic than James Russell Lowell advanced amazing claims regarding the Puritan influence upon public education. After penning a charming description of the village school of his day, he continued:

> Now this little building, and others like it were an original kind of fortification invented by the founders of New England. They are the martello-towers that protect our coast. This was the great discovery of our Puritan forefathers. They were the first lawgivers who saw clearly and enforced practically the simple moral and political truth, that knowledge was not an alms to be dependent on the chance charity of private men or the precarious pittance of a trust fund, but a sacred debt which the commonwealth owed to every one of her children. The opening of the first grammar school was the opening of the first trench against monopoly in church and state; the first row of trammels and pothooks which the little Shearjashobs and Elkanahs blotted and blubbered across their copy books, was the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence. . . . What made our Revolution a foregone conclusion was that act of the General Court, passed May, 1647, which established the system of common schools.

Whether Lowell was justified in his eulogy or not, "the idea of elementary and secondary schools supported by taxation, free from ecclesiastical control, and offering instruction to children of all classes" is a fundamental American principle and practice in this centennial year. It is now generally held that:

> Successful popular government assumes the education of all children, that each family is under obligation to educate its children, that when any family neglects to educate its children, the state has the right to intervene and enforce such education, that the state may determine the minimum amount and the nature of education, that the proper method of defraying the expenses connected with public education is general taxation.

Some three decades ago, Henry Adams announced his discovery of four phases in the history of man and called them the religious phase, the mechanical phase, the electric phase, and the ethereal phase. To the religious phase Mr. Adams assigned 90,000 years, ending that phase at A.D. 1600. Because of its long presence with man religion had come to be regarded as indestructible. It seemed so universal; so interwoven with all life; so powerful because it could grant life through its sacraments and confer death through its anathemas and assign the fulfilment of its promises to the future when they could never be demonstrated to be false; so indestructible because it could always have recourse to allegory to resolve what was contradictory into beautiful harmony and to compromise in order to conceal its conflict with science.

But during the last three centuries the older patterns and controls of religion have been slowly but certainly disintegrating. The authority of a person surrendered to that of the Bible, and thereupon to that of the conscience of the individual, and finally to that of relativity, until now it is confidently predicted that Christianity will disappear by A.D. 2100.

Hence, a sense of universal crisis pervades the religious atmosphere. All religions are involved: Christianity, Mohammedanism, Hinduism, Buddhism. All levels of society are affected, from peasant and worker to scholar and saint. The church has received sociological classification. The non-Christian elements in Christianity are patent. The history of religions has robbed Christianity of its uniqueness. Historical criticism has destroyed the inherited theory of the inspiration of the Bible. The text of the Old Testament as well as of the New Testament is in dispute. Psychology has transformed old-fashioned "regeneration" into something like "religious committal" or less. So distinguished a church historian as Adolf von Harnack summarized his final verdict upon the Old Testament in these classical words: "The rejection of the Old Testament by the second century church would have been a tragedy; its retention by the church of the sixteenth century was fated; its employment at present as a canonical archive in Protestantism is the result of religious and ecclesiastical paralysis." Our intellectuals refer to the "twilight of Christianity" or identify it with the culture of Europe which likewise is a glory that was.

II

With the case against religion in general, and Christianity in particular, the twentieth century is only too familiar. Its failure in mission, its lack of appeal, its antiquated dogmas, its inefficiency, its record for bigotry, intolerance, superstition, its opposition to progress, its promotion of economic fundamentalism, its schisms and disunity, its inconsistencies are regularly discussed in books and upon the silver screen.

Suppose that, in the interest of brevity, Kant's indictment of Christianity be admitted as Exhibit A:

> History tells how the mystical fanaticism in the lives of hermits and monks, and the glorification of the holiness of celibacy, rendered great masses of people useless to the world; how alleged miracles accompanying all this weighed down the people with heavy chains under a blind superstition; how with a hierarchy forcing itself upon free men, the dreadful voice of *orthodoxy* was raised, out of the mouths of presumptuous, exclusively "called" Scriptural expositors, and divided the Christian world into embittered parties over credal opinions on matters of faith (upon which absolutely no general agreement can be reached without appeal to pure reason as the expositor); how in the East, where the state meddled in an absurd manner with the religious statutes of the priests and with priestdom, instead of holding them within the narrow confines of a teacher's status (out of which they are at all times inclined to pass over into that of ruler)—how, I say, this state had finally to become, quite inescapably, the prey of foreign enemies, who at last put an end to its prevailing faith; how, in the West, where faith had erected its own throne, independent of worldly power, the civil order together with the sciences (which maintain this order) were thrown into confusion and rendered impotent by a self-styled viceroy of God; how, both Christian portions of the world became overrun by barbarians, just as plants and animals, near death from some disease, attract destructive insects to complete their dissolution; how, in the West, the spiritual head ruled over the disciplined kings like children by means of the magic wand of his threatened excommunication, and incited them to depopulating foreign wars in another portion of the world (the Crusades), to the waging of war with one another, to the rebellion of subjects against those in authority over them, and to blood-

thirsty hatred against their otherwise-minded colleagues in one and the same universal Christendom so-called; how the root of this discord, which even now is kept from violent outbreaks only through political interest, lies hidden in the basic principle of a despotically commanding ecclesiastical faith and still gives cause for dread of events like unto these—this history of Christendom (which indeed could not eventuate otherwise if erected upon an historical faith), when surveyed at single glance, like a painting might well justify the exclamation: *tantum religio potuit suadere* (such evil deeds could religion prompt).

III

Is there no case for religion? When everything seemed lost to Germany in those dark days of February 1919, its chief church historian drew up seven short maxims to steady his faith and clarify his thinking: (1) without national consciousness, no people; without humanitarianism, no true greatness; (2) without authority, no organization; (3) without personality, no life worth while; (4) without conquest of class consciousness, no civil peace; (5) without wealth, no culture; (6) without the right to coerce, no state; (7) *without altruism and fear of God, no future.*

If "religion is the strategy of human life in the face of destiny," or "the pursuit on the part of the community or the individual members of the community, of what are thought to be the highest social values"; if religion is "devotion to the highest," "allegiance to an ideal," "ethical enthusiasm directed toward the enrichment of the individual life and the improvement of the social order"; if the "function of religion is to reveal supernatural values, such as sympathy, self-sacrifice and love, to individuals and to help them realize such values in their lives"—then no apology for religion is necessary.

Indeed, there is also a case for the church as an institution. Every ideal, to perpetuate itself, must be institutionalized. The institution inevitably impairs the ideal. But that risk is unavoidable. The church has always been repentant. From the days of Peter and Paul to those of Fosdick and Niebuhr, the ministry has been making its confession of sin. In case of the American churches there are some extenuating circumstances, too. During the century which witnessed the transmission of the religions of Europe to these shores, religious wars were on over there. All its religious suspicions and vindictiveness were transplanted to the British colonies in North America. The churches in the United States are voluntary organizations. They must win and hold their numbers without coercion. The churches are not picked clubs of intellectual and ethical liberals but cross sections of the entire nation. When one recalls that the conservative masses make up the membership of the churches, their relative progress has been excellent.

Churches must rest their appeal upon idealism. But the higher your appeal the less your response. Thousands may attend a football game. The president, secretary, and one member from the ranks in attendance upon a meeting of the Browning Society would almost anywhere constitute a quorum. The millions now contributing to the maintenance of the churches must be getting some returns or they would join the ranks of the unchurched. If there were no churches our idealists would proceed to organize some. Historically speaking, even our fossilized denominations can be understood. The churches steady and reënforce our moral nature. Elevating the morality of a large modern nation is like attempting to lift the Empire State Building with a Ford jack. Was it not a liberal who asked, "How can we see life steady and see it whole unless some such central group helps us to achieve clear spiritual vision into the complex facts and forces of the good life? And is this not the first and foremost function of the church?" Was Emerson too charitable when he urged his day and generation not to be "betrayed into undervaluing the churches which annoy you by their bigoted claims. . . . I agree with them more than I disagree. I agree with their heart and their motive; my discontent is with their limitations and surface and language. Their statement is grown as fabulous as Dante's Inferno. Their purpose is as real as Dante's sentiment and hatred of vice"?

We should frequently recall that man became interested in character only some five thousand year ago. Emerson was not in error when he wrote: "We think our civilization near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society the influence of character is in its infancy."

Far from being interred during the nineteenth century, Christianity engaged in the greatest missionary expansion in its history, cultivated its ethical discernment, liberalized its confessons, creeds, and dogmas, became conscious of and ashamed of its disunity, and gave birth to a new and vital social emphasis.

IV

If religion desires to be a pillar of fire going before the human race, showing it the way instead of assuming the rôle of an ambulance which "follows in the rear and picks up the exhausted and the wounded," it must keep up with broken hearts. To lead effectively in our time, religion must be intellectually defensible. It must get rid of any ancient shells which prevent the new life from expressing itself. It must not continue to identify tradition with the eternal. It must not interpret programs that are gone with the principles that endure. It must not be in conflict with the demands made upon the mind today.

Vigorous contemporary religion cannot escape from a social emphasis. Any "philosophy which would keep economic interests and ethical idealism safely locked up in their separate compartments finds that each of the prisoners is increasingly restive." A religion which refuses to be social begins to ask the state to do what it might help accomplish. It may even come to depend upon the state and be compelled in the end to defend the unjust practices of a government. It may lose its hold upon the life of the people and become identified with the state. Almost four decades ago, a German wrote of State-churches:

> [They] have been the cause of much stunted growth. They have weakened the feeling of responsibility, and diminished the activity, of the evangelical communities; and, in addition, they have aroused the not unfounded suspicion that the Church is an institution set up by the State, and accordingly to be adjusted to the State. The Church must not allow itself to be made into a pliant instrument; for, side by side with all the desolating consequences to its vocation and prestige, it would thereby become an outward institution in which public order is of greater consequence that the spirit, form more important than matter, and obedience of higher value than truth.

The incurable disease of religion is the worship of the past. But religion must face the future if it would lead. To fall down and worship ancient framework and scaffolding while present duties remain unattended to is a major tragedy for any religion. As one modern prophet has put it:

> What the church needs therefore is a great wind of free thought—not reckless, scoffing free thought from the outside, but the earnest constructive free thought from within. She must make a new alliance; she must preach the impartial spirit, the truth-seeking spirit; she must clear her reputation of partisanship and fostered ignorance. She must frankly discard her obsolete creeds, her absurd hymns, her absurd Sunday School lessons that teach the folk-lore of the Old and New Testaments as if it were literal facts; she must learn to use hymns and prayers that express moral ideals and aspirations, to teach not legends and miracles but the wonder of a purified heart and an altered life.

The Christianity of the future will become more and more humble. It will produce more than one Albert Schweitzer, who is in Africa today to make atonement for the white man's injustice and cruelty to the black man, confessing:

> A heavy guilt rests upon our civilization. What have not the whites of all nations since the era of discovery done to the colored peoples! What does it signify that so many peoples where Christianity came have died out while others are vanishing or at least disintegrating? Who will describe the injustices and atrocities committed by Europeans? . . . A heavy guilt rests upon us. We must save them. When we do good to them, it is not benevolence, it is expiation!

Brotherliness and coöperation must be in the religion of the future. We shall ultimately ethicize all relationships of life or bring on the final catastrophe. That poem which appeared in the *London Daily News* some years before the World War began should have been heeded:

Hamlets breaking, homesteads drifting,
  peasants tramping, towns erased;
Lo! My Lords, we gave you England and
  you gave us back a waste
Yes, a desert labelled England;

Where you know and well you know,
That the village Hampdens wither
and the village idiots grow.
That the pride of grass grows mighty
and the hope of man grows small.
Will you call on croft and village?
Let the rabbits hear your call!
Would you call upon the people?
Would you waken these things then?
Call on God whose name is pity,
Do not ask too much of men.

The Christianity of the future will pay more attention to the law of sowing and reaping, to broken wings that keep one near the ground. For one cannot get back the years that are gone, or blot out the stains of wrong that remain.

V

Religion represents two age-long quests of man. From the dawn of history man has sought to penetrate the mystery of life. That search has been accompanied by the discovery of meaningful cultural values.

His personal religion is every man's secret. No outsider should invade that sacred realm. But in the areas where religion impinges upon the common life and is concerned with the American way of life, the obligation of culture suggests an intelligent and constructive consideration of the problems involved. Both as a man of culture and as an American citizen the college man should be familiar with the general story of religion on this side of the Atlantic during the last three centuries.

The four religious areas of primary interest to the college man of tomorrow are those of religion in its relation to the state, of religion and education, of the promotion of religious understanding, and of the cultivation of the good life. In each of these spheres the college man should make a special contribution to the enrichment of American life.

Should not the college man be interested in retaining the superlative and priceless American politico-religious heritage? One glance at the religious chaos in Europe should suffice to bring conviction on this point. Why need no serious religious problem between church and state exist in the United States? Because toward the close of the eighteenth century a new definition of the relation between church and state was formulated and finally written into our fundamental law. When once it was recognized that the "manner of discharging religion can be directed only by reason and conviction and not by force or violence," the next step could be taken of no longer requiring that:

> [Any] man should be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place or ministry whatever, or burdened in his body or goods, or should otherwise suffer, on account of his religious opinions or belief; but all men shall be free to profess and by argument maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge or affect their civil capacities.

In 1787 the principle of religious liberty was applied to the entire Northwest Territory, of which Michigan was a part, in those memorable words which greeted the freshman of a generation ago in the auditorium of old University Hall: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." By the Sixth Article of and the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, religious tests for "any office or public trust under the United States" were forever abolished and the Congress was prohibited from enacting any "law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Rivalry among the sects, and *national* ecclesiastical establishments were thus prevented. To quote the opinion of Judge Joseph Story, the intent of paragraph three of Article VI was:

> To cut off forever every pretense of any alliance between church and state in the national government. . . . The whole power over the subject of religion is left exclusively to the state governments, to be acted upon according to their own sense of justice, and to the state constitutions; and the Catholic and the Protestant, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Jew and the Infidel may sit down at the common table of the national councils without any inquisition into their faith or mode of worship.

Although the Constitution of the United States did not impose the principle of religious liberty upon the existing thirteen states, the Supreme Court has held that the "law knows no heresy and is committed to the support of no dogma, the establishment of no sect," and has interpreted the Fourteenth Amendment to mean that no state may so standardize its children as to compel them "to accept instruction from public teachers only." All the states are opposed to taxation in support of any religious organization. "The matter of religion has been left to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions." Religious freedom exists today in a general way, either constitutionally or *de facto,* in the various states. Yet the American doctrine of the separation of church and state does not make "professed doctrines of belief superior to the law of the land." All the innumerable American religious groups exist under and within the law and may not claim any special privileges or engage in any overt acts in conflict with that law. Religion cannot be used as a cloak to cover infractions of the statutes.

The American experiment, separating the spheres of church and state, in spite of severe criticism by Europeans, has justified itself in experience and appeals to every intelligent American as the only way to avoid friction between church and state. Americans of all faiths "believe in the absolute freedom of conscience for all men and in the equality of all churches, all sects, and all beliefs before the law as a matter of right and not as a matter of favor." Woodrow Wilson was convinced that our liberties would be safe "until the memories and experiences of the past are blotted out and the Mayflower with its band of pilgrims forgotten; until our public school system has fallen into decay and the nation into ignorance; until legislators have resigned their functions to ecclesiastical powers and their prerogatives to priests." And the college man who is not thrilled by this summons to defend the American solution of the religious problem probably failed to register for even an elementary course in American history while in attendance at the University.

During the colonial period education of every type was rather generally under the jurisdiction of the churches. New England's *First Fruits* states:

> After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship and settled civil government: One of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust.

To this day the seal of Harvard contains *Christo et ecclesiae.* William and Mary was fostered by the bishop of London. Yale was founded because "several well-disposed and public-spirited persons had sincere regard to and zeal for upholding and propagating the Christian Protestant religion by a succession of learned and orthodox men." Its seal still has the Hebrew words for light and truth written across the open Bible. The charter of the University of Pennsylvania affirms that the "well-being of a society depends upon the education of their youth in the principles of morality and religion." The seal of Princeton University consists of a shield resting upon a circle with an open Bible containing Latin characters for the Old and New Testament and the motto, *Dei sub numine viget.* King's College, now Columbia University, described the final purpose of its founding to be "to lead them [its students] from the study of nature to the knowledge of themselves and of the God of nature and their duty to him, themselves and one another; and everything that can contribute to their true happiness both here and hereafter." Rutgers College owes its origin to zeal for education and religion shown by Dutch colonists in New York and in New Jersey. One of the aims of Williams College was to promote virtue and piety. Brown University adopted as its motto *in Deo speramus,* its charter provided that "into this liberal and catholic institution shall never be admitted any religious tests. . . . Sectarian differences of opinion shall not make any part of the public and classical instruction."

Several years prior to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States it was felt that an intelligent citizenry was essential to the maintenance of democratic ideas, and universal literacy to the development of an effective democracy, for section sixteen in each township in the territory to be organized as Ohio was reserved for public school purposes. But, because of the relationship between church and school inherited from colonial days, the Federal Constitution made no provision for the fostering of education. In the thirteen original states the emancipation of public education from ecclesiastical control was, therefore, an exceedingly gradual process.

Among those who clearly discerned the educational consequences of religious liberty and the requirements of the new democracy was Thomas Jefferson. He held that all the people were not only entitled to education, but must be provided with it, for education was the "only sure means of promoting human happiness, and freedom and democracy." Moreover any sects who desired to teach their peculiar tenets must provide the necessary financial means. The fight for a system of public education free from religious supervision reached its crisis in Massachusetts one-half century after the convention which framed the Federal Constitution adjourned. Precisely one century ago Horace Mann made his first educational tour of the schools of Massachusetts, discovering the continuation of sectarian instruction despite the proscription of the use of sectarian books by the law of 1827. An agent of a religious publishing house, hoping to dispose of some of the literature with which his organization was overstocked, organized a formidable religious propaganda in behalf of sectarian instruction. It was during this bitter and protracted controversy that the slogan, "the public schools are godless," was invented. *Acriter pugnatum est,* Julius Caesar would have commented. But when even the orthodox finally realized that they had been deceived, this sectarian onslaught upon public education met with defeat and the principle of the free public school spread over the country.

The deliverance of the public school from ecclesiastical interference is one of the greatest achievements of the nineteenth century. It was due to a number of reasons such as sectarian rivalry and bickering, the desire of one religious group to take advantage of another or to prevent its competitor from controlling education, the increasingly cosmopolitan character of the population of the United States, the wide diversity in religious types, the recognition of the fact that the totality of Christians in the United States on the membership rolls of the churches constitutes only a minority of the population, the inability to agree upon a Bible text, the educational insufficiency of proposed courses of religious instruction, the implications of religious liberty, and the rise in the general cultural level.

Of late some American churches have been agitating for the return of the direct teaching of religion to the class rooms of public education on the ground that the child receives the impression in the present situation that "religion is a negligible subject." It would seem to be the duty of the parent to explain to Junior the genius of the American plan of the separation of church and state and remove the child's erroneous impression. Indeed, one wonders whether the agitation is not really due to the general retardation observable in religious education and the evident need for a complete reconstruction of its own curriculum. Too many sectarian points of view still disgrace denominational leaflets.

A century after this educational war in Massachusetts, lovers of public education, and especially college graduates, should not be deceived by this propaganda which, if successful, would turn the American educational clock back to the period preceding the Civil War. Public education is designed to prepare the American child to live creatively in the American environment. Although the public school may not and should not teach religion directly, everyone should understand that public education always has inculcated religious and ethical attitudes indirectly. How? The answer is, "in arithmetic, by accuracy; in language, by teaching them to say what they mean; in history, by humanity; in geography, by breadth of mind; in handicraft, by thoroughness; in astronomy, by reverence; on the playground, by fair play. It teaches it in kindness to animals, by good manners to one another, and by truthfulness in all things. It teaches it by showing the children that their elders are their friends and not their enemies." And we submit that these emphases matter more than the names of the kings of Israel or of the apostles and an alphabetical list of scripture verses. The campus of the public school is the one area in American life where religious and racial tolerance are cultivated. It is America's protection against numerous efforts to stir up religious prejudice.

It has recently been said, rather justly:

> In classrooms, day by day, thousands of teachers come in contact with children of all sorts and conditions, races and nationalities, religious and ethical backgrounds. From homes of every kind—those broken by disputes of parents, wracked by the uncertainties and distresses of poverty and unemployment, no less than those tranquil in manage-

ment and supplied by the means of material wellbeing. From homes poor in spirit, devoid of art, without books, without interest in things above the routine of living and the babble of gossip, thin in culture, perhaps tinged with crime, beset by distempers of mind, no less than from homes that represent the best in American life. Hence in the classrooms is manifest the gamut of American civilization. . . . Education supplies an ethical cement that helps to hold together the very civilization in which all services operate, upon which they depend for sustenance.

If any church, sect, or denomination desires more than this, "if it wants religiously controlled and motivated education" for its children, then it should pay for it out of its own funds and conduct it in its own schools upon its own campuses.

The college man may promote religious understanding and advance the best interests of his church by reforming it from within far better than by criticizing it from without. An institution may always be helped more from the inside than the outside. Churches will be continuing their ministrations to mankind long after this generation has been added to its fathers. The continuity of the church is not the issue. The issue is what kind of a church does the college man prefer. Shall the churches of the future become narrow, bigoted, reactionary, or progressive and in sympathy with the broader trends of American life. The ignorant will always seek out a church. Unless cultured people in greater numbers support the churches, there is grave danger that the earlier cruder forms of religion may undermine the nobler American ideals. . . . Lower forms of religion are always in hiding awaiting a favorable opportunity to express themselves.

The choice before the modern world, then, is not concerned with the continuation of religion but with what kind of religion. Shall the religion of the twentieth century be one of magic, cruelty, reversion, or one of intelligence, beauty, and ethical grandeur?

Why should not the cultured person be interested in actively promoting a religion whose content is faith in the good life, the advocacy of understanding in preference to fear and hate, the maintenance of peace and goodwill, the knowledge that happiness is an accompaniment and consequence of creative living, the recognition that progress, to be lasting and enduring, must be in accord with structure, and that "explosions make ruins, but ruins are not solutions."

It is not at all too extravagant a faith to assume:

> A mightier church shall come, whose covenant word
> Shall be the deeds of love. Not "credo" then—
> "Amo" shall be the password through the gates.
> Man shall not ask his brother any more,
> "Believest thou?" but "Lovest thou?" and all,
> And all shall answer at God's altar, "Lord, I love."
> For Hope may anchor, Faith may steer; but Love,
> Great Love alone, is captain of the soul.

The college man may also promote understanding among divergent religious groups. With all the religious mischief-makers roaming around on all American frontiers seeking to set cult against cult, sect against sect, denomination against denomination, the person of culture is needed to allay alarm and foster understanding.

Now and then a little evidence is presented that not all distinguished Americans are deserting the churches. A few years ago, Professor C. Luther Fry compared *Who's Who in America* of 1910-11 with that of 1930-31 with a view to discovering whether there was an increase or decrease in those who reported denominational connections. The findings were that whereas only 25 per cent of those included in *Who's Who* had reported denominational connections in 1910-11, 56 per cent so reported twenty years later, with educators standing at 63 per cent, mathematicians at 52 per cent, and astronomers at 32 per cent.

A census of college men would show that many of them have broken with the religion of their fathers without making any replacement for its absence. The inherited dead-weight and unacceptable baggage of religion are so depressing that "the religious quality of experience" fails to come to an expression that corresponds to modern needs:

> Many persons are so repelled from what exists as a religion by its intellectual and moral implications that they are not even aware of attitudes in themselves which if they came to fruition would be genuinely religious.

An age that knows wireless and can fly cannot find spiritual sus-

> tenance in the food of an age that thought thunder was God speaking. Man's done with it. It means nothing to him. He turns all that's in him to get all he wants out of this world and lets the next go rip. Man cannot live by bread alone, the churches tell him; but he says, "I am living on bread alone, and doing well on it." But plumb down in the crypt and abyss of every man's soul is a hunger, a craving for other food than this earthy stuff. . . . A man wouldn't care what he had to give up if he knew he was working for something inestimably precious. But he doesn't know. Light, light—that's what he wants; and the longer it's withheld, the lower he'll sink.

Probably it might be just as well to remember:

> The best and the worst things that men do they do in the name of religion. Some have supposed that only supernatural religion could mislead. The history of our time shows that if men no longer believe in God they will make themselves gods of Power, of Evolution, of the Race, the Nation or the State. In the name of such gods will they drench a continent with blood, and the youth will offer themselves up as willing martyrs.

Most of us live in either-or worlds, forgetting that life is always both-and. Self-seeking is defined as the opposite of altruism, and individualism as the opposite of socialism. Some of our troubles are due to our false shibboleths and slogans. Is it any one's duty to "sacrifice his real self, his happiness and welfare, to the demands of a mysterious but terribly insistent corporation called society; as if we were somehow required by the eternal power that makes for righteousness to be continually swallowing bitter pills for the good of mankind at large?" Or is our work as social beings also self-realization?

Suppose God no longer exists for one, will such an one ever "be able to do without him until he knows in himself the reason why God was created?" If one cannot reject the contemporary concentration upon Mammon which is the spirit of our economic life, should that prevent him from modest experiments in otherism? Possibly "to be" is of some significance even to those who have.

Need a person become indifferent to the worthfulness of human life and the exploitation of fellowman because he can no longer accept his grandmother's theology? The tools for the mastery of the world have been fashioned by science, but human values are being sacrificed to the enthusiasm for gain. Human squalor, destitution, and despair are altogether too conspicuous in our present order. Why? The inherited religion has failed to produce a social conscience adequate to the problems of our common life.

As Sellars and Haydon have contended, this world needs to be remade by men of good will. The day of the "hard-boiled practical man" is at twilight. The "dreamy idealist" never becomes familiar with the practical technique without which his dream cannot be realized. Trained minds and specialized knowledge are in demand today. All this constitutes a challenge to men of culture. They must transform science and technology into instruments for the common good. They will need all the tremendous power of religion to accomplish their task. Social reconstruction must be recognized as a current major religious task, and since social justice has often been regarded as of the very essence of religion, why should it be so difficult for any college man vigorously to play his part in the solution of these distressing problems.

When President Eliot of Harvard said: "Now the true test of the religious quality of a human being is really this; does he love man? If he loves man truly, he cannot help loving God, and there is no way of telling whether he loves God except by seeing whether he loves man," he was merely returning to the fundamentals of ethical religion found in ancient Hebrew codes and combined into a unity by a peasant of Galilee: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thou shalt love thyself"; and to the classical formulation of Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God."

Would this appeal to the college man to make his religion more meaningful by enlisting in the crusade for the good life come with greater persuasiveness if endorsed by John Dewey? Or do I not get the drift of that paragraph in which he says:

> The things in civilization we most prize are not of ourselves. They

> exist by grace of the doings and sufferings of the continuous human community in which we are a link. Ours is the responsibility of conserving, transmitting, rectifying, and expanding the heritage of values we have received that those who come after us may receive it more solid and secure, more widely accessible and more generously shared than we have received it. Here are all the elements for a religious faith that shall not be confined to sect, class or race. Such a faith has always been implicitly the common faith of mankind. It remains to make it explicit and militant.

It is true, as Ortega y Gasset has observed:

> We live at a time when man believes himself fabulously capable of creation, but knows not what to create. . . . With more means at his disposal, more knowledge, more technique than ever, it turns out that the world today goes the same way as the worst of worlds that have been: it simply drifts. Hence the strange combination of a sense of power and a sense of insecurity which has taken up its abode in the soul of modern man.

VI

If religion has been so significant in the march of man toward the higher cultural levels should a student enter college under the domination of religious prejudice but at least related to one type of religious expression, and depart an enemy of all forms of religion? As the process of disillusionment goes on should it not be accompanied by a broadening of his religious horizons? Should not appreciation and understanding replace ignorance and prejudice? Would it injure him to become acquainted with the story of religion, to learn that pain is the price of progress, and that the path of service leads to satisfaction? If religion is "faith expressing itself in love" there ought to be some way in which an undergraduate might be indirectly inoculated with it.

In setting forth his plans for establishing the University of Virginia that great pioneer of freedom, Thomas Jefferson, suggested one way:

> In our university you know there is no Professorship of Divinity. A handle has been made of this, to disseminate an idea that this is an

> institution not merely of no religion, but against all religion. . . . In our annual report to the legislature, after stating the constitutional reasons against a public establishment of any religious instruction, we suggest the expediency of encouraging the different religious sects to establish, each for itself, a professorship of their own tenets, on the confines of the University, so near as that their students may attend lectures there . . . preserving, however, their independence of us and each other. . . . And by bringing the sects together, we shall soften their asperities, liberalize and neutralize their prejudices and make the general religion a religion of peace, reason, and morality.

Each college and university will feel its way to the arrangement best adapted to its peculiar circumstances. Any plan proposed for a state university must remain experimental and flexible. The *Counselor approach* to the problem suggested by President Ruthven and in operation at the University of Michigan avoids some of the pitfalls of other schemes. It is comprehensive, elastic, individualistic, refuses to approve "severe standardization, guards the University from participation in sectarian usages," and is cultural.

The deepest religious impressions of my life came to me upon this Campus. The greatest religious personalities I have encountered during almost three score years, I met here. Those who deal with the religious problems of students here should never forget to allow for the intangibles which never appear in statistical charts. The atmosphere and climate of Alma Mater are among those intangibles.

People and Places

"She Did Not Know How to Be Famous"

CLIFTON FADIMAN, 1904– . . . Book Editor of *The New Yorker* . . . here reviews *The Life of Madame Curie* written by her daughter, Eve. Mr. Fadiman believes, "Here is a book which reconciles us to belonging to the human race."

DESCARTES was unheroic, Leibnitz a fawning courtier, Willard Gibbs a recluse, Gauss cold and secretive. For all his nobility, Pasteur was tainted with chauvinism and race hatred. An infantile religiosity clouded to the end the magnificent minds of Newton and Pascal. Indeed, it is hard to think of many first-rate scientific careers in which some major flaw of character does not show itself, confounding our natural desire for wholehearted hero worship. But the lives of Marie and Pierre Curie, two of the most beautiful lives, I suppose, that have ever been lived, provide an exception. It was almost theatrically apt that this man and woman, with characters of shining purity, should have built their careers around a physical element recognizable by its indestructible and essential radiance.

The life of Madame Curie, who died in 1934, has now been written by Eve, her younger daughter, and sensitively translated by Vincent Sheean. One can give "Madame Curie" no higher praise than to say

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From *The New Yorker,* November 27, 1937. Used by permission of the author and *The New Yorker.*

When reviews of books are reprinted in this anthology, they ordinarily appear in the section, *The Critical World.* Because Mr. Fadiman here writes a biography in miniature, his book review has been moved to the section, *People and Places.*—The Editor.

it is almost worthy of its subject. It is not, I think, as solid a biography as it might be. It does not have that wonderful density of technical information, for example, which made Vallery-Radot's "Pasteur" a classic. It tells you just enough about radium to make you understand the great achievement of the Curies. But the biography of a scientist should do more. One can only regret that Irène Joliot-Curie (the elder daughter, co-winner of the Nobel Prize) did not collaborate with her sister on the scientific chapters. But aside from this defect, here is a noble and moving biography, which takes due advantage of the fact that the life of Marie Curie might have been conceived not by the accidents of nature but by the patterning brain of a tragic dramatist of genius.

One looks at the frontispiece, a photograph of Marie taken in 1929, when she was sixty-two. The face is lined. From underneath the white and casually arranged hair arcs an abnormally spacious brow. She is dressed in a simple black dress that looks like a laboratory smock. The face is that of a truly beautiful woman, the beauty lying in the bones and in the brain that sends its clear signals through the deep, penetrating eyes. What can Hollywood, when it films this book, do with such a face?

The story of Marie Curie is not merely that of a poor Polish governess who struggled against adversity and became a triumphant success. The story of Marie Curie lies precisely in the fact that she was happiest during her struggles and least happy when a vulgar world acclaimed her. Hers is a success story with an ironic twist. Einstein has said, "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted." "She did not know how to be famous," says Eve Curie. In one deliberate sentence of her perfectly composed introduction, she strikes to the heart of the secret: "I hope that the reader may constantly feel, across the ephemeral movement of one existence, what in Marie Curie was even more rare than her work or her life: the immovable structure of a character; the stubborn effort of an intelligence; the free immolation of a human being that could give all and take nothing, could even receive nothing; and above all the quality of a soul in which neither fame nor adversity could change the exceptional purity."

Recall that unbelievably dramatic life. She is born Manya Sklodowska, youngest child of a Warsaw physicist and a sensitive, tubercular mother. The childhood is unhappy, torn by the death of mother and eldest sister, rendered over-serious by poverty, given a certain tenseness by the fact that she is a member of a subject race, the Poles. She grows up, becomes the conventional intellectual rebel of her time, like "all the little Polish girls who had gone mad for culture." She is intelligent, but nothing yet reveals that "immovable structure" of which her daughter speaks. She becomes a governess, a bit of a bluestocking touched with Tolstoyan sentimentality. Now "the eternal student" begins to rise up in her. The little child who at five stood in rapt awe before her father's case containing the "phys-ics ap-pa-ra-tus" reawakens in the girl of eighteen. Her duties as a governess do not prevent her from studying. She has no money, not even for stamps so that she may write to her brother. But "I am learning chemistry from a book." Back in Warsaw, she is allowed to perform elementary chemical experiments in a real laboratory, and at last, after inconceivable setbacks and economies, after years of weary waiting, she goes to Paris to study at the Sorbonne.

On forty rubles a month Manya (now Marie) Sklodowska lives, studies, learns. Solitude, near-starvation, an unheated garret—none of these things matters, as long as at least a part of her day is spent in the laboratory. Now even the miserable forty rubles cease. She is about to return in despair to Warsaw when she is given a six-hundred-ruble scholarship. A few years afterward, with the first money she earns as a scientist, she returns the amount of the scholarship so that some other poor student may be assisted by it.

In 1894 she meets Pierre Curie, already a physicist of note, a mind "both powerful and noble." In an atmosphere of garrets and laboratories, these two, very grave and serious, conduct their love affair. They marry. On her wedding day, to the generous friend who wishes to give her a bridal dress, she writes, "I have no dress except the one I wear every day. If you are going to be kind enough to give me one, please let it be practical and dark so that I can put it on afterwards to go to the laboratory."

It is a perfect marriage, the marriage not merely of two people who love each other but, what is incomparably more interesting and important, of two great physicists who can help each other. It is Marie, attracted by the uranium researches of Becquerel, who starts herself and her husband on the long, tedious, glorious path at the end of which lies radium. They know that radium and polonium (named by Marie to commemorate her beloved native land) exist, but they must prove it. From 1898 to 1902, in a dilapidated, leaking, freezing shed, with primitive apparatus, with little or no help, unaided by the scientific bureaucracy or by the State, these two gentle fanatics work in an absorption that is like a dream. The government is too busy spending money on armament to buy them the few tons of pitchblende they need. Somehow they get their pitchblende, paying for its transportation themselves out of their insufficient salaries. With "her terrible patience," Marie, doing the work of four strong men, pounds away at her chemical masses, boils, separates, refines, stirs, strains. Somewhere in this inert brown stuff lies radium. Marie loses fifteen pounds during these five years. At last they isolate the element.

All this time they have been bringing up a family. They have had sorrows, family illnesses. Pierre's mother has died of the very disease against which radium is soon to prove a beneficent weapon. All this time no provision is made for these selfless geniuses. The State, as always, cares nothing. Recognition comes first from other countries, from Switzerland, England. "With great merit and even greater modesty," says Montaigne, "one can remain unknown for a long time."

Now the full implications of their work begin to appear. The immovable atom moves; matter is touched with a mysterious life; physics revises its nineteenth-century conceptions of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. The Curies are triumphant; and their first major decision is to refrain from patenting their radium-extraction process. They give it freely to the world. This gesture alone —or rather the inevitable expression of their characters—is enough to lend their lives a depth that can never attach to a commercial career like that of Edison. The difference between a Curie and an Edison is not merely one of scientific genius, it is a difference of order. The Curies are one kind of human being, Edison was another.

In 1903 the Curies, with Becquerel, receive the Nobel Prize for Physics. The world pursues them. Now they must flee the world. "In science we must be interested in things, not in persons," says Marie, who was never to be interested in herself. One evening, at the height of their fame, as they are about to leave for a banquet, Pierre looks at his wife, with her ash-gray eyes, her ash-blond hair, her exquisite wrists and ankles, and he murmurs, "It's a pity. Evening dress becomes you." Then, with a sigh, he adds, "But there it is, we haven't got time."

They are offered the slimy vulgarity of decorations, ribbons, rosettes. But no laboratory. (Pierre eventually died without getting his laboratory, without being allowed to work properly.) The life of the Curies will remain, forever terrible, as a sombre reminder of the stupidity, the greed, even the sadism of the French ruling class of the period.

Then on April 19, 1906, Aeschylean tragedy, cutting Marie's life in two, giving it at the same time a new emotional dimension. Pierre's head is crushed by a van in a street accident, and Marie becomes "a pitiful and incurably lonely woman." She refuses a pension (always the State makes its generous offers too late); she proceeds with the education of her daughters; she takes over Pierre's teaching post and, in a dry, monotonous voice, without making any reference to her predecessor, resumes the lectures at the exact point at which Pierre had left off.

The rest of her life is the story of her marriage with radium. For her laboratory, for science, she will do anything, even try to be "famous." In 1911 she receives the Nobel Price for Chemistry. During the war she equips, with superhuman energy, a fleet of radiological cars so that the wounded may be helped by X-rays. She is no rotogravure ministering angel, no Queen Marie of Rumania. She actually works—works for the State which had done its best in those dark years to prevent her from working. Later, again for the sake of science, she comes to America to receive a gram of radium from the hand of an amiable poker player who could not possibly have understood even the most trivial of the thoughts in Marie Curie's mind. Then, applauded by all America, she goes back to France, and all America turns to the next celebrity, Carpentier, to lavish an identical adulation upon him. Almost blind, her hands and arms scarred, pitted, and burned by thirty years of radium emanations, she continues her work almost to the day of her death, caused in part by that very element which she had released for the use of mankind.

Rarely—increasingly rarely—a book appears which reconciles us to belonging to the human race. Here is one.

"Aïda" Through the Looking-Glass

MEYER BERGER, 1898– . . . recently joined the staff of *The New Yorker.* As reporter for *The New York Times,* he covered, among many assignments, the Capone trial, the total eclipse of 1932, the New York City Earthquake, and the Texas School Explosion.

BACKSTAGE, at 7 o'clock, the Metropolitan Opera House seemed a likely spot for a witches' Sabbath. The vast, deserted stage (they told me later it is a hundred and one feet wide, seventy-five feet deep, and eighty-four feet high), was cluttered with Egyptian idols, old chariots, huddles of portable spotlights, crazy groups of ladders, scaffolds, and platforms, all cast in gigantic blocks of shadow. Feeble wall lamps, set deep in the fly rigging, functioned only to give aid and comfort to the dark and to coax forth deeply hidden childhood bugaboos. It was hard to believe that out of all this dimness and confusion there would develop, before curtain time at 8:15, the rich settings for "Aïda." Jules Judels, the rehearsal master, said to me, "You'll see." Mr. Judels has been with the Met. for forty-six out of its fifty-four years, but if he had any confidence at this moment he did not transmit it to me. His remark seemed sepulchral. Anything might happen.

I went outside to the Fortieth Street stage door, which is the men's side; women performers use Thirty-ninth. Supernumeraries for this night huddled against the opera-house wall in two groups—one made up of poorly dressed Negroes who were to be Ethiopian slaves, the other a gang of ill-dressed white men who were to be the Pharaoh's soldiers. The blacks, all silent, had their coat collars up against the wind; the whites, hands deep in overcoat pockets, muttered in Yiddish and Italian. Big Harry, who has been on the men's door the past five years, let all of them in a little after 7 o'clock, taking from each one a wrinkled postcard that said, "Please report to the Metropolitan Opera House at 7:30 P.M." and was signed "J. J." Harry's assistant, a glum

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From *The New Yorker,* Jan. 1, 1938. Used by permission of the author and *The New Yorker.*

fellow, punched each card in a time clock and handed out an orange ticket, used both as stage pass and pay check. "Supernumerary ticket," it says, "and receipt for $1, received in full payment for services rendered."

Judels mails out the postcards a week before the show, I learned. He has thousands of names on his lists, all divided into categories for the different operas. Some of the supers are on relief, but not all. Judels remembers when their pay was only twenty-five cents a night, and, before that, when music-loving seniors from N.Y.U. and Columbia did the work without pay.

College boys were all right, it seems, but they were apt to give in to whimsy and sophomoric kleptomania, two things that make a Met. stage director boiling mad. There's hell to pay, for example, if the tenor's sword has been snitched from the altar in the temple scene in "Aïda," or if the paper with the big red seal is missing in "Tosca." Tenors, even big, strong bassos, like to see things like that in their proper places. The management used to let the college-bred supers listen to the operas from the fly bridge, up near the lofty ceiling, but the boys were careless and flipped cigarette butts onto the stage. During "Tosca" one night, the city fireman on duty gave the lads a stern speech on fire prevention and ordered them from the bridge. The more earnest music-lovers among the students sometimes were as much of a problem as the pranksters. The rehearsal master remembers a night during "Lohengrin" when a Columbia sophomore got onto the set with his horn-rimmed glasses on his nose and a copy of the score in his hand. The mercenaries hired as supers now are not allowed to hang around when they've done their bit; they turn in their accoutrements, sign for their dollar, and go right back to Flatbush or Hunts Point.

I went with the supers down two narrow flights of sagging wooden stairs to an overheated, whitewashed room with a low ceiling and green lockers along the brick walls. Here they began tugging at their shoes, wriggling out of street clothes, and squirming into their Egyptian outfits. They dressed alongside long wooden benches and took their tights, tunics, surcingles, sandals, and helmets from big heaps on wooden tables in the middle of the room. Makeup men daubed them with eye shadow and grease paint and fitted them with dark, coarse-haired wigs. I looked at the supers when all this had been done and they seemed like anything on earth but the men-at-arms of a Pharaoh. They still had that New Lots and Mott Haven air about them, and they lounged around, schmoozing on conventional Bronx and Brooklyn topics, waiting for the call of the bell.

Upstairs again, I found more light on the stage than there had been, but not enough to keep me from fetching up against people in the aisles that run between the walls and the wings. Electricians and stagehands called to one another in backstage vernacular, lugged portable spots about, moved big platforms ("lumber" to the trade), and began to set up the first scene—the Hall in the Palace of the King of Memphis. Downstage and just off, in a solitary pool of yellow light, a man at a switchboard manipulated buttons marked for the different drops and curtains. Just to his left was another switchboard—the assistant maestro's—with a panel marked for "wind," and another for "rain," and two for "thunder." They keep two kinds of thunder on tap—distant, with remote rumbles, and closeup, with positive crashes. The rain is made by sand shaken in a bass drum under the stage. Everything is worked from the musical score set up on the assistant maestro's switchboard easel—sound effects, cues, curtains, drops, and all.

Beyond the backstage corridors I heard the principals warming up in their dressing rooms. Giovanni Martinelli broke into rich bursts of song and Carlo Tagliabue, making his début that night, tried a high note every now and then as makeup men applied an over-all smear of cocoa butter and settled his kinky wig for the Amonasro rôle. Mme. Tagliabue, who doesn't sing but has a reputation as a ballerina, kept popping in and out of his dressing room, very busy.

Things didn't seem to be clearing up at all; the whole place got more confused by the minute. I went onstage again and Jacob Buchter, chief electrician for thirty-one years and complete master of something like 1,000,000 candlepower in the place, was calling loud orders to his crew of twenty-two. They were up in the flies, down in the cellar, lugging big lamps up and down the corridors and testing lights all over the stage. The hubbub was terrific but I was assured that most of it died right in the drops and curtains, that early arrivals out front couldn't catch a decibel of it. Someone called hoarsely "Abe!" and somebody else called "Charlie!" and a third loud voice asked about "the giant strip." This turned out to be a long row of lights in a metal cover. The darkness at the ceiling melted slowly to sickly blue as the giant-strip lamps went on, and moonlight glowed on the temples and palaces of Memphis, and on the Pyramids. The orchestra began to play the overture.

Two tall priests slupped past me in loose sandals, one pair new and squeaky. They leaned against an idol, patting their freshly pasted stub beards, and got into a bitter discussion about rents on the Grand Concourse. Phil Crispano, the property boss, called from his booth in the wings down front and wanted to know how about Martinelli's sword. "Tell Davison to get Martinelli's sword!" somebody yelled. The message was relayed up and down the big hall, and after a while Davison showed up, shambled through the false moonlight, and slapped the sword on the altar. He was hardly back in the wing shadows before the strings were sighing in the orchestra pit and the curtain was going up.

Backstage, nobody seemed to notice that the opera was on. The two priests were still deep in the rent discussion, dancing girls talked with male choristers, people in all sorts of dress—Egyptian, Ethiopian, and modern—clumped around in irreverent boots and slupping sandals. I grew quite nervous about the noise, wondering if Martinelli and the whole cast wouldn't come into the wings and demand that everybody pipe down, until I remembered about the deadening effect of drops and curtains. Even so, I wasn't sure. At my elbow a fat stagehand talked loudly about Hollywood at the moment the aria soared out front:

Ce-le-ste A-ï-da, for-ma di-vi-na,
Mi-sti-co ser-to di lu-ce e fior . . .

Radames sang of his love for Aïda, but nobody back here seemed to care about it, one way or the other. The stagehand next to me talked on, in nostalgic strain, about life on the West Coast: "I used to woik for Selznick— Dave Selznick," he said. "Knew the whole Selznick family, old man an' all, right out there in Hollywood. I'm tellin' you, pitchers is the racket. Beats this opera racket, and out there you can lick rheumatism. It's the climate."

It wasn't long before somebody backstage remarked calmly that it was about time for the horses to be showing up. I got out to the Seventh Avenue side of the opera house, leaving the backstage clatter for the comparative quiet of theatre-hour traffic just below Times Square, and a few minutes later two huskies worked their way out of a jam of taxis and private cars, leading two white horses. They've used the same team—Anna and Robert—in the big scene in "Aïda" for more than twenty years, I was told; the team comes from the Ben Hur Stables on Twenty-sixth Street, which specializes in animals for the theatre. The horses clumped up a short wooden ramp, through a side door of the Met, and into a prop room. Dan McNamara and Paddy Mulligan, who work for the Ben Hur people, tied them to some props and went downstairs to get their Egyptian-charioteer costumes.

There is a strict rule about stable attendants being with the team every minute when they're in the wings or on the stage. Signor Crispano doesn't trust livestock; he says that no matter how long they've worked in theatres, you *can't* trust them. He likes Babe, though. Babe is a giant black horse who's been in the cast of "Götterdämmerung" ever since the Met. opened. Well, pretty far back, anyway. When the Ben Hur Stables get a vulgar assignment for Babe in one of the common theatres uptown, the attendant always has to stop off at the Met., because Babe won't set foot north of Fortieth Street until he's been led into the opera-house door and out again. Then he'll go anywhere.

The late Enrico Caruso, Mr. Crispano went on, was flattered no end one night when he heard that a certain fireman swapped his night off with the regular man just to hear "Aïda." The tenor walked up to this fireman right after the big scene—the one with the white horses—expecting to hear a comforting bit of homely praise. "That white team'd knock 'em dead in front of our engine," said the fireman. Caruso kicked chairs around when he got back to his dressing room, he was so mad. Earle Lewis, the Met's box-office treasurer, tells the same story, but he uses a traffic cop off the opera-house corner instead of the fireman.

I followed the chief electrician down under the stage. Through the boards we heard clumping feet and the chorus in "Su! Del Nilo." I floundered close at heel and got into the "submarine," where the lights man and the prompter have individual niches separated by a partition and facing the stage from a point between it and the orchestra pit. The lights man was fingering a panel set up in front of him and keeping an eye on a giant switchboard with hundreds of little printed signs: "blue foots," "green foots," "border lights," "white blue," and so on. Next to him the prompter was rattling along, keeping one line ahead of the opera all the time so the players wouldn't stumble.

The chief electrician let me climb into the light man's niche for a minute. It's a cramped little place and the job calls for a 37 or 38, as tailors figure. From here I got an unusual worm's-eye view of Martinelli and Bruna Castagna (she was doing the catty Amneris part) swapping compliments just before the aria "Numi, Pieta." You could make out every bit of paint, eye shadow, and pencilling on their faces. The lights man began to get fidgety, so I stepped down and we descended to the sub-basement. In one corner stood an enormous winch-and-pully outfit that looked like a torture rack; this turned out to be a hydraulic machine that lifts the heavy asbestos curtain which weighs four tons.

The first act was over when we got back to the stage floor. The man at the drop-and-curtain board let down the encore sheet, and while the cast bowed in the surf of applause, he called for changes in the drops for the second act. "O.K. on the back one, Ed. Start your other two down when you're ready. Watch your trim on Three, Ed. O.K., O.K." The perfumed censer was working for the second act. The stage director got the Moorish slave boys all set in their places with their feather fans and dispersed the dancing girls to their appointed spots. The stagehands shambled back to the wings to talk some more about the movies. The man who knew Selznick was a great favorite of Harry Rapf's, too. "That guy knew when you done your work right, and he appreciated it," he said. On the stage Aïda and Amneris were letting their hearts out in "Ah! On All My Anguish!"

I discovered now one Etienne Barone—"The Baron" to all the Met. staff. He was cutting corners as he scurried from the men's side of the house to the women's and back again, carrying little slips of paper. He's the man who makes sure all the principals are in the wings, ready to go on when their cues come, and the slips of paper remind him to remind *them*. That has been his job since he was graduated from the Met.'s ballet some years ago. He is tall, thin, and pleasant-faced, but always on edge. Principals rate three personal calls from the Baron. The Baron calls on them a half-hour before the cue, again on the quarter-hour, and for the last time a few minutes before they're due onstage. If they fail to make it, the Baron has to have a talk with Désiré Defrère, who's stage director and the big boss. This almost never happens, though.

The Baron was fussing with his little call slips just before time for Martinelli's entry in the last act, trying to get them in proper shape. His charges often wander away among the backdrops, coaxing their precious voices with little "mi-mi-mis" (a trick affected by some of the choristers, too, to attract attention), and he works up a sweat trying to find them. He had just come back from one of those expeditions in the labyrinth and was frowning over his slips. Defrère tapped him on the shoulder and looked significantly at the Western Union electric clock overhead. "Hey, Bozo," he said. "Martinelli." Barone grabbed up his little slips with a White Rabbit look and dashed into the outside corridor.

The ladies and gentlemen of the regular chorus scuttled for their communal dressing rooms as stagehands set up the last scene of the last act. The priests plucked off their tufted whiskers as they hurried along. They had just time enough, it developed, to get out of makeup, into street clothes, and below stage for their chant—the one that gives the proper melancholy note to the tomb scene. It didn't matter how they were dressed for that; the audience couldn't see them. "And when the show breaks," it was explained to me, "they can go right for the door and scram." The stagehands had their exit all figured, too. "We close the traps on the underground tomb, see? Then we're done. We leave the last setup for the twelve-to-seven shift. They shake down 'Aïda' and hang 'Siegfried.' Tomorra we come back and put up the 'Siegfried' lumber." The canvas for the Wagner opera was already "on the walk"—in Seventh Avenue, against the opera-house wall, covered with tarpaulins.

Under the stage, Fausto Cleva led his unfrocked priests and priestesses in the death chant. They had their overcoats over their arms as they chanted, or were shrugging into them and adjusting furs and mufflers. Above them, on the stage, broken-hearted Amneris cursed them, and in a way they seemed to have it coming: "Impious priesthood, curses on ye all! On your heads, Heaven's vengeance fall!" The priests couldn't be bothered; they piled up the stairs for their last stint, an offstage chant in the wings, around Fausto Cleva's melodeon.

The stagehands dropped the trap on the tomb, the front curtain went up again on the divided scene with gold light bathing the Temple of Vulcan, Radames and Aïda crouching in the half-light of the crypt. Bruna Castagna ploughed through the chorus, all a-rattle with beads and amulets, and started up rickety backstage stairs to the upper half of the set. The Baron fluttered after her as she made the ascent. She got to the platform on time. Two soldiers leaned down to help her up the last few steps. It was almost all over. Martinelli's voice poured from the tomb:

To perish! so pure and lovely!
To die, thine own self dooming.
In all thy beauty blooming . . .

The chorus, through for the evening, broke for the nearest exit in a swirl of furs and overcoats. Radames and Aïda were dying, but the chorus had to get to the subway before the uptown theatre crowd took all the seats. The stagehands had already gone. Except for a few dark figures here and there, the great hall backstage and all the corridors were deserted again. Amneris threw herself on the sealed tomb.

Peace everlasting, lov'd one, may'st thou ever know.
Isis, relenting, greet thee on high.

The drop man, in his pool of light, let down the encore curtain, got up, and stretched his legs. Martinelli and Gina Cigna, out of the crypt, were taking their bows.

(*Curtain*)

The Cow Country in Transition

EDWARD EVERETT DALE, 1879– . . . cowboy, ranchman, teacher of a country school, poet, essayist, and scholar . . . since 1924 Professor of History and Head of the Department of History at the University of Oklahoma.

RIVALRIES serve to explain many things in history. The rivalry between Athens and Sparta, Rome and Carthage, and England and Spain are all familiar Old World examples, while that between North and South, the industrial East and the agricultural West, and New York and Boston are equally familiar for the New. Similarly, rivalries have often existed not between cities, nations, or geographic regions, but between groups or certain social, economic, or racial orders within the same region. When the Anglo-American civilization struck the Spanish culture of the Southwest, when the English colonists came in contact with those of the French in Canada, or when the New England Puritans met and mingled with the German settlers of the Old Northwest, a struggle ensued as to which racial element and which type of social order should prevail.

Out of this mingling of two societies came first conflict and eventually a fusion producing a new order unlike either of the first two, but with some of the attributes of both. So developed a regional society, growing from two stems, which continued for generations and which still bears fruit of a hybrid variety showing certain characteristics of both parent stocks.

If "it is a wise child that knows his own father," so is it a wise society which knows both its own father and its own mother, or the two dominant roots from which it sprang. Obviously, these are often more than two in number, but perhaps in most cases two are so much more

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From *The Mississippi Valley Historical Review,* June, 1937. Used by permission of the author and *The Mississippi Historical Review.*

important than the others that they may logically be called the parents of the existing society. The father of the present social order in most of that part of the western prairie states settled within the last two generations was the wild, roaring "cow country" of earlier days, while the mother might be said to be the agricultural society of the homesteaders coming from the wooded, or partially wooded, crop-growing region of small farmers farther east. The story of their introduction to one another and the ripening of their acquaintance until "these twain became one flesh" is a story which, so far as the writer knows, has never been told with any detail. Yet it is a most significant story which, if the figure of speech may be continued, proves conclusively the truth of Kipling's famous statement that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." It indicates, too, that the bride did all the pursuing and having won her mate by strong arm methods, she eventually imposed upon him and upon the family most of her own ideas and ideals. The wild, roistering days of his youth were left behind. He and his children in time joined the wife's church, adopted her way of life and settled down as sober, respectable citizens. Only occasionally does the offspring show an outcropping of that paternal wildness which had made its father a bit notorious in earlier years.

It is true that during the period of the honeymoon the groom made a more or less determined effort to induce his spouse to accept his guidance as to the conduct of their daily affairs of life, but in this he met with scant success. She was an obstinate and head-strong wench and he soon became impressed with the truth of the old rhyme:

A wedding is the greatest place
For folks to go and learn
He thought that she was his'n
But he found that he was her'n.

This union was to bear fruit in the years following the Civil War when a vast stream of cattle flowed north out of Texas and spread over the central and northern plains, while agricultural settlement hesitated for a time at the eastern edge of the great prairies. Even a half decade after Appomattox the states and territories forming the second tier west of the Mississippi were comparatively thinly peopled. At that time their unsettled area included nearly all of the Dakotas, the western three-fourths of Nebraska, two-thirds of Kansas, virtually all of Indian Territory except for the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians in its eastern one-third, and the western two-thirds of Texas. Much of this region was potentially valuable for the growing of crops and all of it, together with the broad expanse of more arid lands farther west, was wide open to occupation by cattle. Within two decades after the close of the war the range cattle industry had spread over virtually all of this vast territory and had reached the point of its greatest extent and the height of its importance.

So came into existence that vast pastoral empire commonly known as the "cow country" in which society had for its economic basis, cattle and the native pasturage upon which they fed. Like every pastoral society, it was mobile, with the people who composed it far less fixed as to abode than were the crop-growing farmers farther east. True, some ranchmen owned in fee at least a part of the lands occupied by their herds and had built permanent homes where they lived with their families. Most of them, however, occupied temporary ranges upon the public domain or on Indian reservations where their tenure was most precarious and uncertain. In such cases improvements were of flimsy and temporary construction, and the headquarters was merely the administrative center of their business. As conditions changed, these men would, in a few years, shift their operations and establish new headquarters, or in some cases remove all or a portion of their cattle to new ranges quite remote from the original ranch. As for the cowboys who carried on the business, they seldom had any fixed abode which could properly be called a home. They occupied temporary line camps along the borders of a range. Here they might remain for only a few months after which they would be transferred to some other camp. They followed the round-up wagon in the spring or autumn, accompanied herds of cattle on the long drive up the trail, left one outfit after a few months or a few years to seek employment with another, and were in general a wandering and restless group seldom occupying, for any considerable length of time, a fixed habitation.

Since the cattle business requires comparatively few persons for its successful operation, the cow country was very thinly peopled and the society primitive and rough. The cowboy who is, however, often pictured either as a Sir Galahad or a wild semi-outlaw was as a matter of fact, neither the one nor the other. He was in most cases a young man who worked hard, lived according to his code, and who maintained toward his employer or the brand an intense and whole-hearted loyalty. That some were wild and rough cannot be denied, but they were by no means as black as they have been painted, or as they at times saw fit to paint themselves. The average cow-puncher was a sane and reasonably sober individual who lived a lonely, but not unhappy life. In bad weather he might endure considerable hardship, but this was forgotten when the sun shone bright and warm and colorful wild flowers sprinkled the green prairie. He liked his work, was proud of his job, and like every man on horseback whether he be called knight, *chevalier, Ritter, caballero,* or cow hand felt himself distinctly superior to the man who walked.

By the early eighties an enthusiasm for ranching on the great western plains, amounting almost to a craze, had swept over the United States and had extended even to Great Britain and the European continent. By this time, also, a curious kind of "American feudalism" had grown up in the Far West bearing certain similarities to the society of medieval Europe. The great ranchman often occupied a range larger than was the territory claimed by many a petty German princeling. His riders were quite as numerous as were the knights and men-at-arms of some of the Old World barons. His brand, the X.I.T., the Pitchfork, Frying Pan, or Long X, was as widely known as had been the bleeding heart of the Douglas, the white lion of the Howards, or the clenched hand and dagger of the Kilpatricks. The ranch house, where he dispensed a generous hospitality to all comers, except that it often shifted as to place, was somewhat of an equivalent to the medieval castle, and if the cow country had no tilts or tournaments, the rodeo or roping contest furnished a fairly satisfactory substitute.

The range area was peculiarly a man's country. One range rider has recorded that during a year's work he did not see a woman for nine months and the writer as late as 1904 visited a ranch in western Texas where the ranchman's wife asserted that she had not seen another woman for over six weeks. Since women were so few in number, they were held in high esteem and treated with an almost exaggerated respect. Many a quick-witted cowboy known for his gay conversation and clever repartee with his own kind became a tongue-tied, stuttering moron when in the presence of a woman with whom he was but slightly acquainted. Yet some few of the ranchmen had wives and daughters who gave a feminine touch to their homes and who would occasionally arrange social affairs which people traveled long distances to attend. These were, in most cases, dances with few girls and many "stags" where the "square dance" or quadrille was the rule. Music was furnished by one or two fiddlers, assisted at times by some one to "beat the strings" with two heavy knitting needles or pieces of wire. If the home boasted a cottage organ and some one could be found to "second on the organ," so much the better. The dance often lasted all night with supper served at midnight. "We danced the last set after sunrise" was a proud boast meant to indicate a remarkably good time. Since girls were so few in number, some danced virtually every set, and after breakfast mounted their horses to ride fifteen to thirty miles to their homes.

Such dances furnished the average cow hand with almost his only opportunity for the society of women. His pleasures were few and simple. He sometimes had at his camp a few books or magazines and of course played cards if he had a partner, or if some stray rider dropped in to spend the night. If on his rare visits to town he sought solace in a game of poker or a few drinks, he should be pitied for the loneliness of his life rather than blamed for his weakness or folly.

Into this rough, masculine society of the cow country eventually began to be projected a far different social order. Men from the settled regions to the east, eagerly seeking for "level land" upon which to establish homes, came in with their families in covered wagons, bringing not only strange tools and household goods, but even stranger ideas and ideals. Choosing one hundred sixty acre homesteads on the fertile plains, these men set to work to build homes, plow up the prairie sod, fence fields, and plant crops. Into a region of long-horned steers, hard riding men, boots, spurs, branding irons, saddles, ropes, and six shooters, they brought plows and hoes, pitchforks, churns, cook stoves, rocking chairs, feather beds, pillows, dogs, cats, pigs, and chickens, but most important of all, wives and children.

To a region of sour dough bread, beef steak, bacon, dried apples, beans, flapjacks, and coffee were brought salt rising bread, buttermilk biscuits, pies, cakes, doughnuts, preserves, jellies, custards, and fresh vegetables. To a vast area covered with cattle, these newcomers, curiously enough, brought milk and butter, articles of food from which the average cow-puncher shied as does a range horse from corn.

Most significant of all, these people brought the home, the school, the church, and the Sunday school to compete with the camp, saloon, dance hall, and gaming table. With all of these things they brought what was to the cow country a new conception of life and of society—a new set of objectives to be attained.

The effects of the impact of this sober, settled, industrious farming population upon the more primitive pastoral society of the cow country were at once apparent. The range riders regarded these intruders with some contempt and suspicion, not unmixed with active hostility. They must inevitably be men of small ideas, since each was bound to a petty one hundred sixty acres of land, walked rather than rode, and worked at such menial tasks as plowing, milking cows, and feeding chickens. The ignorance and general wrong-headedness of many a newcomer were, moreover, alarming. He climbed on a horse like a man going up a ladder, could not read a brand, and if he owned a saddle at all, it was an antiquated structure the very sight of which moved the punchers to spasms of laughter. His methods of doing business were mysterious and past finding out. The fence, designed to protect his field, consisted of one wire and a dog, and he possessed a "one way pocket book" wherein he hoarded diligently his few hard earned dimes.

"I guess old man Johnson's maybe a nice old feller enough," said cow hand, Bill Jones, "but he don't know nothin' at all about business. Why, he's savin' as hell."

"That's right," answered his companion. "You know th' other day he gave me a letter to mail and two copper cents to buy the stamp. I told him that nothin' less'n a nickel goes in this country."

"Just like him," replied Bill. "He may be all right in his way, but damn his way."

So spoke Bill Jones, and so spoke the cow country as a whole. The homesteader, commonly called the "nester" might be all right in his way, but it was a far different way from that of the range region, and the latter disapproved of it whole-heartedly. His penny pinching tendency was but one of many unpleasant characteristics, but that alone was bad enough. Any man who had been known to refuse a respectable traveler a couple of meals and a night's lodging, or even worse, to demand payment for such a trifling courtesy, was beneath contempt.

The range riders regarded themselves as far above any such petty meanness. In fact, until the coming of these homesteaders, such behavior was an unheard of thing. A rider might stop at any cow camp certain of food and shelter and a cordial welcome. If the cowboy stationed at the camp happened to be absent, it did not matter. No lock was on the door and any hungry traveler passing by was expected to go in and prepare himself a meal or spend the night if he wished, courtesy only requiring that he wash the dishes before leaving. The cow hands drew fair wages, had no families to support, and took very little thought of the morrow. Money, if they had it, was to spend. They bought drinks for the crowd, candy by the pound, wore expensive hats and gloves, and paid enough for one pair of boots to shoe the numerous issue of the homesteader for a whole year with something left over. If they wanted to shoot craps or play poker for high stakes when they were in town, who was to say them nay? It was their own money. If they lost it, they were sure of food and a place to sleep at any ranch or line camp in the whole great pastoral empire that was the cow country. Such minor courtesies as riding thirty miles to restore a strayed horse to the owner, lending a friend half a month's wages, or taking him a quarter of beef were a part of life. Would not anyone do the same? Of course he would, unless he happened to be one of these blue-nosed nesters!

The cow hands observed that their boss, who owned the ranch, carried on his business on the same basis, and they felt it must be the correct basis since he was a wealthy and successful man. His hospitality was boundless. Any stranger was welcome at the ranch and might stay as long as he liked. They had seen the ranch owner feed and care for from fifty to a hundred head of some neighboring ranchman's cattle all winter until the latter could come and get them. With many thousands of dollars in the bank he would give a common puncher a book full of checks signed in blank and start him out to buying steers, certain that every check would be filled out for exactly the correct amount required in each purchase. They had, in some cases, seen him play at dice for fifty dollars a throw and there were rumors of valuable ranches or an entire brand of cattle won or lost in a single poker game.

They knew that he had borrowed or loaned thousands of dollars with no collateral involved except the name and reputation of the borrower.

"I've been doing business with you for some time now," an old ranchman once wrote to a friend who had met with misfortune. "We've bought and sold back and forth, and I think we're about even. You figure it up and if I owe you anything, let me know what it is and I'll send you a check. If you owe me anything, just forget it." With such examples before him, it is not surprising that the cowboy was lavish with his money, nor is it strange that both he and his employer had nothing but contempt for the economic ideas of the settler. As a matter of fact, the business methods of the range area might be satisfactory enough so long as every one practiced them, but once brought into competition with the methods of the new society that was fast coming, they were nearly certain to bring ruin to those who could not or would not change.

If the range rider disliked the way of the pioneer settlers, however, the latter returned that dislike with full measure "pressed down and running over." The cowboy had, of course, no fear of the homesteaders except the fear that their presence might threaten the security of the only business the ranchman knew. The nesters, on the other hand, both feared and disliked the cow-puncher. To them the cowboy was a wild, reckless type who rode hard, swore hard, and feared neither God nor man. The nesters regarded the cowboy as a swaggering swashbuckler, who carried a gun, had little regard for horse flesh, and who seemed at all times to be "jealous of honor, sudden and quick in quarrel." He probably never attended church or Sunday school and would not, even if he had the chance. He spent his wages foolishly and was strongly suspected of playing cards and other sinful games. He wanted the region to remain a cow country, favored "free grass" and would doubtless be glad to see all the settlers "starve out" and depart for the region from whence they came. His ways were not their ways, nor his thoughts their thoughts, and his interests were certainly not their interests. The nesters wanted more settlers so that they might have a school and preaching at least once or twice a month as well as more and nearer neighbors. The cowboy asserted the grass was the best crop this land would ever produce and that the region would never be a thickly populated farming area; whereas on the hope that it would be just that, the first settlers had well nigh staked "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Eager for more neighbors, they wrote letters to friends and relatives in their old home urging them to come west. Some yielded to their entreaties and came, occupying homesteads near those of the first comers. Sod houses or dugouts sprang up—or down—as the case might be, and little communities of settlers began to be formed that were like small islands of crop growing in the midst of the vast area of grazing lands that formed the pastoral empire of the cow country.

These small groups of settlers were but the advance agents of a great population that was soon to follow. In the two decades from 1870 to 1890, the population of the Dakotas increased in round numbers from 14,000 to 719,000, that of Nebraska from 122,000 to 1,058,000, Kansas from 364,000 to 1,427,000 and Texas from 818,000 to 2,235,000. Making due allowance for inaccuracies in the census returns, these figures are still truly startling, but the full significance of this westward advance can be understood only after an examination of the census returns from some of the central and western counties of such states as Kansas and Nebraska, many of which show a population increase of a hundred fold in a single decade. During the next ten year period, from 1890 to 1900, the increase in population in the western counties of the states mentioned and in the next tier of states to the west was also very great; while Oklahoma Territory with only 61,000 people in 1890 had increased to 400,000 by 1900. Even in the first decade of the twentieth century Oklahoma, western Texas, and portions of other states in the range area show enormous increases in population.

Distrustful and contemptuous as the cowboy was of these earliest settlers upon the range, the time came when he could not entirely ignore them. Eventually the loneliness of life in his line camp or innate curiosity prompted him to stop at some homesteader's dugout or sod house to ask for a drink of water or to inquire about a stray horse. Here he in all probability made a discovery. The nester had a daughter—a comely young woman of eighteen or twenty years who even though she belonged to a despised order was nevertheless amazingly attractive! In a region where there were so few women, the coming of a new girl was regarded as an event of major importance. Too shy to talk much or remain long upon the occasion of his first visit, it was not many days until the cow hand returned bringing his offering in the form of half a quarter of fat beef, of uncertain origin, slung across his saddle.

The settler was suspicious of the Greeks when they came bearing gifts, but the family which had subsisted for weeks on a diet consisting largely of corn bread and buttermilk, warmed a bit to the giver. The wife urged that they could surely do no less than invite him to stay for supper. A kind of *entente cordiale* was established which, if tinged with distrust on both sides, did not perhaps differ so materially from similar arrangements made by nations of modern times. Away from the homesteader's family the cow-puncher sometimes felt a bit conscience stricken over his fall from grace and paid a visit to the daughter of some ranchman thirty miles away. Here he must meet the intense competition of a dozen other buckaroos and this, plus the memory of a pair of bright eyes, eventually brought him back to fraternize once more with this family outside his own caste.

The young woman's father spoke wisely and warningly of these wild cowboys and extolled in glowing terms the virtues of the hard working farm boy on the adjoining claim, but it was plain that the daughter did not altogether agree with him. This is not surprising. After all, the callow granger lad in his overalls, ninety-eight cent wool hat, and heavy plow shoes did not compare favorably with a dashing figure on spirited horse who rode a fifty dollar saddle, and wore ornate shop made boots, "California trousers," a white Stetson hat, and soft gloves of the finest buckskin. As for the younger children of the household, they made no attempt to conceal their enthusiastic admiration. A man who could ride a bucking horse, rope a steer, and who carried a gun, wore jingling spurs, and gave you half a dollar merely for opening a gate for him was someone to admire! They compared the two pound box of candy which he handed out so carelessly with the skimpy dime's worth brought from town by their father or the neighboring farm youth to be divided among four or five children, and it began to be plain where their affections lay.

It was not long until they began to imitate their hero. The father found his two younger sons trying to rope the dog with an improvised *riata* made from their mother's clothes line, or staging a rodeo back of the barn with the milk pen calves playing the rôle of bucking broncos. They played cowboy and whittled pistols from wood long before a certain public enemy, who found such a contrivance useful, was born. Sent on an errand to the little store and post office that had been established in the new community, they lingered to listen to the conversation of the cow hands who had dropped in to inquire for the mail or to lay in a supply of tobacco. After remaining as long as they dared, the lads at last returned to their home with the best alibi they could muster and a vocabulary vastly enlarged even if not exactly enriched. The old songs brought from the East as the "Gypsy's Warning" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" were apparently forgotten and the Sabbath stillness of the settler's home was shattered by such mournful productions as the "Dying Cowboy" or "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." The mother, torn between a natural feminine love for a romantic figure and fears for her daughter's happiness, began in time to yield a somewhat reluctant admiration to a generous and attractive young man.

After several calls upon the young woman, the cowboy summoned up courage to ask her to accompany him to a dance, but unless in the northern zone of settlement where the German or Scandinavian element was large, he in all probability met with a courteous but uncompromising refusal. Dancing in many regions seems to be at the two extremes of civilized society. The primitive and the sophisticated both dance, but the in-betweens will have none of it. The girl made it plain that she was a member of the church and dancing was taboo. They were building a little school house in the neighborhood and expected to have preaching at least once a month. If he cared to go with her to church or literary society or even to a social or play party at some settler's home, perhaps it could be arranged, but a dance was not to be considered. Even if she were willing to go, her parents would object and she was a dutiful and obedient daughter. So a play party or social it must be, attended largely by sons and daughters of the nesters. Here such games as "Miller Boy," "Down to Rowsers'," and "Shoot the Buffalo" were played by the young people, while their fathers and mothers, who thought dancing the invention of the devil, looked on with smiling approbation. Later when the school house was finished, he accompanied her some Sunday to church and sat throughout the sermon in a state of painful self-consciousness which was considerably accentuated when she whispered to him her wish that he, too, might make "Heaven his destination."

As more settlers came in, the school house became something of a social center. Here were held singings, literary society meetings, and box suppers. At the last named, the boxes were sold at auction and young men would bid vociferously against one another for the box of some particularly attractive girl. After the boxes had all been sold, a cake was often given to the most popular young lady. Votes were usually one cent each, and in most cases there were but two leading candidates. One of these represented the range riders' interests—usually some ranchman's daughter who was clever and witty, an excellent dancer, and commonly known as "good company"—whatever that might mean. In opposition to her the homesteaders would nominate a young woman who taught a Sunday school class, led the singing at church, and was known to be "good to wait on the sick." The two girls were conducted to the end of the room and seated near the teacher's desk where everyone could see the candidate for whom he was voting, and the contest began. As votes were called out and the money passed to the cashier, tellers checked on the blackboard the number of votes. In such cases the cowboys—even those who had shown some attention to a nester girl—usually rallied to the colors, while the granger lads and their fathers were equally determined to elect their nominee and vote *that girl* down! Eventually it became more than a contest between two personable young women. It was a conflict between two social and economic orders. To many of the settlers it was a struggle of the forces of evil against good, of darkness against light; of the past against the future. "Let us elect our candidate and prove to all that this is a progressive, God-fearing community, that the reign of the wild cowpuncher is over, that civilization is mighty and will prevail." Quite often the cow hands, who drew some thirty dollars a month in real money, were able to pay for more votes than could the poverty stricken settlers. Reckless with their money as in all else, the range riders did not hesitate to pay out their last dollar for votes, but the homesteaders did their best and if they went down in defeat, they felt that this was merely another example of the triumph of might over right and of money over principles. They were certain that their day was coming and that it would not be long delayed.

In this they were not mistaken. Settlers continued to pour into the cow country in ever increasing numbers and take up homesteads along the streams and in the more fertile areas of the wide prairies. The ranchmen were forced back into the rougher uplands sometimes remote from an adequate supply of water. Good land, however, produces good grass, while barren hills and thin soils afforded poor grazing. For a time there still seemed to be an abundance of pasturage. The cow men did not at first understand how much their range had suffered by the homesteading and fencing of the more fertile lowlands. Then they began to realize that their cattle did not fatten. They looked about for additional pasture lands, but they were not to be found. The range was steadily shrinking. Indian reservations were opened to settlement and a flood of homesteaders poured in, still further reducing the area that could be utilized for grazing. A village began to grow up about the first general store established in each community. Soon there came a second store, then a third, followed by a blacksmith shop, a hotel, and a church. Railroads began to penetrate the cow country and the village grew into a real town. Good land began to grow scarce. The homesteaders were soon very much in the majority in most parts of the cow country where there was sufficient rainfall for the growing of crops. Under such circumstances the fusion of the two social and economic orders went on rapidly. More and more cowpunchers began to call upon young women of the settler class. Dimly they began to comprehend how difficult it was for a man on a raw one hundred sixty acre claim to provide his family with the bare necessities of life. They saw the pitiful extremities to which the daughter of the household was driven to secure suitable clothing in order to keep herself attractive and to join in the social life of the community. Toleration took the place of the former antagonism and they began "first to endure, then pity, then embrace."

The homesteader, under the influence of closer association, found his prejudices beginning to melt. After all, these cowboys were not as bad as he had thought. Perhaps daughter might do worse. Unconsciously, his own conduct and psychology began to be at least slightly influenced by the customs of the range area. His horizon became wider. Finding he must travel greater distances than in the old home, he acquired another horse or two, secured a better saddle, and sometimes surprised his wife by the purchase of things formerly regarded as luxuries.

As the influx of settlers continued, church and school assumed a larger importance. An arbor was constructed and a revival meeting was held where cow hands who came to scoff sometimes remained to pray. Under the thundering sound of the minister's voice their thoughts turned to the sins of earlier days. They were strangely moved when the congregation sang "Almost Persuaded" or "Turn Sinners Turn," and they gazed with open mouthed awe while the three hundred pound wife of a settler gave a solo rendition of "Love Lifted Me," thereby furnishing uncontrovertible proof of the power of redeeming love! Seeing how much a deep religious faith meant to people who must endure the hardships and vicissitudes of pioneer life, they sometimes sought in religion consolation for their own fast multiplying troubles.

The ranchman, finding his range reduced, must purchase feed from the settlers or lease from them their surplus grazing land. Business relations once established paved the way for closer social relations. The old time hostilities and prejudices were passing. There were bitter-enders, of course, in both groups who found their dislike of the other class only intensified by association, but these were in the minority. Generally speaking, the reverse was true. If the examples, given largely in terms of individuals or single communities, should be multiplied by several thousand, a fairly correct picture would be presented of the cow country in transition.

As more of the range was settled and plowed, the ranchman found he must reduce his herds and began to ship all merchantable cattle to market. The settlers, once they had secured a majority in a community, usually proceeded to vote a herd law which forced the ranchmen to acquire land in fee and enclose it with wire fences. With reduced herds and fenced pastures, the rancher needed fewer men; cowboys of long experience found themselves out of a job and realized that it was impossible to secure one. Those retained, who had formerly scorned to do anything but ride, were forced to engage in such lowly work as building fences, plowing fire guards, and planting or harvesting forage crops—since with grazing lands so greatly reduced it had become necessary to feed cattle in winter. Some men out of employment rode farther west, seeking a region where they might hope to spend their lives in the cattle business, but it soon became apparent that there were not jobs enough for all. Many, especially those who had acquired a measure of tolerance for the new order, frankly accepted the changed conditions, married a nester girl, and took up a homestead. Here they grazed a few cattle, but it was not long until they began to plow and plant in awkward fashion and in time some became fairly successful farmers.

No doubt, most of these marriages were happy ones, though it is possible that a larger proportion were not successful than in the case of marriages between persons of less widely divergent backgrounds. Such a statement is impossible to prove, though some evidence exists that it may be true. Texas, with a population of slightly over three million in 1900, granted in the twenty year period from 1887 to 1906 over sixty-two thousand divorces, while Massachusetts, with a population of slightly less than three million in 1900, granted in the same twenty year period less than twenty-three thousand, and Pennsylvania, with a population of over six million, only thirty-nine thousand. Kansas, with a population of less than one and a half million, had nearly twenty-nine thousand divorces in the period from 1887 to 1906, while New Jersey, with a considerably larger population, had less than eight thousand. Colorado had nearly sixteen thousand divorces in this twenty year period, though the total population in 1900 was only slightly over half a million, while Connecticut, with a population nearly twice as great, had in round numbers only nine thousand. No doubt the greater ease with which divorce could be secured in a western state had its effect, but the very fact that divorce laws were more liberal in such states is in itself significant.

Not all cowboys who found their vocation gone would become farmers. Many who still hated the new order drifted to town seeking employment that would not put them into the class of the despised nesters. Three lines of business appealed to them and all three were doomed to speedy extinction. They could open a butcher shop in some small town, buying and slaughtering their own cattle; they could establish a livery stable and continue to work with horses; or they could open a saloon. With the coming of railroads and refrigerator cars, the great packing houses forced the local butchers out of business; the automobile destroyed the livery stable; and local option and later prohibition closed the saloon.

The ranchman fared no better in the midst of changed conditions than did his cow punchers. Some few who were wise accepted the inevitable, sold their cattle for what they would bring, bought a little land, and established a live stock farm. Others who were foolish tried to hold out as long as possible, borrowed money at ruinous rates of interest in order to rent pasturage or purchase feed, and in most cases lost everything. Their lax business methods might be satisfactory enough in a region where everyone else practiced the same code, but in a society which pinched pennies and drove hard bargains such methods could end only in disaster and financial ruin. The wrecks of many ranching enterprises that strew the one time cow country give eloquent testimony as to how far this is true.

The desperation with which some ranchmen clung to the old order is little short of tragic. Like the Indians of the Ghost Dance who believed that the whites would vanish from the earth and the plains again be covered with buffalo, some of these men with an almost religious fervor held fast to the belief that the nesters would eventually return to the old homes from whence they had come and that the region would once more become a pastoral empire as in days gone by. Their awakening came late, but in most cases it was thorough. Pasturage grew more and more restricted. Every portion of the range area suitable for crop growing—and much which it now seems was not suitable—was occupied. The cattle disappeared from the plains as if by magic and farmers armed with the tools of their craft sprang up on all sides as though some unseen hand had planted dragons' teeth on every hill and in every valley.

At last the cow man realized that the old order was gone and broken in fortune, in many cases, he accepted the inevitable and set to work at strange tasks often with only his two hands with which to earn a living for himself and family. One who knows at first hand the story of these men is likely to forget their shortsightedness and poor judgment and to think only of their courage. Occasionally one of these men who has not yet accepted the new order may still be seen. Such an individual stands like a blackened tree trunk in the midst of plowed fields, a mute reminder of a bygone era. Janus like, he looks in two directions—toward an old world that has gone forever and toward a new one which he does not even remotely understand.

Though the cow country has passed away and the social order it produced is largely a memory, its influence throughout the region where that order once prevailed is still apparent. It is not mere accident that the University of Texas calls its magnificent dining hall the "Chuck

Wagon" or that the walls of one of its finest buildings should display the old cattle brands of the Lone Star state, while a similar building at Harvard has carved beneath its eaves quotations from the Bible or from the classics. It is not by chance that traveling salesmen avidly read cowboy stories or that thousands of staid, sober citizens attend each year the rodeos held at many places in what was once the cow country. It is significant that Rotarians purchase from mail order houses cowboy suits for their offspring and that thousands of people tune in each evening to hear some crooner render, with a Manhattan accent, "A Home on the Range," or "The Last Round-up." One finds a distinguished college professor decorating his office with a magnificent pair of steer horns and framed pictures of trail herds, round-up wagons, and other cowboy scenes. Throughout the West dude ranches have sprung up where college boys and girls, tired business men, and society matrons may for a consideration dress in leather chaps and ten gallon hats and ride the range under suitable guidance, returning in the evening to eat from tin plates about a mess table and to sleep in a glorified bunk house.

Occasionally, in a more civilized society, a bit of the wild lawlessness of other days crops out as a reminder of the code of men long since dead. Old man cow country has gone, but his spirit still lives on in a generation that never knew him in the flesh. He was a good old man according to the standards by which he lived. May his memory long remain green in the hearts of his descendants.

Grape Harvest

NORA WALN, 1895– . . . besides giving us much pertinent information on how the grapes that make the famous Rhine wine are grown, draws for us some fine German characters. Miss Waln's latest novel, *Reaching for the Stars*, appeared early this year.

I

WARM weather lingers late in the sheltered valley of the Ahr. "Old Wives' Summer" the autumn is often called here. But by the end of October there is frost in the air from the Eifel every night after sunset, and when I first came to visit in the home of Wolfgang and Anna Bender, in early November, 1934, even the tardiest of the plants had joined the more prudent in drawing down their precious green chlorophyll. Leafed in reds and gold, the trees and vines and grasses filled the valley with such beauty as sets the heart to dancing in delight.

Anna met me at the foot of the path that leads through terraced vines to her door. I saw her standing there before I got down from the postal bus—a slender woman in a fresh print dress, her brown hair worn in a coronet braid round her head, with eyes that are cornflower blue. When we were in her house, my wraps and valise put away, we had coffee seated by a broad window. Then she fetched her work, the ripping of her husband's overcoat. Supplied with a ripper, I helped.

Below us to the river sloped the vineyard of her dowry. Through an orchard on the west we could just see the roof of her parents' dwelling, which is set in a dell. Some distance beyond rose the steeple of the village church. The gray stone cottage in which we sat, with the grape terraces on three of its sides and a wood lot over the hill, is Wolfgang's inheritance from his father.

Anna led me to an east window to point out a sunny ridge, saying: "My man has chosen the best of all his land for a new vineyard. Our eldest daughter, Anna-Marie, is sixteen. The grapes are ready to bear

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next season. The harvest from these young vines will be hers to fill her hope chest, and when she weds the vineyard deeds go with her to her new home."

We took up our ripping again while Anna talked on about her children: "After us, the homestead will go to Hans, our second son. Ernst, our first-born, does not want a vineyard. Not all children born to farm families belong to the land. It is best for those who are not the land's own to follow the call which bids them be away. Ernst would be a physician. He has gone to learn. A vineyard keeper has gentle skill in his hands, endurance, intuition, and the power of quick decision. A vine-keeping ancestry may help our Ernst to be a wise physician."

Hans and his father came in from the wood lot, where they had been cutting grape supports. Greetings over, Wolfgang noticed our work.

"I am repairing this coat for the last time," Anna told him. "After next harvest you must buy a new one."

"It has been a good coat," he answered. "There is no weaving now like the wool cloth made before the war."

"The best of cloth does not last forever," she reminded him. "This is the third time I have turned this coat. The collar and cuffs are so worn that I must cut new ones from the length. Very short it will be!"

"Well—after next season's picking I'll get a coat," he promised.

Anna-Marie returned from helping with her grandmother's baking day, bringing a warm, fragrant currant loaf; and her mother promptly made her a witness to this overcoat agreement. Born in that dark winter of despair, 1918, she is her father's pride. "My sunshine" and "my light" he calls her in his sentimental German way.

"If you find any fault in her you must not blame her," Wolfgang will often say. "If she is spoiled, then I am at fault for spoiling her."

Soft of voice and quick of wit, yet with no barb in her words to hurt those against whom her humor is directed, she has inherited her mother's lithe figure and her father's red-gold hair.

Suse and Otto, aged nine and ten, slipped in. They had loitered on the way from school. Each gave me a grubby hand and made me a deep bow. They were scolded and kissed by both mother and father and sent to wash. They soon returned, shiny-clean, to stand leaning against their big brother Hans, one on either side of his chair.

Everyone in the Bender family has his or her duties. There is no discussion as to who shall do what in the daily tasks. On the evening of my first arrival, before the family scattered to tend the animals, gather the eggs, milk the cows, and prepare a bountiful supper, Wolfgang played Beethoven's Sixth Symphony on his gramophone.

"Some day I hope to own the Ninth," he declared as he put the records carefully away in their case.

During my visit Anna cleaned and pressed the cloth of his overcoat, and puzzled out its remaking to the best advantage. Sewing on the buttons, the morning of my departure, she assured everyone within hearing, "This is the last winter he can wear this coat." And as he tried it on, thrice turned and now shortened by the necessity of replacing its frayed collar and cuffs from the length, Wolfgang affirmed, "Yes—next autumn, if there is profit in the harvest, I'll get a new coat."

II

While the vine sleeps the toil of the vineyard keeper goes on. "Grape growers who would prosper must water their vines with sweat every month in the year," according to Anna's father.

Men of prudence firm their terraces as soon as the harvest is cut, putting back any stones that have fallen from the walls which hold them to the hill, and replace rotted vine supports with new posts. Their womenfolk go through the vineyards lifting each vine that has been pulled down by the weight of fruit and retying it securely to its supporting post with binders of reed.

Time is then taken from the care of the vineyards to make the homesteads and the places of community meeting snug against the coming cold. Roofs are mended and storm doors put up on house and stable. The kitchen shed is filled with fuel. Tender garden plants are bedded with leaves and mats. Men join in tightening their churches, neighborhood halls, and schoolhouses. Indoors the women make ready for winter by closing every crack that might let frost into the cellars where food is laid by for the season when nothing grows, looking over the family's warm clothing, airing the feather quilts, and refilling with fresh earth the pots of ivy geranium, begonia, and oxalis that bloom by the windows.

"Men should be ready for their wood-lot work when the leaves turn," young Suse informed me.

"When the leaves yellow, the trees are drawing their life fluid down into their roots for winter storage," Wolfgang explained. "Vine supports are strongest if hewn when this life fluid is passing through the tree's trunk."

Wood should season a year before it is set in the earth, so the vineyard keeper hews his vine posts the autumn before he needs them. Oak is best. Oak properly cured will hold a vine through all weathers for twenty years. Therefore in his wood lot it is the oaks that Wolfgang pampers by clearing out other growth to give them plenty of air and light. Helping the acorns to sprout abundantly, he picks up handfuls that have fallen in the shade and scatters them in open glades. Often he transplants oak saplings to better places than those where they have started. Hewing his vine supports, he bears in mind the generations to come after him, and takes no more than he must each year.

The Benders stack their roughly hewn posts in an open-ended shed, leaving the trimming and shaping to be done on days when weather makes it impossible to work out of doors. The posts hauled in, the next job of the year is the carrying up of manure from the cow stables to enrich the terraced earth. This is the hardest of all a vine keeper's work. It occupies much of the winter. Hods are used, similar in shape to those masons have, but larger, and Hans says there is no way to carry them but on a man's back. A man in the prime of his strength can make fifteen trips a day to a height of six hundred feet, carrying a hundredweight each time.

I enjoyed my first visit in Anna's house, and as I left she bid me come again freely whenever I wanted to. I have gone often, finding peace there from the stress of my own city life.

While the vines are dormant it is the women's task to prune them back, leaving only one branch of last season's growth, which is to bear next summer's grapes, and to clean all twigs and grippers from the stalk. Trimmed while they sleep, the vines do not bleed. In open weather Anna and Anna-Marie kept at this job, as it takes many months to attend to all their vineyards. On rough days they were occupied inside, preparing the coils of rye straw and reed twine used for binding the grapes to their supports. Both the straw and the reeds are soaked in water, then worked until pliable.

Snow fell on Christmas Eve. All through January the valley of the

Ahr was mantled in white. There were three days of vacation for Christ's Feast. Then the Benders went on with their work. Except when there was rough wind or blinding snowfall, Wolfgang and Hans continued to carry their hods up into the vineyards. The grape growers of this place unload their fertilizer in evenly spaced heaps and do not spread it until certain there is enough for all the vines. Otherwise a vine keeper might find that he had none for the last terrace.

When they are doing this work Anna will not let her menfolk into the house until they have washed and changed. She puts warm water and fresh clothes in the shed for them.

III

In February we enjoyed a false spring in a sudden thaw and a spell of weather so warm that it was comfortable without a coat. The air was laden with the promise of summer. I went down to Anna's to find young Otto sunning himself on the doorstep in company with Tiger, the cat.

"Liegt die Katze im Februar in der Sonne, liegt sie im März hintern Ofen mit Wonne," the boy sang out as I approached.

The others were all up in the vineyards. He had been left to tend the home chores and was sitting with Tiger until milking time. On one of the terraces I found Anna, Anna-Marie, and Suse busy with their pruning shears. They all agreed that the weather was lovely, but hoped that the mildness would soon end, lest the vines be wakened.

Wolfgang and Hans were hastily hoeing the manure into the thawed ground to save it from the winds which might blow it away in March. The soil here is filled with slate. They all believe that the slate gives their grapes an iron which builds up strength in those who drink the wine such as is not found in the juice of fruit grown elsewhere. Slate makes the earth hard to till. Wolfgang and Hans were tearing the ground open with hoes resembling miners' picks, digging the fertilizer well in. The more the earth is tilled, the better vines thrive. All the year, whenever they can find time from other tasks and the ground is not frozen, they work through their vineyards terrace by terrace. The end reached, they turn back to start again where they commenced to hoe.

"Twenty times round each vine is the least number of hoeings any sensible tiller gives," according to Hans. Otto is too young yet to do a day's work with the hoe, but he is often made to do a hand's turn that he may grow into understanding of the patience that a man needs.

The weather did soon turn colder, as the Benders wished, but with a greater fierceness than they desired. Otto's prophecy, quoted from his grandfather, came true. March arrived with a blast that drove the cat behind the stove. The earth was frozen hard, and cracked open. The heaving frosts split vineyards asunder. Stones from the supporting walls were tumbled from terrace to terrace. Ragged gashes were torn across the ground—looking into them, one could see the exposed vine roots. Men hastened into the bitter weather to mend as best they could the damage done by the cruel strength of the cold, stuffing sacking, newspapers, and old quilts in to cover the roots.

The changeable weather brought the valley an epidemic of influenza. Anna's own hardy family escaped the sickness. She joined a corps of neighborhood women quickly organized to nurse the suffering. The local doctor was away when the epidemic began, answering a summons for having turned a radio off when Adolf Hitler was speaking. When he returned he praised the women highly for having used just the right remedies in his absence.

There was great rejoicing at his return. Reported by a malicious person as disrespectful to the Führer, he had taken his case directly to Berlin. He had turned the radio off because while it was on he could not hear the heartbeat of a sick child whom he was tending. Pleading his own case, without a lawyer's aid, he had won release and pardon. He had been away less than a fortnight.

"There is justice in our Fatherland," he told patients as he went his rounds.

The true spring came with Easter. The Eifel whitened as with drifted snow under the blossoms of the wild cherry and the blackthorn. Grass sprang up. Primroses unfolded their petals. Violets lifted their heads. Iris thrust clean blades through the soil in Anna's garden. Yet the grapevines slept on, heedless of the perfumed call of growing things.

After April's second gentle rain, Anna's Cousin Beckhaus, a near neighbor, set out a new vineyard, moving his plants before they wakened. Each little vine was shaded with a slate to keep the sun from pulling too hard on it during its first summer on the terrace. Vines are started from slips, usually in the kitchen garden, as his were. For three years after transplanting they are pruned back to drive their growth into the root, and in the fourth year vines are allowed to bear their first grapes. The crop comes strong and healthy.

There is a Portuguese grape grown here sometimes which bears for a hundred years, but unfortunately its taste is not a favorite. People of the Ahr prefer varieties of red and white French grapes which have to be replanted about every twenty years. The roots go down forty feet and more, and they must be pulled out with chains when the vineyard ceases to bear. The land has then to rest for three or four years while the soil is cleaned by growing vegetables in it. The clever among experienced vineyard keepers are wise concerning the crops that are best for reviving the ground so that vines will thrive in it again.

In the Ahr a man may not plant just what he will in his land. He has to carry every slip he desires to grow to a communal examination before he can put it in the earth. There are many grape diseases and this common law is a safeguard for the valley. If disease does get into a vineyard, the vines are destroyed and the plot fenced and sealed by the mayor until the earth is cured. The American wild grape has been found marvelously free from the danger of root trouble and Ahr growers like to use it as a stock grafting on their favorite variety.

In recent years government regulations forbidding the sending of money out of Germany have made it difficult to secure these roots, but some families have a relative living in the States who will express them and wait for payment until international economics are untangled. Wolfgang got American roots for Anna-Marie's vineyard, and the vines for Cousin Beckhaus's planting were grown from slips which she gave him.

During the fair days of spring the men hoed diligently in their vineyards, letting air and light in round the grape roots. Anna and Anna-Marie bent the single branch which they had left on each vine, when they pruned, into a hoop, binding it into shape with the rye-straw twine; then fastened the hoop to the vine's post with a knot of reed.

Through a diligent bustle and stir all down the valley the vines continued quiet. The swallows had long returned; the blackbird had finished his courting song; the larks were nesting before the grapes cautiously stretched out leaf buds clad in mittens of fuzzy wool.

IV

"*Bodenständig* should only be used in reference to folk who stand firmly on the earth," spoke Anna, correcting me. "Like the noun 'farmer,' it is a word that no family has a right to until it has proved its steadiness by more than one generation of successful living on the land."

A vineyard keeper worthy of this title has his wood lot for poles, his field for potatoes, his orchard of fruit trees, his stabled cows, his dwelling house, and his vines. He eats bread of his wife's making which is baked in the village oven, where each family has its allotted day and the fire is banked over Sunday. His laundry is rubbed clean at home, rinsed in the clear waters of the Ahr, and bleached on the grass. He walks without arrogance but with self-respecting dignity. And, Protestant or Catholic, he brings his children up to earn their keep, pay their debts, revere God, and love the Fatherland.

When such a man marries, in the valley of the Ahr, he needs four thousand vines to support himself and his wife in decency. As his family increases he requires more. A healthy man and his wife can tend up to eight thousand vines without undue strain, but if they increase their vineyards beyond this number they should employ help—unless they have grown sons and daughters. Casual labor does nothing except harm in a vineyard. Vines thrive best when tended by persons who have grown up in the vineyards. It is the custom here for young folk who do not yet own enough grapes to occupy them entirely to hire themselves out to neighbors; and it is the recognized duty of a son, or a son-in-law, to tend the vineyards of parents who have lost their strength.

Along the lovely green waters of the Ahr, since Napoleon passed, the vines have been the property of working vineyarders. This arrangement differs from conditions on the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle, where many of the vineyards are owned by absentee landlords and a goodly number of the best terraces are held by the Prussian State. Charlemagne planted the first grapes to grow in German soil. According to legend, he sent his servant Kunrat to Orleans for the vines and set them in the earth with his own hand. When the first wine harvest was ready he journeyed from Aix-la-Chapelle, in regal procession, to taste the beverage. Draining his golden goblet, he declared the German wine to be a drink which gave back his youth.

After this success, many vineyards were planted along the Rhine and the Rhine's tributaries. Graf von Hochstaden, Count of Altenahr, who held the land on both banks of the Ahr by feudal right, ordered it terraced and set with vines. When he died, his valley of vineyards was inherited by his brother, a Catholic bishop. The bishop bequeathed it to the Cathedral of Cologne.

When Napoleon came he took the valley of the Ahr from the Church and sold it out in small lots. Many families here speak with pride of their deed from Napoleon. Folk who stand firmly on the earth, they have held to the opportunity which the Corsican gave them through all the decades since.

V

Under the hot sun of May the woolly knobs on the grapevines pushed out farther and farther. Now that the vines were waking, the vineyard keepers feared a frost. May the eleventh, the thirteenth, and the fifteenth are called "The Three Ice Holies."

"This is the time when icebergs floating down from the far North bring cold to Germany," the village cobbler told me when I took my country shoes to be soled.

Visiting at Anna's, I found the family saying prayers daily in church, as their neighbors were. Thermometers had been hung in all the vineyards and men kept guard at night, reading the temperature every half hour. The "Holies" passed safely, but the watchmen stayed on, neighbors taking turns, as the air held frost.

On the night of the sixteenth an alarm was given which set the church bells ringing from village to village, calling out the vineyard keepers and their families. Cannons barked the order for fires to be lit. The people knew where to set their fires and how many to put alight by the way the cannons were fired. They worked in corps, each with a leader whom they obeyed without question or delay.

The village was wrapped in a blanket of protecting smoke made by burning coal tar. The greatest danger is on the clearest nights, and the lower parts of the vineyards are in gravest peril because the cold intensifies by its own weight. The peril is in the sudden thawing under the morning sun, when the life drips out of fruit buds. Wrapping them in smoke prevents this thawing.

Such a frost is a nuisance to the German housewife, who likes her house kept spotlessly clean, but for the sake of the vines, which are the valley's livelihood, the valley must be filled with coal-tar smoke. Black gets in everywhere. Still, everyone is glad to have the grapes saved.

After dawn the buds were officially examined and in every village along the Ahr the *Bürgermeister* pronounced the grapes unhurt. Bells and cannon carried the glad tidings. Laughing and singing in their relief, the people of the Ahr filed into their churches to thank God for His mercy.

Then the women hurried home. By noon the smoke had settled. At supper-time Anna had fresh curtains up, snowy linen on the beds, the doorsteps scoured, and the garden flowers rinsed off. Rain at the end of the week washed the valley, cleaning away the last traces of tar smoke.

The vines put forth branches. The leaf buds broke their sheaths and slowly unfolded their tucks, spreading their greenness shiny and moist to the sun. Under the protection of the leaves the flower buds opened their tiny petals, and the bright June weather was sweet with the blossoming of the grape.

I sat by the river bank watching swallows teach their young to feed on the wing. Four round little birds, steel-blue, squatted on the swaying branches of a riverside willow. Scolding and coaxing, turning and twisting in flights of easy grace, the mother and father, their cheeks pouched with insects, circled over their children. One by one the birdlings would venture out to have their mouths filled, then flutter back to a perch.

But Wolfgang and Anna, hurrying by, gave no heed to this. In June the attention of vineyard keepers centres on their vines. She carried her scissors. He had a spraying tank swung over his shoulder.

Bright June weather brings on the first real surety of harvest—the tiny green grapes, a few days after the blossoms fall. It also brings on the danger of mildew and hatches out the hay moth. Wolfgang fights mildew with sprays of sulphur and copper vitriol thinned with chalk milk. Every leaf on every vine must be noticed; those on which the spray is blown take on a gray-blue color. Mildew must be watched out for so long as the leaves are growing, well into September.

Anna's concern was with the hay moth. The first had been seen fluttering over the house arbor. She was on her way to the village hall, where women were gathering to make the hay-moth banners. So I went along. These banners consist of a light stick with an oblong framework at one end over which white muslin is tacked. At the time of use, the muslin is smeared with a sticky substance prepared by the village committee and distributed at cost.

After school the children were sent into the vineyards with the banners. The catcher was cleaned and freshly smeared each day. Suse and Otto and their young neighbors had to carry on this chase every evening until the last hay moth had disappeared from the valley.

"My children, I thank you," Wolfgang said on the last evening of the moth chase as Otto and Suse, reluctant to leave the twilight, came in to bed at Anna's call. "You have saved my winter overcoat."

He spoke too soon. In August, after a long spell of hot dry weather, came the wasps, a plague of them, endangering a vintage which promised to be exceptionally good in both quality and quantity. The insects settled on the half-grown grapes, sucking the juice and bringing in their wake flies and earwigs.

Working in groups with a leader, as in the smoke column, the vineyard keepers fought the wasps. They sought out nests, burned sulphur under them, and, when the wasps were stupefied, poured on boiling water. They hung bottles of sweetened water in the vines throughout the vineyards, emptying them systematically of drowned insects morning and evening. Still the menace persisted.

Finally the advice of the village cobbler was heeded. He contended that what the wasps needed was a drink, and that if trickles of fresh water were arranged, from slightly opened taps, at which the insects could quench their thirst, they wouldn't destroy the grapes. This was done. The plague ceased.

On the last day of August, the schoolmaster's eldest son, now an official in brown uniform, came to remind Hans that this year all men born in 1915 must do their Labor Service. Questioning him, Wolfgang asked if Hans's work in the vineyards did not count as labor for his country. The man in brown explained that the purpose of the Labor Corps is not work in the ordinary sense, but a bringing together of all classes from different parts of Germany in the comradeship of activity.

"You do not intend to object to your son going?"

"Certainly not," Wolfgang replied. "We of Ahr are a peaceful, law-abiding people who obey new regulations as soon as explained to us."

It was arranged that Hans should go into camp after harvest for his six months' service.

VI

Through the summer, while the grapes grew, women were as busy in the vineyards with their pruning scissors as the men with their hoes. All barren growth, except shoots for next season's bending, were kept snipped off. Every useless tendril on a vine takes of its strength, reducing the size of the grapes.

When the grapes took on color the vineyards were officially closed. The notice was given by a boy walking through the village ringing a bell. It was also printed in the local paper.

The *Bürgermeister* decided the day. (This is not a state law, but a custom.) Everyone had to close off his vineyards. Thorns and brush were piled up at the foot of the paths. Not even the owner could go in. This is the time of waiting for the harvest. The vine keepers have done all in their power to help the vines; now the vines are left in undisturbed peace to finish the grapes.

The men rested, loitering about the village or lounging through the sunny afternoons on the banks of the river. The women spent their freedom from outdoor work in making their homes fine. There was a tremendous scrubbing and cleaning; then a great cooking and baking. The shelves of storeroom and cellar were filled with pies, cakes, puddings, boiled hams, spiced sausages, roasted chickens, and a variety of pressed meats. Anna and Anna-Marie, who has a deft hand with yeast sponge, made innumerable loaves of bread, buns, and coffee twists.

The harvest is the crown of the vine keepers' work. A good harvest is celebrated as a joyous festival. The schools were closed. Relatives and friends came from far and near. The women guests fetched hampers of their cooking, gifts to add to all the hostess had made ready. As the women arrived they fell in with the final preparations, turning a hand to the churn or the whipping of bowls of cream.

The *Bürgermeister*, himself a vine grower, proclaimed the grapes ripe. The boy crier ran through the village with his bell to spread the tidings, and the vine growers all gathered at their village hall. With ceremony and song the brush was thrown aside, and the harvesters went in with baskets and scissors.

As filled, the baskets were emptied into a wicker carrier. Each time this was full a strong man lifted it on to his back, carrying it down to a handcart below the vineyard. As loaded, the carts were taken to the owner's cellar, or if the family were members, as Wolfgang and Anna are, to the *Winzer-Verein*.

Before this coöperative idea was established every man made his wine in his own cellar. But the best vintners are often the poorest salesmen. Buyers took advantage of this. Frequently they stirred growers to bid against each other so as to get the wine cheaply. As a result many vine keepers were continually poor, some actually in debt after a good harvest.

Some few, of course, were clever. So it came to be that the ability to bargain gave a man more reward than skill with vine and vat. This was wrong. Finally the vineyard keepers drew together. At Mayschoss in the Ahr, sixty years ago, the first *Winzer-Verein* in all Germany was formed.

To-day every grape-growing neighborhood in Germany has its coöperative society. Of course in each district some men stay independent. Under the *Winzer-Verein* system the members take their harvest directly from the vineyard to the society's cellar. Here a machine picks the fruit from the branches and grinds it through a crusher. Then the pulp is weighed with an invention which measures the sugar content.

The result is written in an open book, into which any member can look whenever he likes. Each family has a credit according to what it has brought in. The wine is made together and the vats are under the care of the best wine makers. The selling is done by those who are best at business. By coöperation, Wolfgang believes, a neighborhood lives better than when every man's hand is out just for his own house.

VII

The year had swung round in its circle. Frost, sharp in warning of winter's approach, was in the air again. Wolfgang and Anna came up to Cologne to light candles in the Cathedral, and to buy Wolfgang's overcoat. By letter we arranged that I should meet them in town, bringing them out to stay a night with us. At five o'clock we met at the appointed place, the Cathedral steps.

They had arrived before me and were waiting. A stiff wind blew across the Cathedral square. Seeking no shelter, they stood staunch against its blast, her hand in his. Under his arm he held a brown paper parcel.

Greetings over, I asked, "Did you get a nice coat?"

"We have spent our money," answered Anna, then added, her eyes twinkling, "I know what you will think. You will think, 'Those crazy Huns!'"

"No, no, Nanchen," admonished Wolfgang, tucking a wisp of her hair back under her hat with a gentle index finger. "No, no, my little dear. Our foreign friend is an American. The Americans are intelligent people. An American would know that there is more warmth in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony than in eleven overcoats."

The Critical World

The Arts as Motive Power

MAXWELL ANDERSON, 1888– . . . twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize, author of *Elizabeth the Queen, Mary of Scotland, Winterset, Second Overture: a Radio Drama* . . . here tells us (in an article which has brought him many letters), "If the time arrives when our young men and women lose their extravagant faith in the dollar and turn to the arts, we may then become a great nation. . . ."

THERE is always something slightly embarrassing about the public statements of writers and artists, for they should be able to say whatever they have to say in their work, and let it go at that. Moreover, the writer or artist who brings a message of any importance to his generation will find it impossible to reduce that message to a bald statement, or even a clearly scientific statement, because the things an artist has to communicate can be said only in symbols, in the symbols of his art. The work of art is a hieroglyph, and the artist's endeavor is to set forth his vision of the world in a series of picture writings which convey meanings beyond the scope of direct statement. There is reason for believing that there is no other way of communicating new concepts save the artist's way, no other way save the artist's way of illuminating new pathways in the mind. Even the mathematician leaves the solid plane of the multiplication table and treads precariously among symbols when he advances toward ideas previously unattained.

It may be that I am trying, at this moment, to reduce to plain state-

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Delivered October 14, 1937, at the Founder's Day exercises at Carnegie Institute—*The Editor.*

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ment an intuitive faith of my own which cannot be justified by logic and which may lose, even for me some of its iridescence when examined under a strong light by many searching eyes. For though the question I meant to take up was only the utility of prizes for artistic excellence, I can find no approach to that question save through a definition of the artist's faith as I see it, and no definition of that faith without an examination of the artist's place in his universe, his relation to the national culture and the dependence of a nation on its culture for coherence and enduring significance.

Let me begin then, quite simply and honestly, even naïvely, with a picture of the earth as I see it. The human race, some two billion strong, finds itself embarked on a curious voyage among the stars, riding a planet which must have set out from somewhere, and must be going somewhere, but which was cut adrift so long ago that its origin is a matter of speculation and its future beyond prophecy. Our planet is of limited area, and our race is divided into rival nations and cultures that grow and press on one another, fighting for space and the products of the ground.

We are ruled by men like ourselves, men of limited intelligence, with no foreknowledge of what is to come, and hampered by the constant necessity of maintaining themselves in power by placating our immediate selfish demands. There have been men among us from time to time who had more wisdom than the majority, and who laid down precepts for the conduct of a man's brief life. Some of them claimed inspiration from beyond our earth, from spirits or forces which we cannot apprehend with our five senses. Some of them speak of gods that govern our destinies, but no one of them has had proof of his inspiration or of the existence of a god. Nevertheless, there have been wise men among them, and we have taken their precepts to heart and taken their gods and their inspiration for granted.

Each man and woman among us, with a short and harried life to live, must decide for himself what attitude he will take toward what they have said, and toward the shifting patterns of government, justice, religion, business, morals and personal conduct. We are hampered as well as helped in these decisions by every prejudice of ancestry and race, but no man's life is ready-made for him. Whether he chooses to conform or not to conform, every man's religion is his own, every man's politics is his own, every man's vice or virtue is his own, for he alone makes decisions for himself. Every other freedom in this world is restricted, but the individual mind is free according to its strength and desire. The mind has no master save the master it chooses.

Yet it must make its choices, now as always, without sufficient knowledge and without sufficient wisdom, without certainty of our origin, without certainty of what undiscovered forces lie beyond known scientific data, without certainty of the meaning of life, if it has a meaning, and without an inkling of our racial destiny. In matters of daily and yearly living, we have a few, often fallible, rules of thumb to guide us, but on all larger questions the darkness and silence about us is complete.

Or almost complete. Complete save for an occasional prophetic voice, an occasional gleam of scientific light, an occasional extraordinary action which may make us doubt that we are utterly alone and completely futile in this incomprehensible journey among the constellations. From the beginning of our story men have insisted that they had a destiny to fulfill—that they were part of a gigantic scheme which was understood somewhere, though they themelsves might never understand it.

There are no proofs of this. There are only indications—in the idealism of children and young men, in the sayings of such teachers as Christ and Buddha, in the vision of the world we glimpse in the hieroglyphics of the masters of the great arts and in the discoveries of pure science, itself an art, as it pushes away the veils of fact to reveal new powers, new laws, new mysteries, new goals for the eternal dream. The dream of the race is that it may make itself better and wiser than it is, and every great philosopher or artist who has ever appeared among us has turned his face away from what man is toward whatever seems to him most godlike that man may become.

Whether the steps proposed are immediate or distant, whether he speaks in the simple parables of the New Testament or the complex musical symbols of Bach and Beethoven, the message is always to the effect that men are not essentially as they are but as they imagine and as they wish to be. The geologists and anthropologists, working hand in hand, tracing our ancestry to a humble little animal with a rudimentary forebrain which grew with use and need, reinforce the constant faith of prophet and artist. We need more intelligence and more sensitivity if ever an animal needed anything. Without them we are caught in a trap of selfish interest, international butchery, and a creed of survival that periodically sacrifices the best to the worst, and the only way out that I can see is a race with a better brain and superior inner control. The artist's faith is simply a faith in the human race and its gradual acquisition of wisdom.

Now it is always possible that he is mistaken or deluded in what he believes about his race, but I myself accept his creed as my own. I make my spiritual code out of my limited knowledge of great music, great poetry and great plastic and graphic arts, including with these, not above them, such wisdom as the Sermon on the Mount and the last chapter of Ecclesiastes. The test of a man's inspiration for me is not whether he spoke from a temple or the stage of a theatre, from a martyr's fire or a garden in Hempstead. The test of a message is its continuing effect on the minds of men over a period of generations.

The world we live in is given meaning and dignity, is made an endurable habitation, by the great spirits who have preceded us and set down their records of nobility or torture or defeat in blazons and symbols which we can understand. I accept these not only as prophecy, but as direct motivation toward some far goal of racial aspiration. He who meditates with Plato, or finds himself shaken by Lear's "five-fold never" over Cordelia, or climbs the steep and tragic stairway of symphonic music, is certain to be better, both intellectually and morally, for the experience.

The nobler a man's interests the better citizen he is. And if you ask me to define nobility, I can answer only by opposites, that it is not buying and selling, or betting on the races. It might be symbolized by such a figure as a farmer boy in Western Pennsylvania plowing corn through a long afternoon and saying over and over to himself certain musical passages out of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus." He might plow his corn none too well, he might be full of what we used to call original sin, but he carries in his brain a catalytic agent the presence of which fosters ripening and growth. It may be an impetus that will advance him or his sons an infinitesimal step along the interminable ascent.

The ascent, if we do climb, is so slow, so gradual, so broken, that we can see little or no evidence of it between the age of Homer and our own time. The evidence we have consists in a few mountain peaks of achievement, the age of Pericles, the centuries of Dante and Michelangelo, the reign of Elizabeth in England, the century and a half of music in Germany, peaks and highlands from which the masters seem to have looked forward into the distance far beyond our plodding progress. Between these heights lie long valleys of mediocrity and desolation, and, artistically, at least, we appear to be miles beneath the upper levels traversed behind us. It must be our hope as a nation that either in pure art or in pure science we may arrive at our own peak of achievement, and earn a place in human history by making one more climb above the clouds.

The individual, the nation and the race are all involved together in this effort. Even in our disillusioned era, when fixed stars of belief fall from our sky like a rain of meteors, we find that men cling to what central verities they can rescue or manufacture, because without a core of belief neither man nor nation has courage to go on. This is no figure of speech, no sanctimonious adjuration—it is a practical, demonstrable fact which all men realize as they add to their years. We must have a personal, a national and a racial faith, or we are dry bones in a death valley, waiting for the word that will bring us life.

Mere rationalism is mere death. Mere scientific advance without purpose is an advance toward the waterless mirage and the cosmic scavengers. The doctrine of Machiavelli is a fatal disease to the citizen or the State. The national conscience is the sum of personal conscience, the national culture the sum of personal culture—and the lack of conscience is an invitation to destruction, the lack of culture an assurance that we shall not even be remembered.

No doubt I shall be accused of talking a cloudy philosophy, of mixed metaphors and fantasy, but unless I misread my history, the artist has usually been wiser even about immediate aims than the materialist or the enthusiast for sweeping political reform. The artist is aware that man is not perfect, but that he seeks perfection. The materialist sees that men are not perfect, and erects his philosophy on their desire for selfish advantage. He fails quickly, always, because men refuse to live by bread alone.

The utopian sees that men seek perfection and sets out to achieve it or legislate it for them. He fails because he cannot build an unselfish state out of selfish citizens, and he who asks the impossible gets nothing. The concepts of truth and justice are variables approaching an imaginary limit which we shall never see; nevertheless, those who have lost their belief in truth and justice and no longer try for them are traitors to the race, traitors to themselves, advocates of the dust.

To my mind a love of truth and justice is bound up in men with a belief in their destiny; and the belief in their destiny is of one piece with national and international culture. The glimpse of the godlike in man occasionally vouchsafed in a work of art or prophecy is the vital spark in a world that would otherwise stand stock still or slip backward down the grade, devoid of motive power.

For national growth and unity the artist's vision is the essential lodestone without which there is no coherence. A nation is not a nation until it has a culture which deserves and receives affection and reverence from the people themselves. Our culture in this country has been largely borrowed or sectional or local; what we need now to draw us together and make us a nation is a flowering of the national arts, a flowering of the old forms in this new soil, a renaissance of our own.

How much the gardeners may contribute to the making of such a new garden we can only guess, for genius is not readily producible, cannot be forced or anticipated, cannot be bred from known varieties. It is our hope that it can be encouraged, and the prizes that are given for excellence in the theatre, in music and in painting do seem to have a kind of effectiveness. A prize is more effective than mere monetary success, for it confers leadership, lends a sense of direction and imparts a dignity to the attempt which is not bestowed by popular acclaim or ready sales.

Let us remember always that no award is final, and that current opinion is subject to the veto of next year, next decade and next century. Sophocles did not win first place in the annual competition with his "Oedipus Tyrannus," though it seems to us now the best of the Greek tragedies. We can only judge honestly for ourselves, give what encouragement we can to what seems to us the best in our generation, and hope that some of the work produced by our contemporaries will grow and not disintegrate with the passing of time.

Looking ahead, myself, I still have no more than a hope that our nation will sometime take as great a place in the cultural history of the world as has been taken by Greece or Italy or England. So far we have, perhaps, hardly justified even the hope. But let us do what we can to encourage our nascent arts, for if we are to be remembered as more than a mass of people who lived and fought wars and died, it is for our arts that we will be remembered. The captains and the kings depart; the great fortunes wither, leaving no trace; the multitudes blow away like locusts, the records and barriers go down. The rulers, too, are forgotten unless they have had the forethought to surround themselves with singers and makers, poets and artificers in things of the mind.

This is not immortality, of course. So far as I know there is no immortality. But the arts make the longest reach toward permanence, create the most enduring monuments, project the farthest, widest, deepest influence of which human prescience and effort are capable. The Greek religion is gone, but Aeschylus remains. Catholicism shrinks back toward the Papal State, but the best of medieval art perishes only where its pigments were perishable. The Lutheranism of Bach retains little content for us, but his music is indispensable. And there is only one condition that makes possible a Bach, an Aeschylus or a Michelangelo—it is a national interest in and enthusiasm for the art he practices.

The supreme artist is only the apex of a pyramid; the pyramid itself must be built of artists and art lovers, apprentices and craftsmen so deeply imbued with a love for the art they follow or practice that it has become for them a means of communication with whatever has been found highest and most admirable in the human spirit. To the young people of this country I wish to say, if you now hesitate on the threshold of your maturity, wondering what rewards you should seek, wondering perhaps whether there are any rewards beyond the opportunity to feed and sleep and breed, turn to the art which has moved you most readily, take what part in it you can, as participant, spectator, secret practitioner or hanger-on and waiter at the door. Make your living any way you can, but neglect no sacrifice at your chosen altar.

It may break your heart, it may drive you half mad, it may betray you into unrealizable ambitions or blind you to mercantile opportunities with its wandering fires. But it will fill your heart before it breaks it; it will make you a person in your own right; it will open the temple doors to you and enable you to walk with those who have come nearest among men to what men may sometime be. If the time arrives when our young men and women lose their extravagant faith in the dollar and turn to the arts we may then become a great nation, nurturing great artists of our own, proud of our own culture and unified by that culture into a civilization worthy of our unique place on this rich and lucky continent between its protecting seas.

From Stevenson to Pegler

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, 1878– . . . Professor of English Literature at Yale University, founder of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and its editor until 1936 . . . examines English prose from 1890 to our own day and wonders why our young authors deliberately eschew the beautiful in their writing.

I HAVE been reading this year magazine articles on an encyclopedic range of subjects: articles on Japan in China, on best-sellers, on child psychology, on the technique of war, on undergraduate fiction, on the college curriculum, on who goes to Hollywood and why. And it happens that this year also I have been reading an equivalent series of articles published in American magazines and newspapers a century or less ago: articles on anti-slavery, on the Texan question, on the mill girls at Lowell, on reform, on the protective tariff, on Fourierism, on public schools, on literature in the West. From the first group I have derived much information which I suppose will be useful to me, for these articles were rich in facts. But my chief memory of the second (and earlier) group is, that it was the essay of pure speculation—by an Emerson, or an Orestes A. Brownson, or a Lowell, that seemed to be still alive, with nourishment for the reader still to be found in it. And this encourages me to write here out of the present fashion, which is factual, dogmatic, certain, and indulge in some literary speculation which is intended to stir up thinking rather than to nail that pleasant occupation to the barn door of a supposedly irrefutable fact.

What I have to say is suggested by a book published some months ago by the Oxford University Press.* My remarks must not be taken to be an adequate review of Doris N. Dalglish's defense of Robert Louis Stevenson. Yet it is her passionate faith in the style of her master that

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From *The Saturday Review of Literature,* February 5, 1938. Used by permission of the author and *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

* *PRESBYTERIAN PIRATE: A Portrait of Stevenson.* By Doris N. Dalglish. New York: Oxford University Press, 1937. $3.50.

has stung me into writing. For I, too, was brought up under the aura of Stevenson. I, too, read him aloud, as she advises all to do, in order to savor the delight of his mellifluous sentences. I, too, felt an equal profundity in his moral phrases and in his exquisite description of the dawn which startled the lost princess, Seraphina:

> Out of the East it welled and whitened; the darkness trembled into light; and the stars were extinguished like the street lamps of a human city. The whiteness brightened into silver, the silver warmed into gold, the gold kindled into pure and living fire; and the face of the East was barred with elemental scarlet. The day drew its first long breath, steady and chill; and for leagues around the woods sighed and shivered. And then, at one bound, the day had floated up, and her startled eyes received day's first arrow, and quailed under the buffet. On every side, the shadows leaped from their ambush and fell prone. The day came, plain and garish; and up the steep and solitary heaven, the sun, victorious over his competitors, continued slowly, and royally to mount.

I do not go all, or much, of the way with Miss Dalglish. I can't believe that "Treasure Island" and the "Child's Garden of Verse" were mistakes, nor that all Stevenson's genius was concentrated in the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston." But as to the beauty of his language I do agree, and what is even more to the point, I do heartily agree that here is a phenomenon in literature common enough in earlier ages, but almost lost in our own time (so little later in years, so much later in philosophy), and hence worth considering with some care. Here was a man utterly devoted to an identification of an entire expressiveness with beauty—and specifically the beauty inherent in language of sound and rhythm. He would not write, he did not write until his violin had become a Stradivarius. No matter what the music he took pains with the tone, as well as with the truth, of the instrument.

Miss Dalglish thinks he was a very great stylist. I do not. I wrote many years ago, when Stevenson's reputation was in bloom, that I believed him to be a euphuist. I still believe it, and in this modern sermon on style I am not proposing Stevenson as a cure for either the dull smoothness of English English as it is written today, or the discords of modern American English. It is the phenomenon that interests me more than the man. If something has dropped out of our style, something never got into his—a basic sincerity. He did not read too much good literature—no writer can—but he heard too much when he came to write. He doubtless got, as Miss Dalglish says, his rhythms from the seventeenth century divines, and also his love of phrase making, which latter accounts for his admiration and frequent imitation of our Thoreau, whose phrase making came from a like intellectual heredity from pulpit thumpers and hell threateners. Both men were lay preachers. But Stevenson's weakness was the error of the eighties and nineties, from which we have escaped with raucous whoops. You will find it in the studied phrases of *The Yellow Book,* witty, mannered, self-conscious. The writer thinks most of how he is going to say it; if he is a minor writer, any trivial and superficial situation will give him an excuse for a stylistic debauch. If he is a major writer, like Stevenson, he gets quite as intoxicated with words, but the cause is worthy. Only—he *is* drunk, his intention was to get drunk, to be Bacchic, to be Orphic, to be rhapsodic in his attainment of beauty. And as the social drinker goes to the bar, so the self-conscious artist goes to the library in his mind. He begins by playing the sedulous ape, he ends the sedulous man still imitating the cadences of literature, including his own.

He gets beauty because he seeks beauty, precisely as our writers fail to get beauty, even the different beauty of our age, because it is not beauty that they seek. But Stevenson's beauty is often not of its subject, it is borrowed for his subject—a vast difference. I am willing to test the statement with the "wonderful conclusion" of "Pulvis et Umbra" (to quote Miss Dalglish), certainly a piece of writing whose subtle craftsmanship no modern except Mr. Santayana could equal or excel:

> The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal; strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will.

This is not only "absolute pulpit," it is admirable English; yet just as the style-drunk Stevenson was willing to assert a moral sensitiveness for ant and squirrel which Stevenson sober might have balked at, so the false antithesis of browsers, biters, and barkers seems to have much more reference to the sound of the words than to natural history; and the whole passage owes more to the Bible than a great writer ought to owe to anybody or to anything.

Compare the following passage, which, unlike "Pulvis et Umbra" has never been quoted in rhetorics, and indeed occurs in a personal letter never meant to be published. It is from a Thoreau who himself passed through a lengthy process of Stevensonizing before an eye that darted through literature to the life behind showed him (when he remembered to use it) the difference between an attitude and attitudinizing:*

> I left the village and paddled up the river to Fair Haven Pond. As the sun went down, I saw a solitary boatman disporting on the smooth lake. The falling dews seemed to strain and purify the air, and I was smoothed with an infinite stillness. I got the world, as it were, by the nape of the neck, and held it under in the tide of its own events, till it was drowned, and then I let it go down-stream, like a dead dog. Vast hollow chambers of silence stretched away on every side, and my being expanded in proportion, and filled them. Then first could I experience sound, and find it musical.**

Personally, I feel that Thoreau is less "literary" and nearer to true literature than Stevenson. But I am not writing this essay to institute comparisons. For my argument Stevenson is the more useful, since his very exaggeration of style-mindedness emphasizes what we in our time seem to have lost.

For it is nonsense to say that you cannot separate style and subject. Metaphysically you cannot; the matter dictates the style, and the style is formed from it and for it. But physically, or should I say mentally, you can and do. I can think of Sterne's dead donkey as a dead donkey, but I can also think of the English he uses to describe it, as an instrument. Donkey and English had to come together in a just expressiveness or his time would have been wasted, but in his mind he must have held them a little while apart, while he arranged his patterns of words. The rebels against what the rhetorics call "style" of our American times are precisely the Hemingways, the dos Passoses, and I think I shall add the John Steinbecks, who, in dialogue, and in the description of persons, are just as much concerned with expression as was R.L.S.—and, in my opinion, and in their narrower field, much more successful, because of the eye on the object, the greater sincerity and originality. But when they leave dialogue and personal description for ideas, emotions, and all the complexities of civilized life, how often they are crude, or helpless, or merely ugly where a competent ugliness would have been beautiful! Long since they broke through Stevenson's inhibition, who wished he could describe love as grossly as he described the utter fatigue of one of his characters, but a break-away into life they have never had yet. They are useful servants of the great mopping up of the unwashed, impure, unrefined emotions of the masses which Victorian literature so sadly neglected. They concentrate on what was a side issue with Burns and Scott. But they are equally the slaves of the false principle that language should be bound to the limitations of its subject. They avoid overtones because there are no overtones in a bootlegger. They cultivate a brutal simplicity because their characters are brutal and simple. In the same way their colleagues, who do the mass-production middle classes, cultivate a monotony of low-toned style because that is what happens in mass production. And the journalists and the article writers and most of the short-story tellers for the magazines also avoid like the devil any kind of writing to which the terms "felicity," "dignity," "beauty," "sonorousness," "rhythmic," "eloquent," "memorable" could by any possible chance be applied. They don't want their style to be noticed, and thus it becomes unnoticeable. And they are half right, for good style should not be *noticed* in the reading, it should be *felt* and then remembered. And they are half wrong, because if there is no thought for language itself as an instrument, in the writing, it is quite certain that, except for happy accidents, the writing will not outlive the time which inspired it. Will not live, that is, as literature. It is far easier, in our recent fiction and drama, to pick out the many books which have a probability of survival as documents in history or sociology, than the few which may possibly be read with pleasure for their own sake three generations away. Stevenson with all his manners and mannerisms has the better chance.

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* "In all works of art, widely speaking, it is first of all the author's attitude that is narrated." R. L. S. "The Art of Writing."

** Letter to Harrison Blake, Aug. 8, 1854. "Familiar Letters," p. 231.

The defects in our ideals of writing are not to be explained by any such superficial causes as commercialism or the decline of a classical education. They are deep-seated and not too remotely connected with the final triumph of the bourgeois attitude toward life, and the sequent rise of the proletariat. The underlying fallacy is, that in order to express the emotions and the behavior of a new age, expressiveness must be conditioned by the mass average of that age. The new rhythms of prose must be its rhythms, the new vocabulary must be its vocabulary. Prose today is in the midst of an anti-"literary" revolution in many respects like the anti-"literary" revolution of English poetry a century and more ago in the age of "The Lyrical Ballads." But not in all respects. Wordsworth insisted upon the vocabularies of living men, and upon their turns of speech, but used them, except in some unhappy instances, as a new foundation for a poetic style. We have the foundations, but are not interested in style, because the mass we celebrate is not interested in style. But that is to give up one of the most precious functions of language itself, which has in all its better moments been an agent of culture, and which when shaped by literary artists has led, not followed, an imperfectly articulate society, and has been successful so long as it remained a medium between the common tongue and complete expressiveness. It may be safely said that a style of writing which is no more articulate, no more beautiful in word and rhythm, than the streets, houses, people, ideas it draws upon as subjects, is no more (and no less) valuable than the phonographic records with which we are now stocking our libraries. An example in the contrary is the great literature in classic Latin, which presumably was based on Roman moods, Roman speech, and Roman turns of thinking, but since it was carried beyond the limitations of common speech into a style (which means a life) of its own, helped more than any other agent to carry civilized thinking through the last great Depression.

But my argument is getting out of hand. I have quoted from Stevenson to show the danger of being "literary" even when beauty is attained. I shall now quote from an assortment of contemporary writing to show what happens when a tough and practical generation of writers decides that the tradesman virtues of force and clarity are the only virtues worth cultivating.

Here is a paragraph from a writer in popular science who, instead of following the tradition of a prose that has a beauty of sound and motion as one of its elements, has chosen to imitate the punch and jazz of magazine journalism:

> This is the burden of the story. That's why this science can no longer be the cozy hobby that old Antony van Leeuwenhoek made it two hundred and fifty years ago. Compared to these present not-yet-famous-searchers, the great Dutch drygoods-store-keeper was lucky. He was no meddler with the fates of men. He was esteemed to be only a harmless peeper into an amusing new subvisible world, where cute little microscopic animals lived their astounding, silly, insignificant existences. What, in the 17th Century, did Leeuwenhoek's new microbes mean to mankind? Nothing. And so, the supremely sharp-eyed Dutchman could remain simply a discoverer. He did not have to be a fighter. His microbes were merely playthings for the fine gentlemen of the Royal Society of London.

Note the ugly piled-up adjectives by which this reporter (who is not supposed to be literary) clogs and confounds his style until it becomes as muddy as a ditch. He would have been wiser to play the sedulous ape to Huxley, or, better still perhaps, to write as his subject dictated, for enthusiasm such as his makes its own beauty.

And this from a current novel by a writer who can (when he wishes) do what he pleases with his style:

> "Margaret Crittendon, what's the matter with you?" called her mother. "Why don't you ask these people to come in? You look as if you'd been running to a fire."
>
> "Oh, I *was* going to ask them in," said Margaret in a curious tone her mother had never heard her use before. "But you see I'm . . . I'm all excited . . . they've brought Midge back."
>
> "So they have!" cried her mother. "Splendid! That certainly *is* thoughtful of Colonel Franklin." Her estimate of that gentleman immediately soared.

This is the way elegant female novelists, who were not supposed to (and hadn't) read any literature, wrote in the early nineteen hundreds. If I am irritated by the too subtly wrought phrases of Stevenson's dialogue, I am let down by this drop below the natural beauty of emotional speech.

And here are a few sentences from an honest, factual article by a man who has something to say:

> A large part of the public looks on union leaders as agitators who are engaged in stirring up men who prefer not to be stirred up. This conception may have some application to the organizers who are attempting to unionize the unorganized workers, because, as every experienced union man knows, the unorganized are often quite indifferent to unionism. But this concept does not fit most officers of established unions, and the situation among the employees of the X Company suggests the reason.

All I have to say here is, that if this writer wishes to lift his style to the clarity and force which come from a conviction of truth felt as well as thought, that tradesman view of writing which throws into the dump heap all craftsmanship except how to shove words into the mind, will never help him. Shall we make all our chisels into screwdrivers?

And finally a passage from that most hard-hitting, and expressive of contemporary American journalists, Westbrook Pegler:

> Washington.—On the same day that Professor Samuel Bottomley, the economic herb doctor, was expounding his sterling remedy for the ills that afflict a world come down of its own pizen, your correspondent was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue at dusk, somewhat dazed by the conflict of advice submitted by the great congress of tailboard specialists called together by Senator Elmer Thomas, of Oklahoma.
>
> From near and far they had come arunning, each with his own compound of sassafras and slippery elm, buchu and pumpwater, rhubarb and catnip. There had been one, wearing a spade beard, who made a speech and wound up with a homemade poem about a ten-dollar bill. There had been another who received only twenty per cent when

his bank failed and intrusted that to another bank which also failed and paid a mere ten per cent, which he now placed in a third bank just before that one closed, too. He thought happy days would come again if the government would pay off the deposits of the bankrupt banks.

This is excellent English. I do not quote it to scorn it. On the contrary, here is what we have learned by forgetting fine writing and the polished phrase, by ceasing to be "literary." But Mr. Pegler's job needs no overtones. Mr. Pegler's style is admirable for Mr. Pegler's purposes, though even so Montaigne, or Bacon, or Charles Lamb could teach him how to make the arrow stick in the wound. Perhaps, like H. G. Wells, he doesn't want to write for even the immediate posterity that reads a second edition. But the language goes on even if its writers are satisfied to quit when the whistle blows. An English with a single rhythm, and that colloquial, and with words plucked as they come, will grow weaker, not stronger. And too many young writers, lacking his homely genius, want to write like Mr. Pegler.

No other art is so deluded. The musicians, sculptors, and painters may do what seem to be ugly things in a reaction much like the authors' against fine writing. But the technique they use is based upon the full resources of their art, and is capable of making a new beauty—wishes to make a new beauty. Architects and engineers have learned what our writers must learn. The glass and concrete box, adequate for mass living and working, has taken on rhythm and functional ornament. The automobile which ten years ago was a perfect replica of our most admired prose style—utilitarian, homely, looking like the common man that drove it,—has become perhaps the most beautiful of modern creations. It is moulded upon the rhythms of speed.

A simple statement will sum up the argument. Art in writing became decadent in the fine writing of the last century. Craft outlived art. But in our revulsion from the "literary" we have made a trade of our English prose, and when moderns like those I have mentioned have too much talent to be tradesmen only, the craft they use (and it is sometimes consummate) is pinched and flattened by the ideals of a trade. They are afraid of the sounds and the rhythms that made prose beautiful in the nineties. And rightly. But they are also afraid of beauty, which is not right, and when by chance in a strip of dialogue or a description or a phrase they attain that marriage of sense with beauty which is the gift of a great language, they will fling the nearest piece of vulgarity in our faces to prove it was an accident.

Let the Movies Be Natural

MARK VAN DOREN, 1894– . . . teacher (Columbia), critic, poet, believes that movies should tell stories in their own way and should not imitate the ways in which other arts tell them.

ANY art is in a perilous position from the moment it begins to be recognized as an art. It is difficult for anything to be natural after its nature is known. And the movies are no exception, as their current situation testifies. From having been merely entertainment they have by no means advanced to a point where they threaten to cease being that; nearly a hundred million Americans pay their way into movie houses weekly and I do not hear that this multitude is less entertained than it formerly was. But talk about "the art" grows louder and louder; a certain percentage of the audience is said to be achieving sophistication with respect to theory and technique; and there are abundant signs that Hollywood itself takes a day off now and then to worry about the seriousness of what it produces. All this can be either fortunate or unfortunate and doubtless it is neither thing very clearly. It is, however, the aspect of the movies that seems most worth discussion at the present juncture.

The peril of which I have spoken is greatest in the case of a popular art which has been satisfying some widespread and scarcely conscious need and for which an enormous audience—virtually the whole population—has rapidly and naturally collected itself. In all such cases it should be plain that what the art was accomplishing before it became known as an art was the thing it could best accomplish—was perhaps the only thing it could accomplish—and that this continues to be true. If the movies were entertaining, for instance, they should still be that.

From *The American Scholar*, Autumn, 1937. Used by permission of the author and *The American Scholar*.

And if they were popular they should by the same token hold on to their vast audience. Furthermore, if the persons responsible for their success—the producers, the directors, the writers, the photographers, the actors—have never quite known the reasons for it they should persist in that same ignorance, at least as long as the success endures.

I am not offering, I hope, a counsel of stupidity. There is plenty of stupidity at Hollywood and elsewhere and some movies are certainly much better than others; nor should any movie-goer pretend to like what he despises. It is particularly important that a movie-goer should not pretend that a dull picture is an interesting one. But this is what a great deal of solemn talk has been forcing him to do in recent years and it is against such talk as well as against such misguided solemnity that I write. The talk is inspired by the belief that the movies, being an art, should be "dignified," "valuable," "true," "improving" and what not. My point is a very simple one. Movies can be most dignified by being most clearly themselves and, since they are after all very truly an art, by being interesting. There is nothing more vicious in criticism than the distinction to which college students for example, are so prone, the distinction between the interesting and the good in books, painting, or music. The interesting *is* the good and any criticism which serves to submerge the fact is more than wrong; it is harmful, not merely to the art in question but to the people whose pleasure in it is thereby decreased. The movies began by being simply interesting; indeed so much so that an evening in attendance upon them was assumed to be, and still is generally assumed to be, a sure cure for fatigue, boredom and mental or spiritual inanition. I cannot think of such an institution as anything but valuable, which is the reason why I look with some trepidation at many attempts to "dignify" what already filled a profound human need. It may be unfortunate that our society cannot entertain itself with conversation, folk dances, ballads sung to the lyre or the lute and romances recited by minstrels while we sit around on straw-littered earthen floors. But that is another issue, not to be argued here. I am assuming the society which we have and which has its own notions as to the way it prefers to be entertained.

The happiest movie-goer is still, I think, the one who walks more or less regularly around to his neighborhood house and passes in without inquiring what is on the bill or who, if he does inquire with a glance at the posters, remembers that a given movie never perfectly declares itself until it is being seen. The newspaper critic Monday morning may have been wrong or right about it; there is no telling. The neighbors have delivered several verdicts which cancel one another out. The star whose name occupies the prominent space on the poster was acceptable in her last film and indeed she may be our citizen's favorite actress but that does not mean that she will suit the story tonight. The title may be exciting and may call up a subject very prominent just now in the news, but what of that? It may be a sea picture, a Western, a gang film, a society fable, a kid thing, a comedy, or one of those that take place on transcontinental trains, with narrow mahogany doors constantly swinging for shiny black porters to come through; yet experience has taught our friend that none of these categories is safe in itself. There have been poor examples of each, just as there have been good examples, and maybe this next one will prove that the possibilities have at last been exhausted. He will, in other words, refrain from expecting anything in particular from his evening. All he will expect is that he will be absorbed in what he sees. He hopes he will be absorbed and of course he has every right to do so. And we should trust him to be quite frank on this point when he comes out blinking at eleven o'clock.

What he will see if he is fortunate is a story being told by cameras. The movie was invented, I am sure, to tell stories and the one way it can perform this function well is through photography. It is the only way in fact that it has, and the result of forgetting the limitation is always fatal. The history of the art is bound up with no other principle. The great mistakes have consisted in departing from it and the great successes have followed upon its rediscovery. The great directors, from D. W. Griffith to Alfred Hitchcock, have never lost sight of the fact that the art of the movies is not a verbal art. Words have come in with the "talkies" but a decade of effort has so absorbed them into the primary function that they are no longer disturbing as they once were—and indeed the term "talkie" has ceased to be in common use. We still go to "movies" and can take the dialogue in our stride. The gloomy predictions that dialogue would kill the art have only their historical interest, for the art managed not to forget its original function. Like most such innovations this one slowed up its development for a while. A silent picture of 1927 or 1928 was likely to be superior in sophistication to any talkie of 1931. Had not audiences been trained to interpret movement, gesture, change of scene and flutter of symbol—and to interpret these things with the eye alone? Sometimes we had to lean over and talk to our neighbors about what was going on. "He thinks she is behind the door." "That window was not open before; the burglar must have entered while the party was going on downstairs." "This is the girl who fainted at the factory." And so on. We can no longer indulge in such confidences. We must be as silent as the films themselves used to be. But we have regained our visual sophistication, we still have need of a trained eye. The most interesting of current movies still move and could be followed without serious loss by a deaf spectator. Something would of course be missed yet not the main thing, which as always consists of a series of transformations in plastic material.

The movie-goer, then, has gone in to see a story told, not to hear it told or in any other fashion to be talked at. He will not always get what he wanted. And usually when he gets something far off the track of his desires the fault will lie with a director or a producer who has forgotten the movie principle. Of late the radical error of producers has consisted in believing that the art can be elevated above its natural level by the screening of masterpieces from other arts, particularly the arts of the theater and of prose fiction. They have been trying to make movies which seemed less like movies than like plays or, if a famous novel was the source, they have wanted to hear from the public that the movie is good because it is faithful to the novel and in some sense a substitute for it. The error is serious, for it consists in ignoring the limits of the movie art and no art can be elevated by ceasing to be itself. Movies made from classics are by and large inferior in interest to movies made out of the material traditional to them—out of material indeed which has no name and which cannot be recognized until it appears in its proper form. Our movie-goer is, I hope, an honest man. If he is he will admit both to himself and to anyone who asks his opinion that many an unheralded movie was more absorbing while he saw it, was more authentically exciting or amusing, than any heavily advertised classic on which the producing company was known to have spent two million dollars. There is no necessity that this should be the case. A movie made from a novel by Dickens, for instance, could be a very fine movie indeed. But the director should have had his eye on the movie and not on Dickens—which is usually not the case.

Movies should model themselves on their sources not with more respect than they do but with less, and indeed with no respect at all for material in the source which does not permit of translation into the language of movie art. The reason that Shakespeare has so far not been a genuine success at Hollywood is partly at least that Hollywood has been buffaloed by his name—also, of course, by a long tradition in criticism which ridicules movies for changing, cutting, expanding and otherwise transforming their sources. Whereas the truth is that any movie must transform a novel or a play almost out of recognition if it is to make a veritable movie out of it. That was what Shakespeare did to his sources, whether they were sections of Holinshed's *Chronicles* or other men's plays or novels from Italy. Shakespeare never hesitated to suppress an ending which did not suit his purpose, to add one which did, to invent anywhere from one to ten new characters, to change their dispositions and roles in accordance with the theme he had settled upon, to lighten or to deepen the tone of his original. He was particularly brilliant at condensation but he could equally well elaborate, the point being that he considered himself free to do what he chose and felt his only duty to be towards his own theater and his own art. Most of his transformations are made in the interests of poetry or poetic effects, of which he is still the world's master. But I suspect that for this very reason he would expect another art to transform him in the interests of its own effects, whatever they might be. He probably would hope that some equivalent might be found for his poetry but he would know better than most people that the equivalent would look, sound and feel very different from the thing itself. He would know, too, how difficult it is to produce such equivalents. He had himself been buffaloed, by Plutarch. The Roman plays lack the naturalness and vivacity of the English and the Italian plays. This was because Shakespeare recognized in Plutarch an excellent artist whom one was reluctant to alter; an artist also who offered few hints for alteration since there were next to no cracks in his surface. Shakespeare would not or could not remold Plutarch completely to his purposes;

hence a certain stiffness in the Roman plays. They have the air of being more "important" than interesting. And that is what happens to most movies which are taken too respectfully from the classics by producers who have grown hypersensitive to the charge that the movies change things—that is, are an art in their own right. The spectator is encouraged to tell himself, not what a fine movie this is he is seeing but how great Shakespeare was. Shakespeare was very great but the fact is irrelevant. He can still be read, and for that matter there are theaters which give his plays from time to time.

In the case of a contemporary or recent play the situation is somewhat different though the dangers are just as real. For better or worse the movie camera has become a moving thing; it tilts, turns around, sweeps a scene, advances and retreats, opens and shades its eyes. It achieves the fadeout, the closeup and many other special effects which by now are as much a part of the whole technique of the movie as blank verse was a part of Shakespeare's technique. These effects invariably alter a play—unless to be sure they are not used at all and the movie in question becomes nothing more than a photograph of *Winterset* or *The Plough and the Stars*. We need hardly consider the latter possibility since it no longer exists and since there is no living director who would have so little respect for himself as to come in like the photographer at a wedding. Every director in this situation tries to make a movie, not a play. But there are many qualities of a play that do not come over into the other art directly. The chief difference has to do with the fixed scene. The audience at a play knows how to accept the three walls of a room or half of a street or a few forest trees as the whole setting of an act whereas the audience at a movie has learned to expect that the point of view and the amount of anything being seen will constantly change. The exits in a play are all visible all of the time; in a movie only one is attracting our attention at any given moment—that through which someone happens to be walking or running. This difference might appear to be slight or "merely technical" but it is really of great significance. The dramatic qualities of a play can easily leak out between the shifts in point of view; and on the other hand some of them can be too much intensified by the closer glance we give them. The movie director, then, will need to know quite precisely what he wants each of his effects to be and if there is nothing in the play to give him this effect he will have to invent something which will, or if there is something in the play which will not count in the movie he must relentlessly suppress it. But the directors have listened too long, or most of them have, to those who say that movies change too much. So they change too little, with the result that we get something not only different from the play, as any movie would have to be, but inferior to it; and certainly we get something far below the level of the average movie conceived and executed in pure studio terms.

Too much respect for a novel, particularly if it is a long one, results either in unintelligibility or in dulness. And this is most true when the director's ambition has been to please the author of the novel or his devotees, to flatter him with a faithful copy. Here again it is perhaps plain that the spectator should be thinking not of the novel but of the movie; if his attention is split between the two it is of course not attention. A novel is usually too long to pass in its entirety into the form of a film. *David Copperfield* should have been five or six movies, not one. The effort to get it all into one two-hour film ruined the latter parts if it did not render them unintelligible. They were intelligible to any spectator who remembered Dickens and supplied what was missing; but as I have suggested, the attention should not have been encouraged to wander in any such fashion. Those who saw the movie will have most clearly in their minds that earlier portion of it in which Mr. Murdstone (Basil Rathbone) played so sinister a part in the young hero's life. That was a movie in itself, the natural end of it being the arrival of David at Betsey Trotwood's house after his walk from London to Canterbury. Betsey Trotwood's house should have been the scene of a second movie, Mr. Wakefield's house the scene of a third, and Peggotty's the scene of still a fourth, not to speak of a fifth with Dora as heroine. These latter movies were as a matter of fact huddled and incomplete as we saw them fragmentarily two years ago; they were true neither to Dickens nor to themselves, and I suspect that a spectator ignorant of the novel must have had much difficulty with them. It is the ignorant spectator who must be the judge in all such cases—which reminds me that I enjoyed *Romeo and Juliet* much more the second time I saw it than the first because I was surrounded the second time by a great many people who seemed to be unaware of the catastrophe that was coming at the close and they communicated to me their special degree of suspense. It was as if I too were unaware that Romeo was destined to drink the poison and that Juliet was bound to stab herself.

The movies that derive most successfully from fiction are taken either from novels which fame has not sanctified (*The Thirty-Nine Steps, The Informer, The Clansman*) and which therefore lay no chilling hand on the director, or from obscure sketches and short stories like those which inspired *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* and *The Ghost Goes West.* Returning to Dickens for a moment, there is the highly successful film called *Scrooge* which comes to this country every Christmas from England and which is based on the *Christmas Carol.* That is the length which is usable; it allows for development to the full possibilities of the tale and offers a single effect procurable within the time limit at the director's disposal.

Our movie-goer will educate himself in the history and theory of the art at his own risk. If he holds on to the original and fundamental principles there will be no risk and he will enjoy what he sees all the more for having some wisdom about it. He may, for instance, proceed to read the excellent analysis of the movie which Mr. Mortimer Adler has recently provided in the closing section of his long volume, *Art and Prudence,* and thereby enrich his understanding of the processes involved in the collaboration of many experts to produce any film at all, let alone a good one—which, indeed, will then seem even more than before a marvel in his eyes. But if he loses contact with the principle he will go astray as many highbrows do.

He will haunt, for instance, only the little movie houses where foreign films are shown to students of the "cinema." I have not so far mentioned the films of Russia, Germany, France and England, and I certainly do not wish on this late page to suggest that I consider them either uninteresting or unimportant. Indeed the best living director so far as I know is an Englishman, Alfred Hitchcock, and *The Thirty-Nine Steps* is almost a model of what a film should be. But the haunter of foreign or artful films is likely to be a pedant of some sort and by dismissing Hollywood without further thought he is absenting himself from that great audience which is the life as well as the desperation of the art. Much trash comes out of Hollywood but much that is powerful and fascinating comes out of it too. It is still the capital of the art and as such has many valuable secrets in its possession. A true lover of the movies is not committed for or against Hollywood. He goes to see what is around the corner for him to see and he can trust himself to know whether it is really interesting or not.

Nor is he likely to forget that what the movies can do best is to tell stories and that they are the prime medium through which that indispensable function is exercised in modern society. One of the pedantries now current is that movies are more valuable for something else—for the thing we have got into the habit of calling documentary. Newsreels, travelogues, studies of other races and natural backgrounds—these are maintained to be the proper business of the film. I like such things as well as anybody, but I cannot agree. Movies tell stories, and they tell them in a way that no other art can imitate, just as they cannot imitate the ways in which other arts tell them.

Piano in the Band

OTIS FERGUSON . . . Assistant Editor of *The New Republic,* and movie critic for that weekly journal, understands and appreciates a great pianist who "tries to *melt* with the band." Cf. Mr. Ferguson's "The Man with the Blues in His Heart" (*New Republic,* July 14, 1937).

THEY buried Bessie Smith just the other day. She was a great handsome chunk of a woman and still so much in her prime you'd never dream her fifty years; but they picked her out of an automobile smash-up in Memphis and put her in the ground, and now there is nothing left of Bessie, who was the great girl they called the Empress of the Blues. And so I think it is a good idea to speak about the good musicians who are left, as quickly as we can, while they are still among us.

When you go to hear the great Benny Goodman band in New York (the word is great; and you'd better go), you will notice after a time that the band has someone it uses for playing the piano. This piano player will never steal the spotlight. He is slight, youngish, but with a shot of gray in his absolutely straight black hair, and with a sort of funny Irish face, usually absorbed. He is getting a permanent hook in his back from reading scores off a flat piano top (he knows most of them by heart; just studies them to pass the time now), and his natural attitude is one of a kid doing algebra homework, dutiful and patient but cribbing the answers—he snickers to himself, for example, when he finds a little hole Benny hasn't plugged up and drives a minor third into it. He is a Chicago musician, from the old-time big-time; his name is Jess Stacy.

If you move up closer you will hear him come in for a little digging now and then, Gene Krupa giving him that extra *bum bum* on the foot pedal, "Hey Jess," and Benny raising his eyebrows in the signal for what-the-hell-goes-on-here, or coming over to buzz a couple of high

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From *The New Republic,* November 24, 1937. Used by permission of Mr. Ferguson and *The New Republic.*

clarinet tones right in Jess's ear, and Harry looking down from the bass like the full moon. Jess proves to be just the butt for that sort of thing, because his face begins to get red and flustered, he ducks his head a little lower, which makes his eyes bug a little as he tries to keep everybody in sight and the score too, and he twitches as though one of the girls had tickled him in a severely unmentionable place just as the curtain was going up (Aw, *fellers*, cut it out will you?), and you can see his hands begin to hop. But if you are that close, you can hear how that big band piano is getting played.

Jess Stacy is above everything else a band pianist, the hands powerful on the full heavy chords, the fingers trained down to steel in bringing out both ends of an octave at once through any din, wrists, hands and fingers quick and skimming in a working musician's economy of motion. In such a job, some play a style that is clearly expressed in the term "ump-ah," and some in the butterfly style—*i.e.*, you don't do much until the orchestra pauses for breath, when you immediately play a little right-hand fiddle-dee-diddle of notes above the staff, spattering the place with Duchin, in brief.

Jess plays neither style or all of them, for he uses the piano as both an orchestra in miniature and a linking force among its separate parts, tying the chorded beat of the rhythm section into the melodic line, providing a sort of common base as between brass and reeds, filling out the chords of each. His own summing up of it has the true clarity of one who must find words for his meaning, not a meaning for his words: "What I try to do—" Jess says. "Look, I try to *melt* with the band." It is a simple word, but all the meanings are there in it: nuance, mood, touch, attack, phrasing, harmonic direction, what not. Because it is still in the unspoiled charm of its youth, this jazz music has never troubled to build a complicated breastwork of definitions. Jess and the rest have an *active* knowledge of how a tune may run, of how the value of a chord may be shifted—by its place in the general pattern (where it rises from and leads to), by its attack, duration, the color of its key and measure of its contrast, the sonority dependent on which of its notes are uppermost.

All these things are in his ears and head and fingertips, that is what he's up to as he sits on the bench there, with his head craned over and his hands hopping, his ear sharpened for all the voicing of instruments, building up under the soloists or falling away to quiet backgrounds, letting a good chord bang out against the beat. Unless you sit under the piano you might not notice him at all in his general place, because he does not shoot cuffs or shake his hair down, and never bounces up off the keyboard as though it were a balloon tire and caught him by surprise. But then the band comes down to the release and Benny holds up one finger and Jess nods, Yes, he'll take it; someone floods the spot over, the faces on the floor turn, and 1, 2, 3, 4—1, 2 . . . *Jess!* And there is Jess out in the open all by himself. At which time he seems to draw into the piano, very small behind its bulk and in all that light, and his hands begin to fly both ways from the center—and you'd think he had been waiting all his life to catch a piano and this one was going to fade away in another minute. On a quiet night you will be close enough to watch his face, as red and foolish as ever and a little more, because the lines around his mouth twitch and his long nose gets a sort of wrinkle, and he takes on the silliest look as he sneaks up on some special close harmony and holds off everything else to make it ring like a gong, and then pretends to play off away from it, and then pounces back onto it, driving it in cross-rhythms three, four, five times over.

If you listen with some love of the stuff you will hear many things in the spare phrasing and calculated attack of this music. There are echoes from way back, and there is a special background in music—the attitude toward it and way of playing it developed by the boys around Chicago years ago, when jazz was coming up the Mississippi from New Orleans and shifting its center to Chicago. Krupa is from that center, Benny and Harry Goodman are too; but Jess Stacy is a man who goes back farther, older than any of them though still in his creative youth. He goes back to James P. Johnson and Pine Top Smith, beyond the time Louis Armstrong left the riverboats to work in Chicago and New York. And you can hear not only the new beauty of each figure as he plays it, but the overtones of the tradition it is played in, what he gathered from the best men and now plays in memory of their genius.

Jess Stacy was born (1904) in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, a town 150 miles down the river from St. Louis. He started on piano when he was twelve. His family being respectable Irish and poor, he went to high school and scrabbled around at odd jobs between times—jerking sodas, playing small non-union dates, at one time working as a hand in a barrel factory. He got within a few credits of graduation and then went on working. Finally, at the age of twenty, he got his first really professional job, $35 a week and room and board, with the band on a riverboat.

The boats came into town with as much gala as possible, inviting passengers to go aboard for an evening of dancing on the river, to the strains of their absolutely superior dance orchestra. (Jess got $5 extra a week for playing the calliope as the boat came in around the bend); up and down the river and all its navigable tributaries, from town to town, for thousands of miles. He covered the whole network before he was through. All the time he was hearing musicians; long before, he had gone to hear Fate Marable's band when it played his home town, with Louis Armstrong riding his silver horn, with Babe and Johnny Dodds; and that was the time when "Whispering" came out. And after a while he noticed, when they played a certain town, a little old round-faced kid who came aboard nightly to listen, his eyes wide and cheeks still like an apple—a shorty kid who'd never more than heard of a bottle then, but had such music in his heart that in the brief years before the bottle got him he released some of the finest notes in the country—Jess saw Bix Beiderbecke and sat in with him later, and still in 1937 speaks his name with reverence and happy memory, for he will endure no other trumpet player before him. Bix sat in with Charlie Evans in Moline, Illinois, and later played the Greystone Ballroom in Detroit with Jean Goldkette; and at that time his peer, Louis, was at the Sunset Café in Chicago.

Jess kept playing and listening, getting nowhere much himself but going as high as $95 a week in Chicago music. Then the down grade ("bye and bye hard times"), and all the miserable salary cuts, lack of notice. He actually got down as low as $21 at the Subway Café when John Hammond came across him there. He had lost all hope, with all his friends dead or forgetfully famous, playing his fine music as uncompromisingly then as he always had—but who was there to hear it, outside of the night's handful of stumblebums? He got back up to $55 by the time Hammond got onto Goodman, and Goodman got an opening, and gave Jess the call.

About any musician who has to pull it out of himself as he goes along, the same thing is true as of poets: there are stretches of stuff that any competent man could have done, and then the burst of something that till now was never done, never imagined, lovely with the dew on it. On the latest Hampton record of "After You've Gone," for example, Stacy's solo is good average piano for the first six bars—and then there is this thing the boys mean when they say "out of this world," running strong through four bars, gradually tapering off through the last ten. Analyzed, it is simply the old piano blues style (a sort of *oink*-ily, *oink*-ily, *oink*-ily effect), but it comes in at just the spot in just the register to mix pleased recognition with delighted surprise, banking two separate phrases against each other to link them inextricably. With his Quartet, incidentally, Teddy Wilson does the same sort of thing in a double-faced record called "In a Mood," a blues. In this case it is a man carrying 48 bars that are beautiful throughout, but rising even above that in his sixth and seventh. Both of them, one Negro and one white, are playing the same instrument at the top of their field, working in the same organization. Otherwise they are two different men. Wilson is more creative and his own melodist; Stacy is more the man who swings the band, always listening.

Jess Stacy has had those comical ears of his spread for music so long that it is a pleasure and a means of correction to go over musicians with him. "He doesn't make it sing like Bix," I say; and "You know a thing about Bix? He didn't give a *damn,*" Jess says; and we each know what the other is talking about.

And when Teddy is playing between sets or with the quartet, Jess has his ear turned sideways and his mind remote from the chatter around the table. He once copied off a Wilson solo broadcast from the playback, note for note ("to see if I could just find what makes that man so *good*"). I'm not talking about surface poses, arms over shoulders for the camera, etc.; I mean from long hard day to long hard day. "Anybody I *really* admire," Jess is liable to blurt out any time of the night and off the record, "it's that little old Wilson." It is rather funny to see them independently, both quiet at their work, the younger man (Jess was learning the trade when Teddy was three) getting all the limelight of the quartet work and gathering fame about him like heat lightning, the veteran playing longer hours for less attention, and none of this rushing to the head or bile of either. Presently the band is up and Teddy comes to sit behind Jess's piano, to watch his hands. "Only wish I could work up a hand like that," Teddy says, spreading his fingers out in a full octave chord on the table to illustrate reach and power, nodding in Jess's rhythm with a sort of admiring regret. It is funny to see them, but there is also something restful, unique and sweet about this open honor for another man's worth. It is common only to the best artists and even among these (take a look around, just take a look around you), it seems to open out most easily in those arts, no matter how ragamuffin on the surface, that are nearest to the best in life, living their work without any fuss.

From the deep background of the blues and from his own feeling, mind and hand, Jess made twelve bars of piano on a record that John Hammond supervised for English Parlophone, "The Blues of Israel." That one is a sport all through, but after a few playings the piano stands out as much as anything. It has so completely that old-time pensive mood in the treble, the slurred second and the close three-finger chord hanging a mood of nostalgia around such a simple progression as sol, fa, mi, re; it is given so thorough a support in the constant working bass, whose left hand mingles intimately with what the right is doing. The song hangs on a trill, doubles the time for a swinging phrase, and slows to an ending of sustained chords, beautifully voiced. The analysis is simple, but the effect runs over into those complexities of the musical spirit that cannot be rightly described—and so it may be wiser just to say what the boys would say, speaking out like an infield: "*Play* that piano there, you Jess. It sure is pretty."

He is a great fellow for the blues, but in his fourteen working years, up and down the country, in and out of pavilions and barrel houses, he has taken all the styles discovered into his own style: the complex running bass of Pine Top Smith's boogie-woogie, a sort of reverse boogie-woogie he remembers from Lucky Roberts, way back; the Earl Hines and James P. Johnson of the old days; some single-note trumpet phrases from Bix and Louis; forgotten derivations from some chance genius of the honkey-tonks—above all the free, steady drive of the drums-guitar-bass part of a band (no good rhythm man may follow the beat, but must lead it, have the swing in him to carry it and the iron to hold it against gathering tension and fatigue).

So he runs from "The Blues of Israel" to the terrific and backbreaking tempo that Gene Krupa and a bunch of madmen held on the Victor recording of "Swing Is Here." He runs from the sophistication of a solo on Benny Goodman's "Madhouse" to the jazzy Dixieland blare of the "Maple Leaf Rag" (Paul Mares and his Friars' Society Orchestra). About the best of all is the way he used to eat up the choruses on "Sing, Sing, Sing," getting higher with each one and beyond himself, truly wonderful piano. (Benny, like the swell musician he is, would stand beaming and silent through all of them, but when they recorded it somebody was wrong, because there is everything on the double-side twelve-inch release except that perishable triumph.) The first time I heard it was at the New York Paramount, and when I began cheering afterwards backstage, all Jess would say was "Oh, you mean that old A-minor-chord thing; it's all right, that chord." And much later they were playing some sad backwater where the bloods were yelling for "Casa Loma Stomp" and failed to get the idea of a solo and bawled for brass. And Jess dug in and took about five in a row, so mad they couldn't get him out of it, and it was beautiful—they didn't want to take him out. All he said after that was, "I'll teach them what to holler for, the icky bastards."

But those are the recordings, the outstanding flash parts; and Jess Stacy more than almost any musician of his rank has little to show there. The deep consistent music of his piano still comes out best only to those who play over it or sit there under its sounding board. About which words lead only to more words—so go to hear him in town, or when the band plays a one-night stand in some town near. And when he plays, you listen; and when he possibly comes over to your table afterwards and talks, you listen; and when he says, "Let's sneak out and get a blast out of that jug the man has over at the bar," you go along. You will for once be near the singing tradition of this country and its people, nearer than you know.

Laughter

When Squirrel Meets Squirrel

BURGES JOHNSON, 1877– . . . Director of Public Relations and Professor of English at Syracuse University . . . gives some of the reasons why most of us can never do a thorough job of cleaning out our desks or of parting with things in the attic.

THIS afternoon I watched a squirrel on our front lawn under the oaks collecting acorns and burying them. For a time he carried them one by one to some cache; but now he was burying each where he found it, without bothering to mark the spot. I watched him with a sort of amused pity. Of course there was no need to mark the spot. He wouldn't need those acorns. He had enough in his cache for a hard winter, and he was saving these others just because he couldn't help it. I ought to know; because in these moments of brutal self-analysis I must admit that I too am a squirrel—of sorts.

The other day, for instance, I cleaned out my desk. This is an old-fashioned high "secretary" containing bookshelves, a cupboard, some deep recesses, and a number of drawers. The process of cleaning, hallowed by time, is to pull out one drawer after another, empty it on the desk-flap and go through the small pile of miscellaneous treasures, putting back in the drawer those of continuing value, and setting to one side whatever might well be thrown away.

The separating of wheat from chaff in each successive pile I do with cool and unsentimental efficiency. The heap of discarded matter grows rapidly, and some of the drawers go back half empty. When all are

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back I find that by combining their contents I have two entirely empty drawers. Into these I crowd all of the discarded matter, because it is quite possible that some of it might, after all, be of some use to me some day.

The cupboard in that desk I should prefer not to mention at all; but in this present confessional mood I am forcing myself to do so. The front of each shelf, within handy reach, contains things of immediate value, often needed. But back of them are miscellany that I literally dare not examine. Sometimes when the light is good and I am searching for something on one of these shelves my glance strays too far back and I catch sight of the corner or identifiable end of something that has always been there; then I find myself shrinking back. Closer scrutiny would compel questions, and questioning at this late day would amount to sacrilege. Time has made that ancient jetsam a hallowed part of me—probably a part of my soul.

One cannot reason about anything the existence of which has ceased to have a reason. One can only accept.

We moved into this new home not so very long ago; and among those near and dear to me were some temerarious enough to believe that the process of packing and moving would compel me to winnow. I did, it is true, help to assemble in the cellar a large quantity of things to be sent to the Salvation Army, and even to the ash cans. During the final days, however, just before the arrival of the movers, I sent my own contributions to the cellar by messenger, for I found the strain of viewing that pile was too great. But God loves a squirrel. There happened to be none of us in the cellar when the movers were finishing their work, and they had no instructions about that pile, so they packed it all into a number of empty boxes and took them along. These are now in the new cellar, and some day I may unpack them. But they are mixed in with some other boxes, dating back to earlier residences, which I do not dare open.

Providence is indeed kind to me and far beyond my deserts. The new home is a rambling farmhouse in the country, modernized and rebuilt, but with spacious attic and cellar, not to speak of the fabulous areas of a barn converted into a garage. Then too there is all the adjacent out-of-doors. I can find vast storage spaces, and I am doing so. I think that I am losing the hang-dog or sheepish look that was beginning to grow upon me after perennial questions as to why I kept a broken lawnmower, for instance, after a new one was purchased, or lame chairs or empty picture frames. I have room here for anything, from an almost perfectly good bedspring to stacks of empty boxes and badly folded wrapping paper and bits of string. Perhaps because I have led a comparatively harmless life without injury to my fellow men I am permitted to re-enter Eden.

Eden it is indeed, for the other day a serpent entered.

I found not only a spacious attic in this house but a veritable treasure trove left by the former owners. The shadowed spaces were so crowded with intriguing things that, after I had pawed them over for a time and got myself gloriously dirty, I was in a state of semi-intoxication. Broken parts were scattered about which, if pieced together, promised unpredictable wholes—parts of a clock, indications of two complete double beds, broken chairs, pictures in frames, pictures without frames, frames without pictures. Small boxes contained familiar assortments of picture hooks, rusty nails, curtain rings, broken hinges, and undefinable metal items, all tangled up with picture wire and string. Back under the eaves were musty-looking pasteboard containers, each as mysteriously inviting as a brass-studded treasure chest on a lonely island. There was an unbelievable number of porcelain utensils belonging in bedrooms before the days of modern plumbing; some were daintily decorated and many were cracked. The family was quite uncompromising about these, despite the fact that I am always futilely begging for old kitchen dishes in which I may mix paint or plaster.

We had purchased the house from an elderly person, the last of his line. He and his wife had decided to move to a town apartment, and she had written me that everyone even remotely interested in the place had taken away from it whatever they found of value. But our lawyer warned me that, since I had purchased only the house and land, I must make quite sure that nothing in that attic was wanted by the late owners, and I must persist in my inquiry until there was no question that full notice had been served.

I confess I wrote those letters reluctantly; without steady family pressure they might not have been written at all.

Eventually when our legal quibbler was satisfied, the Salvation Army, the City Mission, and the garbage collectors all were invited to an orgy. But at the eleventh hour, with a sudden revival of spirit, I demanded suzerainty of the dark northern ell in that rambling loft. With feverish haste and superhuman strength I dragged one thing after another into my storage space, already quite crowded with uncatalogued things. Then I let the vandals do their worst with the attic's other reaches.

I am coming to the serpent. He was most inoffensive in appearance and he rang the front-door bell hesitantly and introduced himself as the former owner of the house, now actuated by a desire to see what the new tenants might have done to it. We showed him about, and he was warm in his praises. Then he asked me diffidently if he might look in the attic a moment. There was something about him that caused premonitions. That sheepish defensive look that I have mentioned was a permanent expression with him. With dull steps I led him up the attic stair and into my own shadowed and remote ell, for I felt that we might as well face the business at once. I could hear him sigh as he looked through the narrow opening upon a junk heap that would have done credit to a secondhand shop in the Yiddish quarter. Then he glanced at me and there was a new belligerency about him. "My wife doesn't know I am here," he said. "She doesn't want any of these things."

"Well, she's quite right," I said lightly. "We have kept meaning to turn them over to one of the welfare organizations or put them into the ash pails."

"That's what my wife said to do with them. Then she said if you cleaned out the attic you might find odds and ends you needed in repair work, so we left it for you, just as it was."

We had withdrawn into our separate camps, he on one side of the mess and I on the other. I pointed to an ornate mantelpiece with an attached mirror, hoping to distract his attention from a broken clock which I had seen him glance at eagerly when he came in.

"There's one of those old chairs," he exclaimed. "We had a set of them once. I always liked them."

I began to discover a certain charm in what was left of that old chair. Its seat was gone and most of the rungs, but I realized at once that if I could find other rungs and get a new seat for it I might be proud of that chair, with sixty per cent of it my own re-creation. I resented his attitude. It seemed as though he were asserting some claim upon my chair.

"Of course if you want to carry off fragments of that sort," I said, "I'd be glad to help you get them down to your car. But I am afraid they would scratch it up a good deal."

"Well I guess I might take it along," he said. "Once I get it home my wife couldn't say much."

"Help yourself," I said. "After all, these things are yours. I mean they are yours so far as I am concerned, though of course *legally"*—I tried to laugh in jovial fashion—"we ought to charge storage if ownership is still claimed."

He didn't seem to hear me. I noticed a sort of feverishness about him that made my heart sink. I recognized it. He was acting just like that squirrel on the front lawn that leaped upon each new acorn and stored it up immediately, whether he wanted it or not. To distract his attention from an old-fashioned washstand with the towel rack broken, I picked up a curious long stick with a wire hook that slipped up and down its length. "Wonder what this is?" I said.

He took it from me. "That's part of a curtain-stretcher; old-fashioned device—my mother used to use it. There ought to be another piece like this around here somewhere, and some cross pieces." We both began hunting. I tried to take back the part he had taken from me, but he clung to it, and after all I had to maintain some dignity. We found the mate to this stick, but not the cross pieces. By that time we were both thoroughly coated with ancient dust and very warm.

"Well, I have got to be going," he said. "You have been mighty kind. I wish I could come back and sort of mess around in all this. There are a lot of pretty good things here that might be put together again." He glanced at me pathetically. "It would be sort of fun. Everything in our apartment is new and there is absolutely nothing in it we don't need."

All of my bitterness against him vanished. I spoke confidentially and impulsively. "Couldn't I pack up some of these things and send them to some place where you could go sometimes—like a room in a neighbor's garage, or something like that?"

His face brightened. "That's an idea," he said. "I'll look one up." He clasped my hand. "Well, it's good to think there are friendly people in the old house." We went downstairs together and I let him wash up as far as possible in the laundry. What he needed was a Turkish bath. I followed him to the car and noticed that he was still carrying one side of that curtain stretcher.

"Here," I laughed. "You forgot you were carrying that. It wouldn't be any use to anyone."

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Might make something out of it. Odd the way that wire contraption slides up and down the stick. They don't make things just like that now."

Both of our faces, I am sure, had hardened perceptibly. "Well, good-by," I said shortly. "Glad you came."

"Good-by," he said. "I'll be back if you don't mind. There might be some little thing there."

"You won't find anything, I'm afraid. I'm thinking of getting the folks from the City Mission to come and clean the place out. Foolish to hang on to a lot of stuff you don't want."

"Yeah, that's right," he said as he started the car; "I was saying that to my wife just the other day."

That curtain stick was on the back seat and I reached for it, but I was too late. I hope his wife finds it first.

The Talk of the Town

THE NEW YORKER . . . in its opening department each week chats wittily with its readers about the happenings, sad and humorous, great and small, that take place in and around the largest "town" in America. Here are a few selections, written by various members of *The New Yorker* staff.

Homework

Crossing Fifth Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street last Saturday afternoon, we were caught in midstream by a change of lights and had to wait beside the traffic cop. He was standing with his hands behind his back, holding a piece of paper which, as we discovered after a little craning, was a mimeographed copy of Polonius's advice to Laertes:

> . . . Give thy thoughts no tongue,
> Nor any unproportion'd thought his act,
> Be thou familiar but by no means
> vulgar . . .

A new era is on the way, evidently.

¡Pum!

Having heard that the translation of comic strips for the foreign trade involves some interesting linguistic and moral problems, we dropped into the local office of the King Features Syndicate, the distributor of most of the funnies printed in the Hearst newspapers, and investigated. King Features, we learned, distributes comic strips to sixty countries, nineteen of which are Spanish-speaking. The forty-one non-Latin countries simply get their comics with the balloons left blank and a

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copy of the English text, which they are at liberty to translate as they please. Of this end of the business, it's enough to tell you that in Italy Donald Duck is called Paolino Paperino, and in Denmark Jiggs, of "Bringing Up Father," is simply called Gyldenspjaet. With nineteen countries buying Spanish comic strips, King Features finds it practical to have the translation done right here in New York. It is done by four gentlemen, named Adolph Lindo, Alberto Noel, Walter Douglas, and Noel Llorenz. We had a long, informative chat with Mr. Lindo, who has had twenty years' experience translating funnies and hasn't gone crazy yet.

Mr. Lindo told us that the balloons are filled in with pure Castilian for all nineteen countries. Every country has its local dialect, of course, but Castilian is comprehended by all moderately well-educated Spanish-Americans. However, this involves a very careful choice of language because certain words, perfectly harmless in the original Castilian, have acquired in some countries shocking idiomatic meanings. *"Cachucha,"* which in Castilian means simply "boat" or "waltz," means something quite unmentionable to an Argentine. Similarly, the word *"singa"* has such an awful meaning in Cuba that a character in "Little Annie Rooney" named Mr. Singapore had to be renamed Mr. Ali Baba. Whenever it's possible, proper names are literally translated, Donald Duck thus becoming *El Pato Donald,* and Mickey Mouse *El Raton Miguelito.*

However well up you may be in preparatory-school Spanish, we'll bet you never knew the Spanish for "Kitty, kitty, kitty." It's "*Miniao, miniao, miniao.*" The corned beef and cabbage beloved of Jiggs (who, incidentally, becomes for the Latin trade *Don Pancho,* while Maggie is *Doña Ramona*) is translated *puchero*—literally, "stew." The expression "He got rooked" is changed by Mr. Lindo and his colleagues to *"Fui por lana y sali trasquilado"*—"He went for wool and came back clipped." "Sourpuss" is *cara de vinagre* (vinegar face), and "baloney" is *naranjas de la China* (Chinese oranges). And Popeye's war cry "Blow me down!" is "*¡Sopla y resopla!*" ("Blow and then blow some more!").

Onomatopœia, the literal phonetic imitation of things falling, or breaking, or bumping together, is another problem for the translators. "Bam!" and "Pow!" are roughly translated as "*¡Zas!*" and "*¡Pum!*" The latter also doubles as the report of a cannon, while a Castilian revolver goes "*¡Pac!*" When one man socks another a couple of times—"Slap! Slap!" or "Smack! Smack!" to us—it's always "*¡Pif! ¡Paf!*" in Spanish. Best of all, probably, is the noise a Spanish rock makes when it is heaved through a window: "*¡Cataplum!*" Plays on words are the worst problem. Once, for example, Felix the Cat saw a sign beside a stream: "Good Fishing Here." He fished a while, had no luck, and disgustedly crossed out the "F" in the sign, putting in a "W," so that the sign read, "Good Wishing Here." But in Spanish "Good fishing here" is "*Buena pesca aqui*," while "Good wishing here" is "*Bueno deseos aqui*." All they could do was have Felix add, under the sign, "*Cuando hay pesces*"—"When there are fishes." "Not so funny," said Mr. Lindo. "¿But what can you do?"

Finally, there are certain situations which, while morally unexceptionable in the United States, are beyond the pale in Latin countries—for instance, a girl sitting alone with her boy friend in the parlor. For the Spanish trade, the dialogue has to be tinkered to indicate that the chaperon has just stepped out of the room for a moment. Likewise, you can't have wives bossing their husbands around. "Man wants to go out, in Argentine, an' wife say he can't, he'd crack her neck," said Mr. Lindo. Thus henpecking is always soft-pedalled, except in the case of "Bringing Up Father," where it's the running theme of the whole series. In this case, it's exaggerated so enormously that even the touchiest and most literal-minded Latin-American will get the idea that it's all a joke. "We make it so damned funny that it's absurd," Mr. Lindo explained.

Ice Cream in Education

On the day President Conant observed, a little guardedly, that perhaps too many young men got to college and that a more rigid intellectual standard for admission might be a good thing, we saw another item in the news to the effect that the students at Harvard were planning a "title bout" to settle the ice-cream-eating championship of the University. Up to now the champion, Homer Peabody, has eaten nineteen plates at one sitting; the challenger, David Mitchell, has eaten eighteen. May the better man win, and the hell with the higher education.

Notes and Comments

"Peaceful is morning in the shrine garden," wrote the Japanese Emperor in a two-line poem of pearly grace. Peaceful, too, are mornings in the Ministry of Propaganda in Berlin. And peaceful the early day in the bailiwick of the Duce, as he bids farewell to his son Bruno, leaving by plane for Rio de Janeiro. Morning is indeed a time of peace in the throne rooms and shrine gardens of the world, the air drenched with the scent of narcissus; peace hovering over the concentration camp, where life goes on quietly and one day is much the same as another; peace in the government-controlled newspaper office, where the event is shaped beforehand and needs no reporting; peace in the mind of the writer, saying "Be still, my thoughts!"; peace in the market place, where only the pure of blood may make a profit. Truly there is peace all over the world today, and the earth is an immense shrine garden, and the time is morning.

In the Embassy Theatre, watching the March of Time film about Germany, we felt anew the oppressive quality of this pervasive peace. Millions of free people will, we hope, see this great motion picture, the cautious Warner Brothers notwithstanding. Millions will see clearly what they have heretofore only felt vaguely: the implications of despotism. Having seen, they will find it easier to answer, each for himself, the question which the picture asks. Nothing one-half as eloquent has been spoken recently in behalf of democracy.

Turn About

The young lady cashier in a Times Square drugstore was given a ten-dollar bill the other day, just at the height of the lunch-hour rush, and behaved as cashiers frequently do when given a ten-dollar bill—looked narrowly at the customer, held the bill up to the light, rubbed it between her fingers to see if the ink would come off, and compared the serial number with a list pasted up beside her cash register. Finally satisfied, she gave him his change: a five-dollar bill, four ones, and some silver. The customer, evidently one in a million, then looked narrowly at the young lady, held each bill in turn up to the light and rubbed it between his fingers, and dropped each coin on the counter, listening critically to its ring. Quite a line had formed behind him by this time, but nobody seemed to object to the delay. On the contrary. When the customer, after dropping the coins, subjected them to the further test of biting, quite a hearty cheer went up.

Life at School

There's a certain melancholy humor in a letter written home by a lad who this year went away to school for the first time. He told his parents how he was making out in studies and sports, and concluded, "Everything is fine here, except that I'm allergic to the stuffed owls in the assembly hall."

Widgets

Having read from time to time newspaper stories about the mystery of the disappearing widgets at the Stock Exchange, we decided last week to go down to Wall Street and find out for ourselves what it's all about. Widgets are tiny wooden cylinders which carry orders and reports of sales through the Exchange's pneumatic-tube system, and they have been disappearing at the rate of nine thousand a month. This is of no great moment financially, since widgets sell in bulk for $12 a thousand, but it's eerie, and the Exchange people would like to know what's going on. The most plausible theory is that brokers, receiving a message via widget, absent-mindedly stuff the widget into their pocket instead of returning it; a broker who wasn't particular about the set of his coat might secrete half a dozen widgets a day, emptying them onto his bureau top at night. Nobody knows for sure if that's what happens, but it's likely.

There's a lot more widget lore than you'd believe possible. The name, for instance. "Widget" is a word that was coined by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly twelve or fourteen years ago in the play "Beggar on Horseback." Somebody asked a prosperous manufacturer in the play what it was he manufactured, and the fellow replied, "Widgets." When the pneumatic-tube system was installed at the Exchange in 1917, the widgets were called "tube carriers." It was a financial writer, in a rare sportive mood, who later gave them the nickname. The Stock Exchange librarian, Mrs. Meredith, investigated the word recently and found it in Weseen's Dictionary of American Slang, published in 1934—"Widget: an indefinite substitute name for any appliance or device." Or, as they now say at the Exchange, "A widget is a gadget."

Widgets are manufactured by several competing companies, which submit sealed bids for orders to the Exchange's Division of Supply. They come in three colors—natural maple, red, and blue; the colors have no significance. They have to be breakable, or else when they got out of shape with wear they'd clog up the pneumatic tubes. They travel on the main floor of the Exchange at an average speed of 15 M.P.H. Upstairs, in the ticker-operating room, they travel in vacuum tubes at 45 M.P.H. Once, during a trial run, a widget went 465 feet in 4.2 seconds—75 M.P.H. Since 1917 the Exchange has used up 30,000,000 widgets, which is almost one for every family in the United States.

Three Dogs

We told you sometime ago about a pair of terriers whose delight it is to go sliding down the chutes in Central Park. One of the two, his mistress tells us, lately has taken a melancholy pleasure in hearing her sing "Frankie and Johnny." Along about the second stanza, the dog begins to shake his head sadly, while big, hot tears come into his eyes. He suffers all through the song, but won't let the lady stop; makes her go right through to the part about rubber-tired hearses. And another family we've recently heard of has a terrier who listens with fascination to the story of Little Red Riding Hood, up to the point where the wolf says, "The better to eat you with, my dear!" Then he gets frightened and runs under the bed. And yet a third family rejoices in a very low-slung Scottie who has sneezing fits. Whenever they see a sneeze setting in, they rush over and pick the dog up; otherwise, on the down beat of the sneeze, he cracks his chin severely on the floor.

Good-Natured

One of our Saturday-afternoon strolls took us as far as Chinatown, where we were brought up short in front of Tsang Kwong's curio shop, 14 Pell Street. What brought us up short was a sign in the window:

"Good Natured Kwong practically *give* merchandise away." Another sign said (you can believe us or not), "Come in and browse around." In fact, all was sweetness and light, except that the door was shut and had on it a stupendous padlock. We looked at the curios in the window, which included "Hand-Carved Ivory Chaims, 25c the each," and discovered yet another sign, this one of a patriotic nature: "Boycott Japan will lessen blood shed a noble way to save human life." Deep in thought about it all, we took a turn through Doyers and Mott, eventually being drawn, as by a magnet, back to 14 Pell. This time the padlock was gone and the door was open. Within was a moon-faced young Chinese engaged in painting little ivory elephants bright scarlet. He looked up coldly as we approached, and said, "Not intelested." "Can *this* be Good Natured Kwong?" we asked ourself, in amazement. It was indeed he, and he told us his aloofness was caused by the fact that he thought we were a salesman.

Good Natured Kwong is quite a fellow, it turns out. He's thirty-five, and has been in the country ever since he was eighteen. He was in the wholesale curio business, first with an uncle, and then on his own. This more or less petered out a year ago, because of the modlunistic tlend of decolation, which is antipathetic to knickknacks. Kwong then opened the shop at 14 Pell—purely and simply on account of its being the centre of the tourist trade. He and his wife live on Twentieth Street, and don't mingle with the Pell Street crowd. The "Good Natured" sign he put up several months ago. It is based, he told us, on a profound knowledge of sightseers' psychology: they're often turned away from Chinese shops by the fear that the proprietors are grim and inscrutable, and likely to get sore if no purchases are made. However, the sign, while helping business on some occasions, has at other times cost him money—brash tourists say that if he's so damn good-natured, why won't he knock fifty cents off the price of a string of beads? There's no answer to that.

Good Natured Kwong is a student of international affairs, about which he writes letters to the *Sun* and the *Times*—the New York *Sun* and the Pawtucket, R. I., *Times*. He puts a new anti-Jap sign in his window every few days, and allowed us to glance at a few advance copies: "Bombing non-combatants be vigorously condemn—register disapproval by refusing purchase Japanese goods" and "What value will have of spoken word, if treaties can be scraped?" We greatly prefer Kwong to Hugh Johnson or Dorothy Thompson.

Philosophy

The other night, at the Versailles Restaurant, a lighthearted young couple ordered supper and then started dancing. Pretty soon their waiter came right out on the dance floor, and said that they'd better come back to their table. "The dancing goes on forever," he said, austerely, "but the meat grows cold."

Rear-Vision Mirror

RICHARD LOCKRIDGE, 1898– . . . began newspaper work in Kansas City, Missouri . . . drama critic of *The New York Sun* since 1928 . . . author of *Darling of Misfortune* (1932), a biography of Edwin Booth, and "Mr. and Mrs. North," a collection of *New Yorker* sketches.

I WAS gazing in the window of a bicycle place the other day, thinking how odd all the bicycles looked, when I saw one with a rear-vision mirror. A rear-vision mirror, I give you my word. That convinced me, as nothing else had, that the day of the bicycle is done and that the present enthusiasm about them will not come to anything. There is no future for the bicycle with a rear-vision mirror, or for cyclists who, if they want to know what is coming behind them, can't turn around and look. I think we'd better give the whole thing up and try to make do with the motorcar.

Even before I saw the rear-vision mirror, I was pretty hopeless about the modern bicycle. All those in the window were nice and shiny, but not real bicycles—not honest, working bicycles, if you remember what I mean. Good enough, maybe, to ride on cycle paths in parks, where you are not going any place, and particularly where you are not going uphill, but no good for real bicycling. You could never push one of those with horn, speedometer, streamlined mudguards, tool chest, electric lights fore and aft, and special bracings, from Kansas City to Independence; not even now, when it is concrete all the way, and not even if you were not killed by a car going seventy, as of course you would be. And if you tried to repair one of them, you'd be even less likely to make it. I doubt whether a boy, anyhow, would be able to lift one equipped with all those accessories sufficiently to turn it upside down so that it rested on its seat and handlebars. If you can't do that with a bicycle, you might as well not have it. When I had bi-

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From *The New Yorker*, October 23, 1937. Used by permission of the author and *The New Yorker*.

cycles, which was for years and not, of course, very recently, that was accepted as the normal position. They always needed something, or you thought they did, and you were always giving it to them, while they lay on their backs with their wheels in the air.

It may be, of course, that my group of cyclists was peculiarly given to repair work. I rather think it was; certainly my best friend had an undisguised mechanical bent and would rather take a bicycle apart than ride it. He went on, afterward, taking his automobiles apart, and when I was back in Kansas City recently, he was still doing it. He said it always surprised him to see me driving a car, because I had so hated to get my hands dirty, and if this seems a *non sequitur* to other non-mechanical people, it didn't to him. I knew what he meant, too, and was a little hurt. After all, I took my bicycle apart as much as he did—more, if anything, because for several years it was an extremely odd bicycle. I didn't enjoy it as much, perhaps, or do it so expertly, but I did it, partly because of need and partly, of course, because he and everybody else did.

The bicycle I remember best out of the four or five I had was, certainly, an odd one. A cousin of mine in a wholesale hardware company got it for me, and it was their own brand and unlike all other bicycles. It had, for one thing, two-piece handlebars. The pieces met in the middle in toothed discs, and you could adjust them any way you liked. This, for a while, gave me an edge on the other boys, because when they wanted to adjust their handlebars so that they could ride with their noses against the front tire, like racers, they had to take most of the bicycle apart, and this was a chore. I could just loosen a nut and let the two pieces drop, and it was no chore at all.

It was, as a matter of fact, too easy, because after I had had the bicycle a while, the teeth got worn and the nut wouldn't stay tight enough to hold them. After that, every now and then the handlebars would drop by themselves, and I usually would drop with them. Sometimes only one side would drop, and I would make a sudden swoop and land in the street. I never minded; falling off was part of it, and nobody ever bothered about being skinned up.

My bicycle had clincher tires, too, which was unusual. The rest were all orthodox single-tube tires, easy to mend with a few rubber bands and some rubber cement, but when I got a puncture, it was something. I had to turn the bicycle upside down, to start with—that was the preliminary to all repairs—and take the wheel off. If it was the front wheel, this was easy enough, because it only meant springing the front fork apart, but the rear wheel was a special problem, partly because of untangling the chain and partly because of the coaster brake, which was also unorthodox. I always pinched my fingers, whichever wheel it was. Then I had to pry the tire off and find the hole in the inner tube and patch it, and this always took hours and the patches almost never stuck. Prying the tire back on without pinching the tube was another task in the hot back-yard sun, and then, often as not, I would pump it up and find I had fixed the wrong hole and have to do it all over again. I have still only to breathe deeply to smell the hot rubber of the tire and the pungency of the cement, which was supposed to hold the patch and didn't.

The coaster brake was special, too—it wasn't the New Departure, with the arm, that everyone else had. I had a peculiar and infinitely complicated apparatus without an arm, but with twice the usual number of obscure inner parts. As a result of this peculiarity, and my efforts to correct it, it was an unpredictable brake, sometimes going on so hard that I went right off over the handlebars and sometimes not braking at all. It would also slip, occasionally, when I was trying to go forward and leave me pedalling violently against nothing.

But the wheel got me around all right, and not on cycle paths. When we went off on our bicycles, we were going places and not taking exercise. We were running errands, and going to school, and things like that, but chiefly we were riding out into the country with our lunches, and sometimes with our suppers and beds and breakfasts. There would be only two or three of us, of course; there was none of this cycle-club nonsense, such as they had in the East. We rode alone, each boy for himself, and anyone lucky enough to get a chance to hang on behind a car sailed off exultantly, with a promise floating back to meet us later. It wasn't bicycling for the sake of bicycling; no holds were barred—we were going places. Mostly, I suppose because we lived on that side of town, we were going to Independence. There could hardly have been any other reason than mere convenience, because there was certainly nothing in Independence; it was just a place to go. It was about ten miles from where we lived. I was out there a while ago and drove it, and it's nothing at all, but it was ten miles then, almost entirely uphill through the dust, and perfectly swell. Just right for Sunday, from after Sunday school until dusk or, if we had to make repairs en route, a little after dusk.

If it was much after dusk, we were a bit out of luck, because we had no lights. We had no bells, either, and only a wrench and an oil can, usually empty, for tools. They were in a triangular pouch strapped onto the frame. Bells were sissy; sometimes girls had them. Lamps weren't sissy, but they were expensive. We always wanted them, and one of us did, finally, get one—a carbide lamp, which made a great hissing and smelling when you poured water into it, and a sharp, white light as long as the gas kept forming. The lamp came to a bad end, however, and almost took its owner with it.

He had it clamped to the front fork, and one night, riding home, it began to splutter. He leaned over to adjust it and managed somehow to push it around into the spokes. He was going downhill at a good pace and the bicycle, with him on it, somersaulted. He was out for a few minutes, but all right when we came up, except for being sore about the lamp, which was no good any more, obviously. We commiserated with him, but secretly thought it was only what was to be expected from gadgets like lamps. Anybody who couldn't ride in reasonable darkness couldn't ride. Rather late in our riding we accepted mudguards; for years we let the splatters fall where they would, which was on us, of course. After we got the mudguards, they always rattled.

As we grew rather older, we began to take longer trips out into the country, and once or twice strapped blankets and pup tents and a few pots and pans and provisions on the bicycles and went clattering off to stay overnight in the open. We would camp, usually in cow pastures, and the cows would come around early in the morning and look at us. Sometimes the farmers would come around early and look at us, too. But it had cycle-path riding beaten, I think, cows or no cows.

It's mostly four-lane concrete through there now, and nobody in his right mind would ride a bicycle on it. And I must say nobody does.

We didn't demand pavement to ride on. Any graded road was good enough, and usually when we got on asphalt we tried tricks. We practiced tricks in our block constantly. Riding without handlebars wasn't a trick, of course. Turning circles in a fairly narrow street without them almost was, although we could all do it. Riding backward while sitting on the handlebars was a trick, however, and one pretty apt to end with your running into something. We used to play tag on bicycles, too, and race around the block, skidding on the curves. We were still riding when we began wearing long trousers and had to have clips to keep them out of the sprockets.

But the motor age was almost on us by that time, and pretty soon the boy who had had the carbide lamp got a motorcycle—a one-cylinder Pope, and a great popper, once he got it started. He let us ride it, one by one and never very far, and would sometimes take one of us for longer rides on the seat behind him. It was strange to go shooting up hills, and we began to get envious. After the motorcycle, the same boy got a Ford and none of us was much interested in bicycles after that. We all began thinking how we could get cars. We figured bicycling was licked, and I'm afraid we were right.

Language and Press

On Doing Without Grammar

WILSON FOLLETT, 1887– . . . novelist, essayist, and critic, whose work has appeared in five of the *Essay Annual* volumes, was represented last year by his article "The State of the Language."

Ah! 'twas a famous spectacle indeed,
This wordy welter!—verbs that disagreed
With nominatives; prepositions all
Too weak to hold the objective case in thrall;
Adverbs and adjectives disparted quite
From parent-words and in a woeful plight
Of orphanage; conjunctions, interjections;
With truly anarchistic predilections;
And pronouns which—a gutter-blooded swarm!—
Denied their antecedents in their form.
—"Shapes of Clay."

THE foregoing objurgations in rhyme describe a shocking fraction of the present public output of language in these parts as if composed expressly to do so. As a matter of fact they descend to us from that dim yesterday, the reign of Roosevelt the First, when the occasion for them was rather less generally urgent than it is now. What provoked them was the flood of political oratory let loose while manifest destiny (as conceived in Washington) was getting itself realized at the site of the future Panama Canal. In Homeric simile the verses continue:

From *The Saturday Review of Literature,* October 30, 1937. Used by permission of the author and *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

As Hudson bears his never-failing fleet
Of dead dogs, verdant, poddy, and unsweet,
To pile themselves upon the Jersey shore
Or in Sargasso's Sea rest evermore,
So poured this torrent through its delta's breaches—

whereupon the passage smites its cymbals in the final grand sforzando:

And all these parts of speech were parts of speeches.

What was fulminated of mere speeches in the early 1900's applies with tenfold force in the late 1930's to an impressive proportion of all that one reads or hears in every quarter from news column to textbook and from radio announcing to the drafting of New Deal legislation. For all that one can now imagine to the contrary it will apply with even more general aptness to the speech and writing of 1950. That prospect, too, is manifest destiny, or as nearly so as anything can be that has not happened yet.

No doubt it is a mercy as well as a pity that the author of the rhymes is not alive to see his words take on the new force and pertinence that every year is giving them. For he was a purist in the thoroughgoing sense—a man who suffered almost physical anguish in the presence of whatever in diction he conceived to be impurity. For instance, on finding himself credited here with "rhymes" instead of "rimes" he would tear his hair out of private chagrin and then go roaring forth after a handful of his traducers out of a sense of public duty. In compounding his acid little prescription for newspaper offices under the label "Write It Right," he excoriated the use of "execute" for "put to death," insisting implacably that what is executed is not the victim, but the sentence. Once he undertook to pay his respects to a best-selling novel, and his report ran: "Amongst other insupportable characteristics the very first sentence in the book contains twelve prepositions and several clashing relatives and concludes with a sequence of four dactyls." Then he added: "The first sentence is as far as I have gone."

These are obviously tough times for any man so constituted. If Bierce were to come to life and resume reading the popular current authors, he would die forty deaths a day, of disgust complicated with otalgia. If in addition he were to read the newspapers, he would die a thousand. Sooner or later, though, he would make the discovery that English grammar, which he had always thought of as the basic rationale of saying what you mean instead of what you don't, is now (as one of my correspondents calls it) merely "a fetish of pedants," and at that point he would blow out his brains and End It All.

Now, mere grammar, like anything else, can be made to seem very mere indeed by dismissing it with bad names—"formal" grammar (as if anyone cared how informally it is grasped, just so it is grasped), "dead syntax," "arid parsing," "an outworn discipline," "a fetish of pedants," and so on—but are the anti-grammarians really disposing of anything with these catchwords? They dig the grave and compose the epitaph, but is grammar really under the tombstone they set up? Whether we like it or not, grammar is very much alive; alive and—except when we are on amiable and coöperative terms with it—kicking. It kicks, in fact, like a mule; and if we do not take adequate measures to keep it pretty well tamed and manageable, it kicks *us*. Mere grammar is twisted into the nature of language about as mere gravitation is twisted into that of the physical universe. There are moments when anyone resents gravitation very much as, say, Mr. Alexander Woollcott resents grammar. But you do not repeal the law of gravity if you step off a cliff into thin air. You only illustrate it.

There are no natural laws of English grammar? Well, let us see. This is a domain in which a few ounces of illustration are worth a long ton of theorizing. Approach a few of the actual cliffs off which we stumble when we try to skirt them in the dark without benefit of grammar. Begin with the very lowest, most insignificant cliff of all. Begin, in fact, with something so trivial as a comma. For, the moment you set out to translate language into conventional symbols for the eye, you are committed to commas. A lot of punctuation is simply grammar made graphic, and the spreading hostility to punctuation is part of the latterday war on grammar. Some of us imagine that we can duck both the comma and the logical consequences of not having it, but of course there is no such possibility.

Here is one of the many recent chronicles of Maine coastal and seafaring folk, Isabel Hopestill Carter's "Shipmates." In simple fidelity to the life, times, and folk depicted it is one of the very best such stories in existence, and it ought to outlast practically all of those written with more conscious art. But it is certainly not devoid of minor crudities, and you are not surprised to read on its Page 93: "They entered only one shop where Elizabeth invested in a green and rose wall-pocket for flowers." Take the bearings of that comma. I mean, of course, the one after "shop"—the one that isn't there. As any competent schoolmarm or proofreader will remind you, the sentence means one thing with the comma and quite another without it. Punctuated, it would say (as the context presently shows the author to have meant) that they entered only one shop and that in that one Elizabeth bought the wall-pocket. As printed, it says that they entered more than one shop, but that in only one of them did Elizabeth buy a green-and-rose wall-pocket for flowers. The purely practical question "How many shops did they enter?" is, you see, inextricable from the purely grammatical question, "Is the *where*-clause restrictive or non-restrictive, defining or merely relative?" It takes the comma to answer it in either form, and if you won't have the comma on any terms you are declaring that the destruction of punctuation is actually more salutary than the ability of written language to distinguish between contrary meanings.

Now approach a slightly higher cliff. Here are three similar examples from the gutter-blooded swarm of pronouns:

(1) "He found a naked man lying upon a bed, whom he thought for a moment was his other self."

(2) "Then they [Tennyson and Victoria] talked of the Prince and of Hallam, whom she thought from his portrait in 'In Memoriam' greatly resembled him."

(3) "As I look around me, slumber seems to have sealed the eyes of those whom I hoped might be my auditors."

The first two are from lofty British sources, Joseph Hone's authoritative "Life of George Moore" and Miss Edith Sitwell's "Victoria of England"; the third is from Mr. A. Edward Newton's twice-reprinted address on presentation of a first edition of Blackstone to the University of Pennsylvania. Not to use up space analyzing this "whom," pet aversion of F. P. A. for decades ("'Whom are you?' said Cyril"), let us make it the occasion for a simple little challenge.

There is Mr. Woollcott, who assures us in season and out of season that the teaching of grammar in the schools is a cruel bore besides being a foolishness. Yet you and I know, and his multitude of readers and hearers know, and Mr. Woollcott himself knows, that he would shudder at the thought of being caught dead with such a "whom" on him. Let Mr. Woollcott, then, briskly supply us with some precise, crystal-clear, air-tight way of explaining what is amiss with this repulsive "whom" to a person who never knew what a pronoun is, or a verb, or a subject. Such an explanation is a patent necessity if "formal" grammar is to be banished from the grammar school. Let him show to the satisfaction of the open-minded that his personal avoidance of such abominations is accompanied by Adamic innocence of the Facts of Syntax. And when he has done that let him go on a step and cope with a neat trifle of analysis in Mr. Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Laughter," where it is pointed out that when in sarcasm you say "You're a fine friend, you are!" the "you are" has virtually *the force of a negative adverb.* I yearn to be told how anyone is to get the good of *that* penetrating glance into the nature of language without at least a rudimentary appreciation of grammatical functions, or how otherwise, short of a painfully vague and roundabout explanation, Mr. Eastman could have said at all what he has said so pithily.

Step along now, if you will, to the foot of a much higher crag—one that is the scene of even more numerous plunges to worse disasters. It has come to be a natural law of the English language that a part of a sentence lacking a clear subject of its own refers itself by automatic magnetism to the subject of its main clause. This is a principle so firmly embedded that whenever you ignore it your subjectless part either makes an assertion about the wrong thing, the thing you do not mean, or else, even more nonsensically, makes an assertion about nothing whatever.

Here are the Messrs. Hall and Nordhoff, collaborators in a pure, easy, fluid style in which accidents are so rare that they stand out like buttes. In "The Hurricane" they show a group of human beings riding out a tropic storm in a moored boat, which, in default of any other utensils, they have to bail with what we of the New England yokelry, in our more decorous moods, call thunder-mugs. "Being smooth and rounded and provided with good handles," we read, "the wind could not tear them out of our grasp." This says that the wind was smooth, rounded, and provided with handles. In "Manhattan Murder" Mr. Arthur Train, creator of that beguiling and resourceful attorney, Ephraim Tutt, acquaints us with a similarly odd fact of nature, the gnawing away of the ocean by the seashore upon which it charges; "Like a tide pounding against the rocks, the barriers to the conviction of the lower members of the criminal hierarchy were being gradually eaten away." Mr. Hopkins of the P. W. A. got lost on his first visit to the mammoth new Department of Labor building, and the Associated Press narrated: "Coming to the newly completed building for a conference, his taxi driver let him out at the private entrance." That is, it was the taxi driver who had an appointment with Miss Perkins. Of a quaint Harvard Square character Mr. Lucius Beebe writes in elegiac strain: "Heart of oak and watchman of the night, undergraduates will not look upon his like again." Being, like Kipling's castaway, a man of infinite resource and sagacity, Mr. Beebe may very likely retort that illustrious universities, *vice* their illustrious presidents, confer honorary degrees in precisely this syntax every June of the calendar. ("A scientist renowned for his selfless love of truth, his researches in the field of electrodynamics [or investment banking, or stock-breeding, or the circumvention of sales resistance] have opened new vistas . . .") Mr. George Foster Peabody, in a discussion of Woodrow Wilson's attitude toward lawyers, reminisces: "Talking nearly a quarter of a century ago with a long-time associate in educational efforts respecting our mutual friend, Woodrow Wilson, then president of Princeton University, he said . . ." And a downtrodden underling of our astounding Federal bureaucracy writes me dolefully that whenever he begins a letter "In reply to your inquiry you are advised . . ." the chief of his department meticulously corrects it to read: "Replying to your inquiry you are advised . . ."

Who replies to whose inquiry? *Who* is talking, and *who* says? *Who* is a heart of oak? *Who* has a selfless love of truth? Horse sense asks the questions; it is the plainest possible function of language decently used to answer them; and how on earth is language to answer them if it have not grammar? Here once more, you cannot extricate the crass utility of language from its grammatical pattern. They are not two, but one.

The sort of impatient and discontinuous modern mind that has "no use" for grammar has also perfected a curious device for turning the general into the particular, the total into the partial, and the eternal into the momentary by a fantastic perversion of what is, or was in the days of grammar, called the harmony or sequence of tenses. An Appellate Division "handed down an opinion that public intoxication *was* a crime," and an English writer, shown through an American branch of the Institute for the Blind, was given a demonstration "that Braille *was* one of the simplest systems to understand." For both examples I am indebted to the Associated Press, which seldom or never states general and continuing truth in any other form. The Sherwin Cody School of English, in a widely used advertisement containing well over a dozen oddities of diction, punctuation, and syntax, declares: "If you continued to make the same mistakes over and over again, each time patiently he would tell you what *was* right"; also, "Mr. Cody proved that there *were* no more than one dozen fundamental principles of punctuation." (I should have supposed that there "was" but one: but never mind.) The bottom of this particular ditch is sufficiently plumbed in the classic assertion, "Socrates believed that the soul *was* immortal."

Sensible persons have no reason for caring whether the organ of language is played by ear or by note, so long as what is heard is the right tune; but the observed fact is that many of those who are the most confident of their ability to play it by ear are always producing the jangle of this spurious "agreement" of tenses. Here again the trouble is caused by atrophy of all instinct to ask the pertinent question, the question of both common sense and grammar—in this instance, *When?* A weightier symptom could not more expressively reveal the mania for transience of a generation indisposed to conceive that any truth on earth can be so for longer than the instant it takes to phrase it.

Clamber, finally, up one of the several precipices on which the grammatical consideration transcends mere Sense and invades the altitude of Style. Survey what this same transient, tangential, grammarless mind has done to that most ancient and honorable of linguistic institutions, metaphor. It is ancient and honorable because so much of language has evolved through metaphor. Most of the English vocabulary consists of figures of speech more or less overgrown. Thus, all of us speak in veiled metaphors even when we do not choose to. But sometimes we do choose to. We contrive (when we do not parrot or pilfer) overt, deliberate figures of speech in order to dignify the commonplace, freshen the trite, reveal some occult aspect of something, or merely show off. And then things begin to happen over and above what we foresaw.

In Tulsa a big Holstein cow in a red silk costume wins a beauty contest; wins it, according to the Associated Press, "hands down." In

Mr. Sherwin Cody's proposal, cited hereinbefore, to teach all of us How to Master Good English in Fifteen Minutes a Day, it appears that many of us have long been handicapped by a bugbear. A swanky Manhattan specialty shop, one that is to retail trade what Miss Sitwell is to literature, praises a new autumn shoe for women in these lyric words: "In the midst of October's swirling leaves, town doings, and dervish-like skirts, you put your foot on firm ground when you don this serene shoe, tailored and trim and restrained—oil on troubled waters!" (The mark of admiration is not mine.) From the Sunday radio page of the *New York Times,* which is at least as well written as any such page that I ever consult, I learn that television is being "carefully nurtured against the pitfalls . . . that beset the broadcasting era in its swaddling days." And here is Mr. Train again, writing of his Napoleon of the criminal underworld: "It was the gangster's last stand and he was staking everything upon one throw."

(May nobody remind me at this point, or ever again, that Hamlet himself weighed the advisability of taking up arms against a sea of troubles. Hamlet, I take it, was resorting to a futile metaphor to convey futility, as who should say "You can't fight back the flood tide with a broom." What floors us in a really well muddled figure of speech is the utter lack of any intention at all—the daze of the mind behind the metaphor.)

Well, when the artist of prose fails us and will not nurture us against the pitfalls we can still turn for illumination, or at least relief, to his brother craftsman the poet. We turn to Mr. Allen Tate, and he promptly confides to us: "We are the eyelids of defeated caves." I make bold to say that he is right, and that his line, properly understood, is as neat an exegesis as we shall ever see of why the ungrammatical modern mentality does what it does to helpless metaphor along with the other resources of speech. "Eyelids of defeated caves"! The explanation hits the nail squarely where a nail ought to be hit—that is, on the chin. What more inevitable, what more harmonious with the laws of causation (if any remain unrepealed), than our latterday helplessness to pick out a usable trope and then use it with a sane modicum of consistency? Human beings, modern or other, can but do as they are—and we modern human beings, it is revealed at last in this lightning flash of Mr. Tate's, are nothing but sadly muddled metaphors ourselves.

Grammarian's Funeral

BERNARD DEVOTO, 1892– . . . former editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* . . . here replies sharply to Wilson Follett. See Mr. DeVoto's judgment of "The Faculty Style" in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, December 8, 1937.

YEARS ago when the world was fragrant and we were an instructor in English at a distant university we published our first novel. Only microscopy could determine whether the world at large or our colleagues in the good life had the smaller interest in that event, though future historians will use it to date the renascence of American literature, but we were already too old in sorrow to expect anything from either the world or the faculty. But after the novel had been out for a couple of months the one great scholar of the university summoned us to his office and began to praise our style. We wrote well, he said, we wrote beautifully, we wrote with an exquisite feeling for the subtlety, the splendor, and the power of the English tongue. "Why," Professor Curme said, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, "I have counted them and there are no less than eight split infinitives in your book!"

Since we play only by ear we cannot honestly say that we split those infinitives with an engineer's precision and a poet's joy, but from that day on no denunciation of our inelegance has troubled us much. We continue to split infinitives when they sound best split, though usually we are not aware of having split one till the letters begin to come in. We could refer our disparagers to the elegant Mr. Fowler who, in "Modern English Usage," declares that it is better to split an infinitive than to be either awkward or ambiguous. But we like to refer them to Professor Curme, who puts the matter more to our taste. "The much censured split infinitive," he says, "is an improvement of English expression. It first appeared in the fourteenth century and has since been

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gradually gaining favor as it has been better understood. At present it is widely used by our best writers, who feel its advantages. It is avoided by many, especially our minor writers, who here follow the instructions of their school-teachers." That's telling them.

Mr. Wilson Follett, whose article on logic and the sentence we were discussing last week,* weakens his case when he says that a lot of people write to him whenever he uses a preposition to end a sentence with. He claims those people as allies in his crusade for good writing, but a little more reflection would lead him to disown them. We once heard Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland read aloud from a best-seller in the presence of its author. He came to a sentence which ran something like this: "She pulled her skirt down and pulled up her stockings." Copey stopped reading, pushed his glasses high on his forehead, and moaned, "Walter, why didn't you say, 'She pulled her skirt down and her stockings up'?" Walter righteously answered, "Why, Copey, I wouldn't end a sentence with a preposition." We felt then that Walter, though he was following the instructions of his school-teachers, had a lot to learn about prepositions and about style. So have the people who write to Mr. Follett—and to us.

There is a flaw in the syntax of the sentence that ends the paragraph above. Mr. Follett will probably not object to it but a lot of our correspondents must. And, doubtless, many will. Mr. Follett will probably object to that last sentence. Our correspondents will say that it is an independent clause which properly belongs with the sentence preceding it, but he will say that it has no proper subject and that the predicate is not complete. We say, however, that it is sanctioned by the strictest grammarians because both the subject and the rest of the predicate are "understood," and, forsaking the defensive, we assert that the sentence is O.K. [perfectly all right, to you] because whether or not the grammarians sanction it, it is immediately clear to everyone who reads it. Which is all that good sense requires. With *that* sentence Mr. Follett rolls in agony on the floor and a thousand quills are sharpening across America to confirm his judgment that anyone who would write it must be an anarchist.

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* Although Mr. DeVoto here refers to Mr. Follett's essay, "Death of the Sentence" (*The Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1937), his judgment applies equally well to Mr. Follett's essay, "On Doing Without Grammar."—The Editor.

Our correspondents who follow the instructions of their schoolteachers too conscientiously end by preferring correct grammar to clear, idiomatic, and graceful writing. This is especially true of those who insist that every pronoun must have a specific antecedent and that the elided parts of verbs must be filled out when the tense forms differ. Thus the rules require the first word of our last sentence to be followed by a noun which makes its reference specific. But the sentence is quite as clear as [it would be] if it began "this statement," "this observation," or, as the pedantic horribly write it, "this situation." No one can possibly mistake the reference of "this" [;] so the sentence as first written satisfies all the demands that logic can make of it and avoids the awkwardness that follows when you insert the noun. The awkwardness would be slight here but in some cases it is considerable, and in those cases sound judgment will prefer elision to correctness. Good writers always have preferred it and always will.

Grammar says, and our censorious correspondents say, that the last sentence above is also faulty. The "understood" portion of the last verb, you see, would have to differ in form from the preceding "expressed" verb. The sentence as written implies ". . . and always will preferred it," which [qy.: antecedent?] would be nonsense. Of course it would [be (nonsense)]. But the sentence as written is not nonsense. No one could possibly misunderstand it. Since it cannot be misunderstood and since it is less pompous than the grammatical sentence, it is the better of the two. Be clear, be simple, be graceful, and let who will be right.

Most of our correspondents, however, object not to our grammar but to our vulgarity. The "lousy" we heaved into this chaste page three weeks ago is still bringing in letters, and the occasional "hells" which the managing editor inserts to liven up our copy are a benefaction to the postal revenues. We are reproached for saying "isn't," we are disfellowshipped for saying "different than" and "one . . . he," we are proscribed for saying "hooey," and we are damned for saying "damn." Our conventional mind would find its natural expression in the flatulent and polysyllabic rhetoric of a Professor of Education lecturing on methods of teaching style, and if we consulted our own preference our writing would always wear spats. But we have ideals and they force us to write inelegantly in the cause of good English. Every "oh, nuts" we print sends us to bed with a migraine and costs us the price of two penitential doves. But if we can serve *belles lettres* by abasing ourself, pain and expense do not matter.

The man who must put on spats before he can talk with a friend is goofy. Good writing is where you find it, whether in *Variety's* headlines or in the reports of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. Good writing is the adaptation of means to end, the adaptation of style to the mood, the meaning, and the audience. Good writing is, especially, the use of words which have the emotional overtone proper to the context. "Lousy" was good enough for Shakespeare and it's good enough for a Professor of Education. If the Professor means "lousy" and refrains from writing it, he is the kind of person who would say "lady dog" and there is no place for him in hell, heaven, or *The Saturday Review*. We propose to go on using the language of literate speech, to go on saying what we mean, and to go on betraying our ideals in defense of the living English tongue. Ever hear of poetic license, gents? Don't get the idea that it is something issued by the Department of Public Safety.

What Is Good English?

ALBERT H. MARCKWARDT, 1903– . . .
Assistant Professor of English Language and Literature at the University of Michigan . . . broadcast the answer to his question at the meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English, November 25, 1937, from Buffalo, New York.

EDITORIALS are written about every phase of it. Teachers are deluged with letters asking them to referee disputes over it. Even our statesmen have manifested a consistent interest in the problem—both Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt tried to reform our spelling. As far as the schools are concerned, everyone generally agrees upon one point: Good English should be successfully taught. But when it comes to deciding what is not Good English, there are almost as many points of view as there are persons to hold them.

In all this diversity, two diametrically opposed attitudes may be discerned. At one extreme are those who look to the conventional rules of grammar, to dictionaries, to lists of frequently mispronounced words as absolute authorities. This attitude of dependence upon authority, since it implies a belief that a language may arrive at and maintain a relatively static condition—that it may be kept pure—is usually spoken of as *purism.* Little more need be said about this point of view for most of us are quite familiar with it. We have all met it somewhere, in the schools or out.

During the last twenty-five years, however, there have been indications of a change of attitude toward the question of Good English and its teaching, both in the schools and among the most competent linguists in the country. There has been formulated what may be called for want of a more accurate term a "liberal" attitude toward language, which is directly in opposition to many of the tenets and practices of the purists. As in the case of any liberal movement, this one has been

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accompanied by much misunderstanding as to its aims and methods. There are abroad sinister rumors that "anything you hear is right," and dire forebodings of future generations whose verbs and nouns will not agree.

It is most important, I believe, to the general success of the English language program in our schools, to clear away some of the erroneous conceptions which have sprung up in connection with linguistic liberalism. This may best be accomplished by pointing out, first of all, how and why this change in attitude came about; second, by defining the standards of Good English which the liberal grammarians uphold; and finally, by pointing out certain ideas and attitudes which they do not put forward. The limitations of space necessitate my treating only one aspect of this broad question, namely grammar in its more restricted sense; although what I have to say may be applied in most cases to problems of pronunciation and vocabulary as well.

To explain the rise of the liberal attitude toward a standard of Good English, we must examine briefly the history of the rules which are to be found in the school grammars of today. These rules, for the most part, originated with certain English grammarians of the eighteenth century—notably William Ward, Robert Lowth, and James Buchanan. These men were not as interested in reflecting and codifying the actual spoken English of their time as in setting up an ideal language for their own and future generations to strive to master. This ideal language was based in part upon the rules of Latin grammar—for the eighteenth century was an age which revered the classics—and in part upon what seemed to be a rational arrangement for a language —for the eighteenth century was also an age of reason.

In the two hundred years which have elapsed since the formulation of these rules, the study of language has progressed remarkably, and we have learned much concerning this aspect of human behavior. The early nineteenth century was marked by a tremendous growth in our knowledge of the history of both ancient and modern languages.

The grammarians of the eighteenth century assumed that language was static, that it might reach and be kept at a state of perfection. In the nineteenth century we learned to apply the evolutionary concept to language as well as to botany and zoology. We came to see that language is not stationary, that it is in a state of continuous development, that standards which may hold good for one century are not necessarily applicable to another.

Along with our increased knowledge of the history of the English language and the conception of language as an evolving organism, came the realization that many of the rules of so-called correct English did not reflect actual speech habits; that they set up standards which were not only absent from spoken English but, more than this, were virtually foreign to the genius of the language.

In 1927, the late Professor S. A. Leonard, together with Professor H. Y. Moffat, began to study this problem. They selected from typical school text-books then in use 102 expressions condemned as incorrect; they submitted these to a jury composed of twenty-six eminent linguists and a similar number of authors, editors, business executives, teachers of English and of speech—about 225 all told. This jury was asked to rate the 102 condemned expressions as acceptable, questionable, or illiterate. It is possible to give only a few of the results of the survey here, but it was found that more than 40 of the 102 expressions usually condemned in the school texts were considered acceptable by over 75 percent of the linguists, and many others were held by them to be matters of divided usage.

Among the expressions condemned by the text-books and accepted by the jury were: "This is a man I used to know," "That will be all right," "You had better stop that foolishness." The first of these omits the relative pronoun; the second used the term "all right" to which some grammars object; in the third the locution "had better" is at times condemned by text-books as a colloquialism. All of them are obviously in current use today.

It is interesting to read what an eminent British linguist, Professor J. H. G. Grattan, has said on this same subject. He writes, "The attitude of the American schools is, so far as the English language is concerned, ultra-conservative. Eighteenth century ideas of correctness are not yet dead in the United States. Indeed, by American standards, many idiomatic usages long sanctioned in Great Britain are still bad grammar."

When it became apparent that the rules of many of the school grammars prescribed something that was not idiomatic English, the question immediately arose: If the rules of the grammars cannot be held to constitute a valid standard of good English, what standard can be set up in its place? This is, it will be recalled, the second of the three questions which were raised before.

The liberal grammarians answer in the following manner: The history of most modern languages shows that from generation to generation, and from century to century, there has been in existence an accepted or received standard form of that language—English, French, or whatever it may be; and that that standard form has been based upon the speech of the class and section of the country which was politically, economically, and culturally dominant at the time.

London English, just one of many English dialects, became the standard speech of England chiefly because the city of London rose to a position of prime importance in the affairs of the English-speaking people. The same was true of the language of the Ile de France and of the Kingdom of Castile. If this is generally the case, why should we not consider as the standard of present-day English that speech which is in actual use by the large group who is carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people? An attitude of this kind is usually spoken of as a doctrine of usage.

In connection with such a doctrine or standard, one problem arises. Suppose the usage of this dominant group is not wholly in agreement on all points? Suppose some of its members occasionally use a split infinitive while others do not? What then is to be our guiding principle?

Here again we may have recourse to our knowledge of the history of our language. Since it is possible to examine with some accuracy the forms of the English language during the last thousand years, such a study will indicate that certain inflectional and syntactical traits have been constantly expanding and developing, while others have been disappearing. If it is possible from an examination of what has gone on in the past to make a reasonable prediction as to what will come about in the future—and we assume this with most of the studies we undertake—then, in the case of a divided usage, let us choose that form or construction which seems to be in accord with the developing tendencies or patterns of the English language.

To return to the problem of a split infinitive. Since a careful examination of the English of the last five hundred years shows such a construction to have been in constant use, and to have arisen from a desire to speak English naturally and clearly, the least we can do is to allow it equal rank with the alternative construction; to favor it when it seems better to perform the function of communicating the idea involved; and to rule it out when it does not express the thought as clearly.

Unfortunately a number of misconceptions have arisen in connection with such a proposed standard of usage. Uninformed people frequently ask if such a doctrine means that any sort of English that may be heard on the street is Good English. If an expression is used, no matter where or by whom, must it then necessarily be correct? The answer is no. The doctrine of usage does not legalize the language of the gutter, for the language of the gutter is not the English which is apt to prevail as Standard Spoken English. It is perfectly true that upon occasion certain expressions and certain modes of pronunciation have spread from one social class to another, frequently from a higher to a lower, and at times from a lower to a higher. The broad *a* sound in such words as *past* and *half*, now considered to be ultra-refined by many speakers, is a case in point; for in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was, as a dictionary of the time puts it, "the sound used by the vulgar but not the polite and learned world." But these occasional cross currents do not justify an acceptance of wholly uncultivated speech as a norm. By virtue of the historical principles upon which the liberal grammarians proceed, they are still committed to the speech of the people who direct the affairs of the community as a standard. On the other hand, since the English-speaking countries are democratic in character, the limitation of the speech standard to the narrowest top layer of the social order is also precluded.

The second aspect of the doctrine of usage which frequently troubles people to whom the idea is somewhat new is the fear that the lack of strict and ironclad rules will lead to eventual disintegration. Again history shows such fears to be unfounded. It has been pointed out that rules for the speaking of correct English date chiefly from the beginning of the eighteenth century. They have existed only two hundred years of the fifteen hundred since the Angles and Saxons first came to the British Isles. Accordingly when English is considered in the light of its millennium of existence as a separate language, one is inclined to feel that the rules have had relatively little effect in either hindering or accelerating the main trends of development.

Moreover, we can never be too sure as to just what is meant by disintegration of a language, which innovations are bad and which are good. As one eminent linguist has written, "To the conservative grammarian all change is decay. Although he knows well that an old house often has to be torn down in part or as a whole in order that it may be rebuilt to suit modern conditions, he never sees the constructive forces at work in the destruction of old grammatical forms. He is fond of mourning over the loss of the subjunctive and the present slovenly use of the indicative. He hasn't the slightest insight into the fine constructive work of the last centuries in rebuilding the subjunctive."

At present the greatest need confronting those who are entrusted with the teaching of our language in the schools is for new text-books which describe accurately the language of those now carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people, particularly grammars which will record the forms and syntax of present-day American English. A most significant beginning in this direction has already been made by the National Council of Teachers of English who, in November 1932, sponsored the publication of *Current English Usage*. This volume is in reality a continuation of the survey mentioned above, begun by Professors Leonard and Moffat, a survey which has for its purpose a codification of the usages of present-day English, and which proceeds upon the theory that it is the principal function of the grammarian to describe the language as it exists rather than to prescribe a state of perfection for it.

I can close in no more appropriate manner than to quote from Miss Ruth Mary Weeks' introduction to this forward looking work. She writes, "Language is a living thing and the greatest law of life and growth is change. Dictionaries, grammars, books of rhetoric are not eternal statutes handed down from heaven like the tables of Mosaic law. They are history, not dogma; description not command—description of the changing speech habits of the mass of men.

"As our speech changes, so do dictionaries and grammars change; so must they change if we are to prepare our students to speak the language of their own time, or to secure from the better speech of our own day reinforcement of our teaching."

If I Owned a Newspaper

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, 1881– . . . F. P. A., famous for his "Conning Tower" in *The New York Herald Tribune*, writes, "I did things on newspapers from 1903 to 1937 without ever getting fired." Some of the "things" are mentioned in this short essay; many more in the *Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys* (1935). Now that Mr. Adams has resigned from *The New York Herald Tribune*, he is writing a column, "I Remember, I Remember," for *The New Yorker.*

IF I owned a newspaper is not so hypothetical as it sounds. I owned a part of a newspaper—*The New York Evening Mail*, *The New York Tribune*, *The New York World* and *The New York Herald Tribune* —for thirty-three years. In each of these papers I ran a column—not a weekly or tri-weekly department of varying length, but a daily column one column long. I could say, and did say, what I liked about anything or everybody, as much or as little. In all those years no owner or editor ever asked me to write this or not to write that, or to devote more space to this or less to that.

I except a few things: My first editor, W. K. McKay of *The Chicago Journal*, told me not to use the word "crooks." "Most of our advertisers are," he said, "and they're sensitive about it." On *The Tribune* I wrote a paragraph about Charles W. Morse. Morse, financier and steamship owner, was convicted of misapplication of funds owing to the failure of the New Amsterdam Bank. He entered the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta in January, 1910; he was pardoned two years later by President Taft, his physicians and attorneys convincing that soft-hearted executive that the state of Morse's health would not give him much longer

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From *The New Republic,* November 3, 1937. Used by permission of Franklin P. Adams and *The New Republic.*

to live. He died in 1933. I wrote a lot of indignant and, to my notion, satirical paragraphs, mostly to the effect that the unmoneyed crooks stayed in prison.

One paragraph ran: "Mr. Charles W. Morse, of Atlanta and New York, came back from Europe yesterday in good health and spirits. Lupo the Wolf, of New York and Atlanta, was reported in good health," and another: "We hope that Mr. Leo M. Frank, of Atlanta, saw and was cheered by the picture, published Saturday, of Mr. Charles W. Morse as he was about to sail for Bermuda." That, or something else, caused Morse to remove the advertisement of his steamship lines from *The Tribune*. "That paragraph cost us $4,000," Mr. G. V. Rogers, the business manager, told me. "Try to make 'em a little cheaper." Mr. Rogers was good-natured, especially as *The Tribune* in 1914, when the paragraphs appeared, could not afford to throw $4,000 out of the window.

Later, in 1921, P. F. Collier and Son ran a full-page Sunday advertisement of the Five Foot Shelf. I kidded the priggishness of it; the notion that the bookworm was a fascinator. My stuff was nearly a column long, and—I read it the other day, sixteen years after publication, and knew it for one of my few good pieces—I received this letter:

> March 30, 1921.
>
> Mr. Adams:
>
> I want to thank you for "The Art of Fascinating," which you ran in yesterday's column.
>
> It has only cost us about $12,000 in the first 24 hours.
>
> My congratulations on your effective work.
>
> G. V. R.

But even then I was not asked to lay off advertisers.

Those were the exceptions from 1903 to 1921. In 1928, for *The World*, I wrote a paragraph quoting an advertisement: "Advertising English by Saks-Fifth Avenue: 'The Last Word . . . even for we moderns.'" And a day or two later I wrote: "Not to be outdone by Saks-Fifth Avenue, Franklin Simon and Company advertised: 'Hats for She Who Wears the Largest Head Size.'" It is true that many an advertiser thanked me for printing such slips in English, but Mr. Florence D.

White, business manager of *The World*, wrote this memorandum to Mr. H. B. Swope, the executive editor:

> Why not *order* F.P.A. to ignore advertising copy on his criticisms? He has the whole Book World to shoot at.
>
> Why not, at the same time, order him to stop advertising stores in his column?
>
> Do you think these uncalled-for slaps at the advertising managers of Saks & Co. and Franklin Simon & Co. renders the work of Mr. Merrill's department any easier in going up against wounded pride?
>
> No other newspaper in the country would stand for this deviltry of an employee.
>
> Why do we?

Mr. Swope told Mr. White that he thought a number of advertisers liked to be criticized. "They like to get their names in print that, after all, is not particularly critical." Swope, however, suggested that I leave out the criticism of advertisers. "There has been no holler," he added. "But, with all Literature, Drama and the other Arts—with all of which you are familiar—from which you can make a selection of subject, why waste time on advertising writers?" Incidentally, Mr. White thought that *The World* always overpaid Heywood Broun and me, regardless of our salaries; as far as I know, Swope always stood up for us against White.

Naturally, my experiences as a newspaper writer would influence my ownership of a mythical newspaper. These are some of the things that I would do:

I would run it as a morning tabloid. The news stories would begin on page 1, and if long enough would be continued on page 2; I would avoid the big "jumps" prevalent in most newspapers. Except in rare instances news would be unaccompanied by pictures. The paper would be a daily, the Sunday edition being no more voluminous than the other six issues.

I would have no comics, or comic strips.

I would have no syndicated features. If you wanted to read my Broun or Thompson or Winchell—maybe I wouldn't employ any of them—

you would have to buy my paper; my writers wouldn't be under the pressure, subtle or definite, of having to make their stuff just as readable—or as mediocre—in Eastport, Maine, as in Seattle, Washington, the same morning.

My paper would cost five cents a copy so that circulation and distribution would at least pay for themselves. A newspaper selling at two cents does not pay the expenses of composition, ink, paper, distribution and personnel; therefore the importance of advertising is overemphasized.

Advertisers would have no influence on the editorial department and there would be no such thing as a b.o.m., which, as all my former buddies on city staffs know, is Business Office Must. Nor would I attack an advertiser in or out of the paper merely to exhibit my paper's courage and independence.

I would be independent politically. By independent I mean independent, and not (Ind. Rep.) or (Ind. Dem.).

I would pay excellent salaries, as a minimum. And I should issue to the staff quarterly statements of profits and losses. There would be salary revisions once a year, based upon the annual statement. If the paper lost money, nobody would be cut below the minimum; if the paper showed a profit, salaries would be adjusted proportionally—not on the bonus system, but throughout the year.

I would run at most two editorials, oftener one. This is the *New York Daily News's* way, and a good way, too. I would print the names of the editorial writers, and maybe I would have each editorial signed.

It is absurd to say that I would run an honest paper, or one characterized by good taste. Those are matters of definition. My honesty is somebody else's quixotism, or compromise; my good taste is somebody else's Nice Nellieism, or vulgarity.

I would run crime stories when the news demanded their printing.

My sport department would not be topheavy. That is, it would not specialize in fights, baseball and racing at the expense of golf and tennis and other amateur sports. I would eliminate ballyhoo—whipping up interest in a fight, or a football or baseball game. I would print attendance figures only when the record was official. The overestimation of crowds by sport writers infuriates me, and while it is supposed to arouse so much interest that everybody will want to go, it more often has the effect of keeping people away. Besides, many of the advance estimates are made in order to do a favor to some manager whose business will be increased by such publicity.

I would have an exchange editor who read the out-of-town papers mostly for the purpose of finding some bushel-hid talent.

Mr. Rollin Kirby tells me that if he owned a newspaper he would immediately hire *The London Evening Standard's* cartoonist, David Low. If he wouldn't come, I would get Kirby or *The Baltimore Sun's* Edmund Duffy. My cartoonist could pick his subject; it could be political, social, literary or anything else he might choose.

I would try to get the best foreign correspondents, realizing how many countries there are that would throw them out if they told the truth, and that in most nations truth-telling dries up the sources of news.

I would charge a high rate of advertising, believing that advertising space is proportional; that if the largest advertisement were two columns instead of two pages, a half-column would be a big display.

I would print no Society News, as such.

I would keep editorial bias, not only from news stories, but also from headlines. Most papers will tell you that this is what they do; *The New York Times* is the least frequent offender in stories and headlines. Most other newspapers offend by condoning the political or other prejudices of the owner. A copyreader consciously or unconsciously wants to please the boss. He writes "Hoover Defies New Deal" or "Roosevelt's Court Plan Wise, Say Senators." All this could be obviated by a vigilant and ethical managing editor. He should tell the copydesk that the paper wants headlines to be unprejudiced; and whenever a biased headline appears, the copyreader should be told that it violates the principle—my principle, anyway—of newspaper ethics.

I would spend at least six or seven hours a day in my office. I would know every member of the editorial and business staffs, to any of whom I would be easily accessible.

Every member of the staff would read most of his paper every day. At intervals I would have brief quizzes on matters connected with current news events.

Obviously, my theatre, music and book-review departments would be as editorial as good criticism should be.

I would get out the kind of newspaper that I, as a reader, would like to read, as opposed to a fictitious reading public whose wants I uncannily knew. I might soon lose even my unlimited money, but I would not, at any rate, be like Kin Hubbard's friend, Tilford Moots, who "wuz over t' th' Henryville poor farm th' other day t' see an ole friend o' his thet used t' publish a newspaper thet pleased ever'buddy."

Sports

Newest, Yet First, Popular Sport

ARTHUR J. DALEY, 1904– . . . says "Athletics have always been an avocation of mine." He participated in four branches of sport at Fordham . . . joined *The New York Times* immediately after graduation . . . covered both the Los Angeles and Berlin Olympics.

RED jerseys and white flash back and forth across the gleaming hardwood floor in an ever-changing pattern of color. An inflated leather ball flicks to and fro with stabbing rapidity. It whirls to one man and he passes it to another. Then it shuttles over to a third before it arches through the air toward a little steel hoop with a net skirt that hangs overhead. It misses. A dozen arms reach up for it as it falls. A red-shirt captures it in a wild scramble under the basket while the held breaths of the spectators are released into a roar of applause. The ball is spun backward and another red-shirt stands poised, ready for a clear shot.

Frantically a defensive white-shirt rushes toward him and a deathly silence cuts across the cheering. Arms move and the ball twirls in its eager flight, closer to the backboard and the beckoning hoop.

There is a swish as the ball hits the cords of the dangling net and then an all-engulfing bedlam of noise. A basket has been made. A white-shirt grasps the spheroid and quickly that same process is re-enacted at the other end of the court.

The scene may be the steel-girdered hall of Madison Square Garden. It may be a chill arena of sub-zero Saskatchewan. It may be in the op-

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From *The New York Times Magazine*, February 13, 1938. Reprinted by permission of Arthur J. Daley and *The New York Times Magazine*.

pressive heat of Brazil or Madagascar. It may be in Czechoslovakia or Arabia. Or it may be even in war-torn China.

But no matter where, the game is basketball, one of the youngest sports of all—and the most popular. More persons either play or watch it than any other form of athletic activity on the globe. Some statistician once figured that 80,000,000 in a year either shoot baskets or gaze on others who do.

That is a figure to make one pause and wonder. Billiards dates back to Cleopatra and polo to Genghis Khan, but basketball, without any such ancient or romantic antecedents, is the top sport of them all. A college boy invents a game to fill up the exercising slack between football and baseball seasons. Forty-six years later this random brainchild of a sport is played by sixty nations and some 20,000,000 athletes. It seems utterly fantastic.

Yet the more one sees basketball played the more one understands why such a situation should endure. It is probably the fastest and certainly the most crowd-appealing of all forms of athletic endeavor.

Hockey, it must be admitted, has the reputation of being the fastest sport of them all. But that proposition is open to debate. The hockey players are moving faster when they are in full flight but a man with his feet planted on a less slick surface can make a quicker get-away than a stick-swinger on ice. He can pivot and twist more artfully, dodge in and out better and control his body to greater effect.

As to the fast getaway, one has only to recall Jesse Owens, the Olympic sprint champion, outracing a horse in a short dash. The parallel is not far-fetched, since the principle is the same. Give them both flying starts and the horse would win easily, but from a standing position the man on the ground has the advantage.

Each of these sports that vie for the "fastest-of-them-all" diadem has its hot defenders of the claim. A year ago this writer took an impartial observer to see both sports and an interesting experiment developed.

The observer in this case was a famous correspondent returning to the United States after a period in Europe. He asked to be taken to a hockey game. The writer consented but urged him also to go to a basketball double-header at Madison Square Garden the night before.

The correspondent went reluctantly. He never had watched basketball. Cautiously he asked if he would hurt any one's feelings if he left in the middle of the first game. Assured that he wouldn't, he went to the Garden.

He sat tensely through both the games, a matter of three hours. The next night he went to the Garden again for a hockey match. We left with one period still unplayed.

"I like your basketball much better," he said.

This parallel between basketball and hockey is not drawn in a captious sense but is inevitable. In fact, hockey is greatly responsible for making the court sport the fast, driving game it has become in the last few years. But more of that later.

For the benefit of the uninitiate a few facts about the game of basketball are pertinent here. The sport is played on a court that can vary from the maximum of 94 by 50 feet to the minimum of 60 by 35, with the Garden layout about the average of 85 by 50.

At each end of the court is a backboard of either plate glass or wood. This is six feet wide and four feet high, the bottom edge being nine feet above the floor. Secured firmly to this backboard is the basket, its metal ring or hoop, eighteen inches in diameter, hanging ten feet above the court.

Each team's object is to throw the ball through its designated ring as many times as possible. Every time a player does so from scrimmage a field goal is scored, for two points; and when he does so on a "foul throw"—a free throw from a point fifteen feet from the basket after an opponent has committed a foul—one point is tallied.

Five men compose each team: two forwards, a center and two guards. At the start of the game they take positions on the floor that might be described as resembling the letter X, with the forwards at the two top extremities, the guards at the two bottom ones and the center in the middle where the two lines cross. If one superimposes another X on this for the other team, the picture is complete, for the left forward of one quintet pairs off with the rival right guard, right forward with left guard and center with center.

One of the two officials stands between the two centers and tosses the ball up in the air. The centers jump simultaneously, each trying to tap it to a team-mate, and the mad whirl is on. Then position and nomenclature lose all significance. Five men on one team try to advance the ball against the five on the other in an ever-changing pattern of criss-crossing, weaving and dodging; all five are "forwards" by now, struggling to shake a man loose from the five "guards" of the other side.

The advancing is done either by passing the ball from one to the other or by dribbling—that is, bouncing the ball with every step, whether walking or running. Meantime the men on the defense keep firmly in mind the cardinal principle laid down in the very first set of rules that "a defensive player should stick to his man like glue."

When the offensive team loses possession of the ball on an intercepted pass, a missed basket or through some other mishap, it immediately switches to defense. A completed field goal or foul throw also brings about a switch from defense to offense; the center jump, which once used to follow a score of either kind, now is used only at the start of each of the twenty-minute halves.

Theoretically, basketball is a non-contact sport: there is a ban on holding, tackling, pushing, tripping or blocking. But that precept frequently is ignored. The players take as many liberties and the game becomes as rough as the officials will permit.

There was once a theory that the sport had to borrow hockey's knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out system, but that generally has been exploded. The followers of basketball are so keen in their knowledge of the game's finer points that clean basketball is far more popular than the hurly-burly style. The spectators revel in the quick flash of play, in the speed afoot, in the darting through openings for a clear shot at the basket, in the acrobatic gyrations of a fast-flying player in a curling close toss or in the uncanny accuracy of a long heave from midcourt.

Scoring is constant, thus piling thrill on thrill. In the Minnesota-Long Island University game at the Garden this season there were three field goals tallied in the space of thirty-eight seconds. The final count in basketball rarely is less than sixty points a game and frequently is over a hundred. Basketball's record score, according to the keen statistician, Frank Menke, is 234 to 2. In hockey, by contrast, twenty points would be as startling as the sudden appearance of a dodo bird on the ice; scoreless ties are numerous.

This constant comparison between hockey and basketball is made because the court fathers came to the realization a few years back that the ice sport was taking away all the basketball customers.

"We must do something to save our game," they said. "Hockey is killing it."

So new rule changes came into being, reducing almost by half the former interruptions to the smooth flow of play. Now the movement of the game is almost unimpeded. It is faster than it ever was and more appealing. It is a fierce, relentless drive for forty minutes.

If the sport has mushroomed phenominally in the past, its future possibilities stagger the imagination. The game is almost a religion in the Midwest. One Indiana tournament, for instance, drew almost 800 teams (about 8,000 players and reserves) and one Indiana town with a population of 5,000 has a basketball arena seating 5,000.

Basketball's record crowd, according to Statistician Menke, was an average of 23,000 spectators a game for one tournament. This was staged, not in the Middle West, but in Peiping, China!

It was not until Ned Irish, a former sports writer, convinced Madison Square Garden authorities that basketball might be a paying sport that the boom in these parts really started. The Garden authorities were reluctant to gamble on the proposition. They refused to take a percentage of the gate receipts; demanded, instead, their full rental fee in cash.

Mr. Irish arranged six college court double-headers the first season and then promptly appropriated two vacant boxing dates in this temple of boxing for two more. In the first three years he drew 400,000 spectators to twenty-eight double-headers. And the demand continues. His second double-header this season sold out eight hours before the first game was to be played, and his third one forced the shut-down of the ticket windows thirty-two hours in advance.

These double-headers have helped send basketball rocketing to hitherto untouched heights not only in New York but elsewhere in the United States. The Garden has become a court "Rose Bowl" for teams in the hinterlands; they all want to show their wares here, and as a result the sport has picked up throughout the country.

There is hardly a section of America that has been untouched by this new fever for intersectional play. Teams have been in the Garden from Stanford, California, Washington and Utah State in the West; from Notre Dame, Indiana, Purdue, Minnesota and Ohio State in the Midwest; from North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee in the South; from Arkansas, Rice and Southern Methodist in the Southwest.

The United States is two or three years ahead of the rest of the world in basketball, as was proved with America's virtual walkover in the first Olympic basketball competition at Berlin in 1936. Twenty-three nations competed there in a tournament that, oddly enough, brought together China and Japan in a first-round match.

This extraordinary development of the sport was far from the mind of Dr. James A. Naismith, who while a student at Springfield (Mass.) College founded the game on Jan. 20, 1892. Young Naismith merely wanted a game that would supply proper exercise to athletes in the Winter without the drudgery of ordinary gymnasium sessions.

He borrowed some rules from Rugby, lacrosse and hockey. It was a loose game in its original conception, with sometimes as many as forty players on a side, although the founder preferred nine.

Naismith experimented with a circle on the floor for his "basket," but the goal tender parked himself in the circle and no one scored. The originator tried a hockey net, but too many points were tallied. Finally the balcony around the gymnasium caught his eye and inspiration hit him: he would place his goal out of reach of the combatants.

The Springfield undergraduate sent for the janitor and asked for two boxes to nail on the balcony. The janitor returned with peach baskets instead. He didn't have any boxes. Because of that insignificant trifle we have basketball instead of boxball.

Backboards came into being because the nails supporting the baskets started ripping out plaster on the balcony. Steel rings replaced the peach baskets when the latter began to disintegrate under the pounding of the ball.

So one can see that the sport is fundamentally the same as it was in Dr. Naismith's day. As soon as it settled down the original thirteen rules were revised to meet the needs of the time. Few real changes have been made since. And any alterations have been mere perfections, designed to eliminate loopholes in the code or to abolish styles of play not in accord with the spirit of the sport.

All this has taken place in one man's lifetime. Dr. Naismith, hale and hearty in his late seventies, still is active in the Physical Education Department at the University of Kansas. It was he who looked with misty eyes at the start of the Olympic basketball tournament at Berlin and said in all earnestness, "This is the happiest moment of my life."

For a Fierce Game, There's Hockey

ROBERT F. KELLEY . . . worked on *The New York Evening Post* after he returned from the war in 1919 . . . on *The New York Times* since 1926. Besides having written a *History of Rowing*, Mr. Kelley is an authority on horses and on the game of polo.

THERE is the screaming of steel on ice, lost instantly in the excited yelp of the spectators. One of the defenders, skating back to check an enemy attack, has poked the black rubber puck loose, dug his skates instinctively into the ice, turned, leaped high over the stick of his opponent and, in the time it takes to draw a breath, lashed out on the attack himself.

Almost before the minds of the watchers can comprehend, that hockey defense has turned to attack. Swinging and swaying like a gull on the wings of a gale, the player with the puck heads back to the enemy goal. Behind him the rest of the pack turns and sets forth in pursuit. In front he has only the two defense men and, crouched low in the nets, the padded, armored figure of the opposing goalie. He has the jump; he's stolen the puck and popped into the free, the most exciting thing that can happen in ice hockey.

The defense men, big fellows and made to appear almost prehistoric by the hulking football pads under the shoulders of their jerseys, huddle a little together and skate, very slowly, toward the dashing figure. Some of the pursuit begins to close in on him as he swerves and varies his course. The crunching of the skates is lost in the high-pitched screaming of the crowd. The defense men close in and stoop; he smashes into them; the lights flash on his skates as he pitches head over heels. The attack is stopped.

From *The New York Times Magazine*, February 27, 1938. Reprinted by permission of Robert F. Kelley and *The New York Times Magazine*.

But no! The black rubber has trickled slowly, tantalizingly between the two huge defense men, and is naked there on the ice, for the tiniest fraction of a second. Then a team-mate of the first player, flashing around the defense, has his stick on it. Once, twice he swerves, in toward the goal. The goalie is alone there in front of him. Suddenly, the goalie comes out, sprawling on the ice, the black disk flashes with the blinding speed of a rifle bullet, the back of the goal net swells an instant, overhead a red light flashes on and off, on and off. Impossible as it seems, the noise rises to even more deafening crescendo. The first player, miraculously sound, is on his feet again and skating toward his team-mate. He slaps him hysterically on the back with a gloved hand. The goalie disconsolately recovers the puck and trickles it to the referee. The players skate back to the middle. A goal has been scored.

All of this has taken a second or two. There is no other game that man plays, and stays more or less on two feet to do it, that has the speed of ice hockey. And no other game can change from attack to defense and the reverse with the blinding suddenness of this. Speed—cold, driving, fierce speed—is the hallmark of good hockey and the primary reason for the amazing popularity of this young and foreign game in this country. More than any other importation of sport has the Canadian game of ice hockey taken hold of the American, and the reason for its popularity lies in this speed and its inevitable concomitant, crashing body contact.

In the big cities and the smaller ones of the North spectators flock in the thousands to the professional and amateur games, and in the towns and villages, town teams, school and college teams tangle on the ice before howling crowds of supporters. This Winter the ancient slogan, "bigger and better than ever," has been hauled out, for night after night standing room has been sold and in many of the sports emporiums extra days of play have been added.

The speed and the smash of the game have been the reasons for its popularity, but its simplicity gave it a head start in the beginning. There is nothing occult about hockey. There are six men, including the goalie, on each team and there is that black disk of hard rubber—which can hurt like a blow from a blackjack when it strikes you—out in full sight. The men of one team try to poke the puck into the net of the other team to score the goals that win the game. That's all there is to it, on the surface. It is simple to watch and to understand.

On top of that, of course, there is team-play and technique, in a rising scale from the grammar-school boy on the local pond to the professional flashing under the lights of a packed arena. Played by experts the game has set plays and set actions for most of the circumstances that are likely to arise. Instinctively and instantly, a player must know when to pass to a team-mate instead of shooting for goal and where to place himself when he hasn't the puck. And where the professionals and experts are concerned, what seems aimless dashing about is far from that. Men very seldom move without a reason, either on attack or defense.

Roughly, teams are divided into three men who are forwards, two men who are the defense and the padded goalie who stands in his nets and forms the last barrier between the attack and a goal. Theoretically, the forwards are the fastest skaters, the best stick handlers and the best shot makers. The defense are not necessarily such fast skaters, usually are bigger men, for they take terrific pounding, and not such good shot makers. The goalie is a weird and mysterious person. He is born, for the most part, not made. He learns to move with instant mechanical reflex action to use his built-up stick, big gloves and shin guards to the best advantage.

The rules concern themselves chiefly with off-side play. Lines are drawn across the rink, and players must not cross ahead of team-mates who carry the puck on the attack. Players must be within the limits of the lines when they pass the puck to each other, in either direction. Other rules are designed to prevent outright mayhem. A player mustn't trip a fellow, or poke him with a stick, or bounce him into a wall. Two referees watch this, and send offending players off the ice for penalties varying from two minutes to ten or more. During the absence of these penalized players their side must carry on without them.

That is a crude outline of hockey. But the game cannot be well played in a crude fashion. The skill demanded of its best players is as delicate and nicely timed as classic dancing. To be a star a man must first be able to skate so well that he is as much at home on the blades as he is on his feet. He has to be able to skate backward almost as fast as he skates forward. He must know how to twist his way through a group of opponents and keep the puck with him. He must be able to shoot that puck with deadly accuracy. Above everything else, he must be able to think at thirty and thirty-five miles an hour and to make instinctive use of his team-mates.

All these abilities should be encased in a body rugged enough to stand real punishment. All the skating players—that is, all but the goalie—are relieved at times during a game, but even so, there is need for the finest sort of condition. It goes without saying there must be courage.

As games go, ice hockey is something of an infant. It is not much more than fifty years of age, though, of course, field hockey goes back through the centuries and field hockey is the sire of the ice game. A Canadian, seeing field hockey in England, returned home in the Seventies with the idea of putting it on ice. R. F. Smith, then a student at McGill University—whose teams are usually the greatest college hockey teams in the world—wrote a set of rules, drawing on his imagination, on the rules of field hockey and on Rugby football. The first game, in 1879, was played with nine men on each side. This was afterward reduced to seven men, and, after the war, to the present six. In the Nineties sporadic attempts were made to introduce the game in this country as a professional sport, but not until the introduction of artificial indoor rinks—along about 1905 and 1906—did it catch on. Before the war amateurs brought it to a high state of popularity in the country.

The war interfered with hockey here more than with most sports and it was some time after the war before it came back. Its return really coincided with the opening in 1925 of the new Madison Square Garden in New York. Here a big ice plant was installed with the planned idea of introducing professional big league hockey. The move was instantly successful. Other cities joined and today major and minor leagues of Canadian and American cities play through long schedules.

The most sensational of the present day figures in hockey are, of course, the big league professionals. They excite the same enthusiasm that the big league baseball players do. Nearly all of them are Canadians and they are a strange group for professionals.

They are strange particularly to that group of cynical city sports followers who wink at any evidence of bitter strife among the paid athletes. But there is no winking at the scars of battle carried by the big leaguers in ice hockey. More than any other group of professionals they are interested in winning rather than in collecting a pay check. Hockey, for some reason, breeds bitter rivalry. Frequently during a game fists begin to fly and galleries begin to howl the sharp note that is perhaps discouraging to students of human progress but most encouraging to any promoter.

"I don't know why it is that hockey makes you lose your temper," said a retired big leaguer the other day, "unless it is you are constantly being hit without expecting it. In almost every other sport you can see the crash coming and get set for it. Half the time you never know in hockey until you're bouncing on the ice."

Now playing through what is generally agreed to be his last season is Ivan (Ching) Johnson, bald-headed, burly defense man whose eleven and a half seasons have carried him well beyond the average five or six years of big-league play. In twenty-seven separate parts of his anatomy Johnson has had broken bones or required a surgeon's stitches. Typical of the spirit of these men is the story of the time in Chicago when Ching received another wound. For some reason his team's doctor was not present. The services of the other team's doctor were offered, but Ching patched himself up with the help of his trainer and said he'd rather go on that way than have anything to do with those so-and-so's on the other side.

Not all the spirit is taken out in "fierce fun" of this sort. The game is spotted with almost legendary feats of play in emergencies. Perhaps the most famous of these occurred during the Stanley Cup series of 1928. This is a three-out-of-five-game play-off between the leaders at a season's close—the world series of hockey. The New York Rangers had lost the first game and were battling to save the second. Suddenly, in the opening period, their goalie was struck down by a puck over the eye. He couldn't continue. Good goalies are so rare no team can afford to carry spares. There was a long delay. The Rangers, apparently, were through.

Then a gray-haired man appeared on the ice with the huge goal pads and gloves on. The galleries were silent a moment, then burst into spontaneous applause at a gallant gesture. Les Patrick, out of the game since 1921 and even in his playing days not a goalie, was skating into the Ranger nets. He was the Rangers' manager. But he was going in. The crowd applauded the spirit and sat back to await the massacre. It never came. Playing with a cold frenzy, Patrick turned back the attack of one of the greatest teams in the game and the Rangers won at 2 to 1. For the third game they got another goalie and went on to win the series. That stand of the gray-haired Patrick is one of the game's legends now.

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